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TO CONTRIBUTORS

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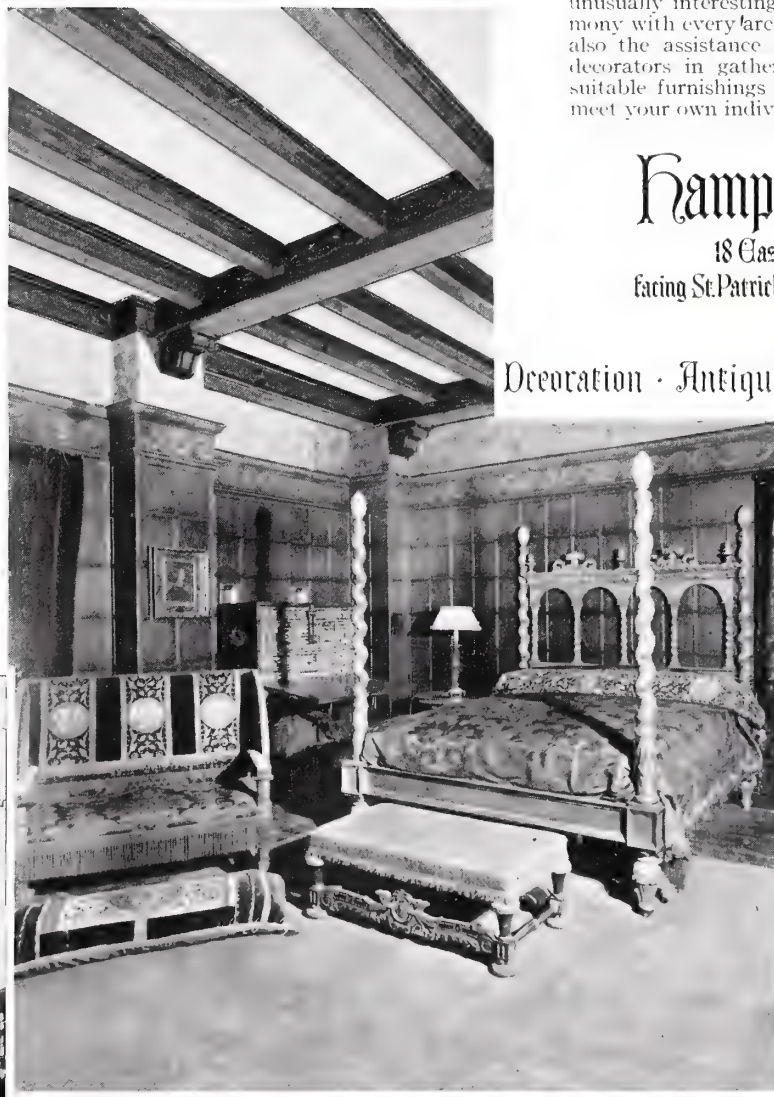
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EARLY CHINESE ART



Height 7½"—diameter 3½"

TWO flaring lipped pear shaped vases of hard buff pottery, with rich creamy slip, over which is transparent colourless glaze. Lotuses and leaves outlined and tipped in iron red, decorate wide band of green enamel, partly iridescent. Down pointing lotus petals at neck, outlined with red on olive yellow ground, hold scrolled panels of red and green. Smaller bands of red and green. Glaze and slip end short of foot.

Tzu Chou Ware Sung Dynasty, 960-1279



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"THE GREEN GOWN"

by Gilda Hassam

Volume
LXXVII

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Number
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April 1923

GHILDE HASSAM—PURITAN

PHOENIX-LIKE, they rise out of the human fire—Twachtman's father, a Cincinnati policeman; Murphy's, a Chicago night-watchman; and to these fathers we owe much; they have given to us priceless gifts. The parentage of Childe Hassam is very different—from erudite Boston, from Stephen Hassam, clock maker and portrait painter; from Mary Hunt, closely related to William Hunt, pioneer of art in America, who looked at Millet and the French impressionists and then looked into the future. While London and Paris refused these men, Hunt said: "There's

A scion of New England's intellectual aristocracy, he is democratic in his art and has a passion for truth . . . by
F. NEWLIN PRICE

a man over in France painting beautifully; his name is Millet"; and he made Boston buy, so that now the Quincy Shaw collection holds Millet's priceless drawings. Hunt drew the

curtain from Impressionism, just as he was the first to the eastward of the Pacific to see the beauty of and to collect Japanese prints.

In this atmosphere of art which Hunt gave to Boston, Hassam grew up. He had passed his eighteenth birthday when he went to New York, and his twenty-seventh when in '86 he first went to Paris to live in the Montmartre quarter, that

"IN THE OLD HOUSE"

BY GHILDE HASSAM





"GLOUCESTER"

BY CHILDE HASSAM

"mountain" so rich in artistic tradition, and to study with Boulanger and Lefebvre. He arrived more like a painter than a student, for he never had suffered adversity and from boyhood there had been cast over him the spell of enlightened surroundings, while in his veins coursed the Puritan blue blood which still makes him ever determined. He saw the world beautiful and nature glorious; a flag, a flower, a low bridge at sunrise—all were children of his delight. And after you know the glories of your soul, there is one thing only to bring you happiness: their expression. So Hassam at eighteen set out to paint the beautiful, knowing full well that it was ever near. Some there are who search the wide world over all in vain, for beauty never leaves the human heart far from it.

As Ruger Donoho

to learn how to paint; sure of that, in the direct, New England way he went forth to learn. He took with him Boston's conviction that Corot and the French impressionists were the greatest form of art, and he never deviated from that decision. It was not for him to change his palette at midlife, for he began his work in art with that high keyed, sparkling color that he now uses.



On his return from Paris, Hassam met Twachtman and Weir and Theodore Robinson. He was with them more than with any other painters. Twachtman, most modern, grew more spiritual and impressionistic. He died, Hassam tells me, from disappointment. Weir grew more human, soldier in his Impressionism. Through Weir it was that Hassam met

"THE CAMPUS"

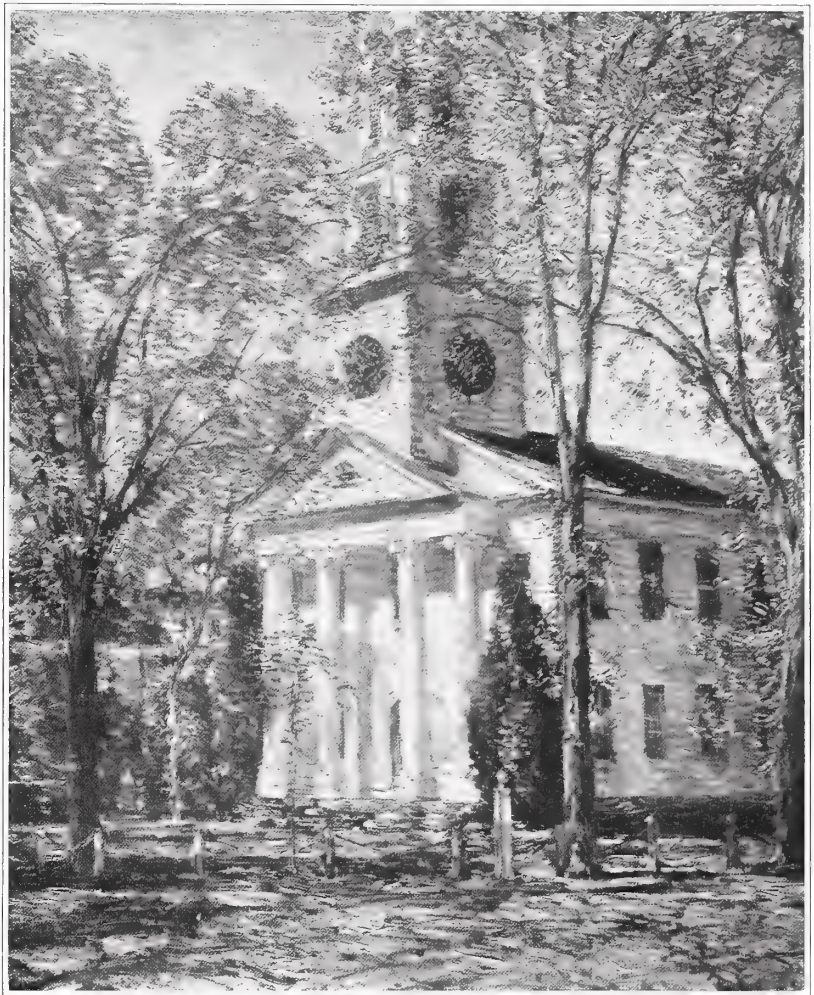
BY CHILDE HASSAM

Colonel C. E. Wood and later went to the Pacific coast and painted that picture of the Chinese quarter in Portland, Oregon—a gorgeous, turquoise-blue restaurant against which the somber black figures walked and sat; a picture painted from nature and finished from the balcony of a joss house because the smell of paint disturbed the diners. It is now in the Freer collection. The rallying ground in New York was the Players, and there Twachtman, Remington, Weir, Augustus Thomas and others foregathered. Hassam tells many stories of those halcyon days; how Remington, after saying “What is this *plein air* painting; let’s see some of it,” and looking at some of Hassam’s paintings, exclaimed: “Well! I have an aunt up state who can knit a better picture than that.”

There was an episode at Ridgefield when Hassam was painting the mountain laurel on Weir’s place. A victoria rolled up and one of the liveried men got out and started to cut down one of the laurel bushes, whereat Hassam exclaimed: “Don’t do that. I’m painting it.” Whereupon a lady stepped out and said: “Why I had no idea you were painting the laurel. It was so beautiful, and I’m from Philadelphia,” and elicited Hassam’s now famous reply: “In the midst of life, we are in Philadelphia.”

It is part of Hassam’s heritage to have known Thoreau and enjoyed the revelry of that son of nature

“SIDE STREET, PROVINCETOWN” BY CHILDE HASSAM



“CHURCH AT OLD LYME”

BY CHILDE HASSAM

with forest folk. He has dwelt in the land of literature and music, from which it is only a step to painting, for truth and exquisite delight are basic principles of all art. Seriously, his art comes from within, out of a well of intuition, out of selective absorption, out of taste backed by the intellectual. There awakes in him a mood quite personal that clothes his canvas with poetry and color for all with eyes to see. Who can tell whether he has missed much through his constant prosperity? Certainly he never has felt the spur of poverty nor



the impetus of trade that comes to the artist from the sensational, temperamental anecdote.

Hassam defies the world; with humor he refers to his "contemtuaries"; in no uncertain language he says to a collector who has reframed one of his important paintings: "For the love of Art, take

said for some years past there are books on all the modern European mediocrities in art, and none on really great modern artists, who have worked and passed their lives in America, notably my old friend Twachtman. There is one just out on dear old Weir, for I contributed to it. I might make a



"ALLIES DAY"

BY CHILDE HASSAM

off that Schuylkill moulding"; he calls his old friend Carlsen the "Dane of American artists"; he consigns the ordinary artist to hard labor exclaiming: "Why do they paint? They should clean streets." The following letter he wrote when the book on Henri was contemplated a couple of years ago: "My dear Mr. Liveright:

"Your idea of getting out a series of books on American artists is a good one, I am sure. I have

wicked epigram now—There are books on all the European mediocrities in art, and now we are going to have some on the Americans."

Needless to say the publishers used only the first part of this letter in advertising their first book on living American painters.

Influences? Miller, Corot, Whistler. The product? Hassam's sunlight. His great companions? Weir, Twachtman, Albert Ryder, artists,

dreamers, poets. To this extent will I presume, that to Hassam, Twachtman was great because he became increasingly more delicate and sweet, nevertheless growing in solidity and strength, and seemed miraculous in his light tracery of color and technique. To Hassam, Ryder was great because

a love for the going thing, Hassam has entered into these. It is to be hoped that some day America will love drawings and water colors. The fatness of oil medium seldom attains the beauty of line or the fluid fantasy of water color. Then, too, for me some of the greatest art in America is the



"DUNE POOL"

BY CHILDE HASSAM

he was fundamentally human, without a mirage of conceit, and dwelt upon intrinsic values without concern for his posterity. To Hassam, Weir was a soul mate, guiding and building. If you have a friend, a perfect friend, then you will understand.

Then, too, this painter is American. This is an honor. We may quote Dr. Bredin's statement to Van Veen that "the greatest landscape painters of the world are painting in America." We may further quote Hassam to the effect that "more bad pictures are painted in Paris today than in all the rest of the world." American? Unequivocally.

There was "The Ten." Hassam started the group. There was a chaotic, graphic art to which Whistler gave life. Hassam contributed to this spark until we give promise of great things in America—fine etchings and dry points and silver points and lithographs. Wholeheartedly and with

pastel work that Hassam and some others do. It is intimate, spontaneous, elemental. Before me hangs a drawing in carmine of Mrs. Weir, a thing inexplicably beautiful, magnificent.

Hassam's palette is wide in range. His color sparkles. He has always painted high in key, golden and exquisite greens, the blue of the sea in sunlight contrasted with the amber red cliffs. In technic, to quote Eliot Clarke. "Hassam uses the division of colors to produce this unified, light-pervaded tone. In consequence his brushwork is small and spotted, not expressive of the material planes, but the light that envelops them."

When later generations arrive to view the past, there will be found moments preserved by Hassam, anchored in color on canvases of America's greatest landscape painters, scenes of a beautiful brightness and wonderful truth.

EARLY AMERICAN GLASS

MUCH has been written about the early American glass. The sturdy robustness of Wistarburg, the refined beauty of Stiegel glass, the quaintness of Millville, the old-fashioned picturesqueness of the moulded Sandwich glass have been emphasized enough. But historic research has been thoroughly made only by Hunter, and only on Stiegel glass. Systematic work on all the other early American glass factories is still to be done, and European experts know nothing about these products. Even the latest handbooks do not speak of it, and when American glass is mentioned to European collectors, they dismiss the thought of it with a snap-shot judgment. American glass is to them an imitation of German, Bohemian or English which does not approach the European models. Such quick judgments of course make the task of the critic extremely simple, but they are of no help to the person sincerely desirous of information.

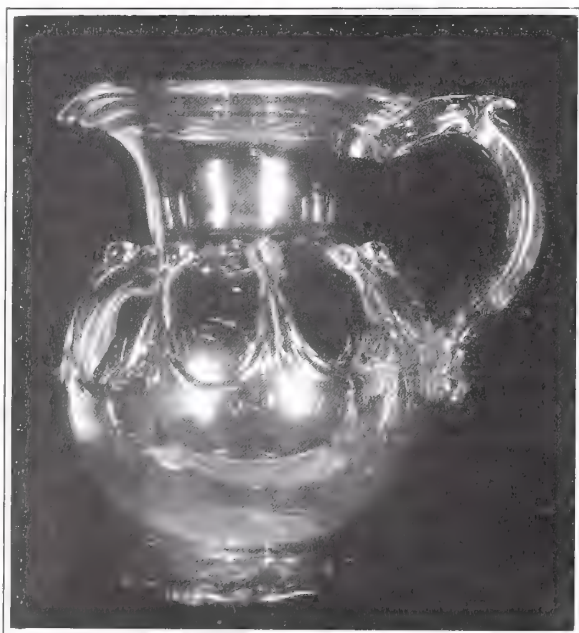
Although inspired by European models, American glass has its own personality, which is worth studying and analyzing. It is with glass as with human beings. Every newcomer to the United States notices very soon in his body, mind and method of thinking certain involuntary changes which take place whether he desires them or not. This must have been true also of the immigrants of the Eighteenth Century, for the lives and achieve-

Produced by the foreign-born Wistar and Steigel, but a true expression of the colonial spirit by
R. M. RIEFSTAHL



WISTARBURG SAPPHIRE BLUE SUGAR BOWL WITH COVER

Decorated in two technics: a glass thread winding around the cover; thick glass rosettes and acanthus leaves



TRANSLUCENT GREEN GLASS

The massive crimped base, the heavy festoons produced by the running of a second coat of glass while the pitcher was held upside down are all characteristic of Caspar Wistar's work

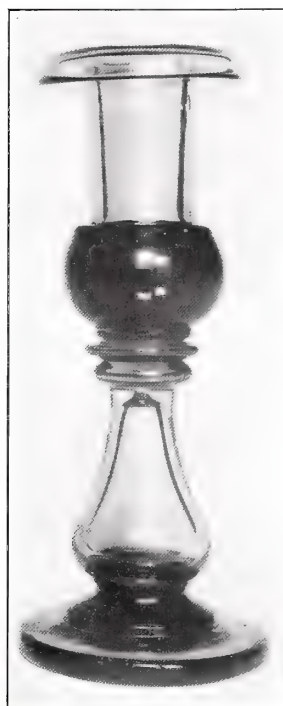
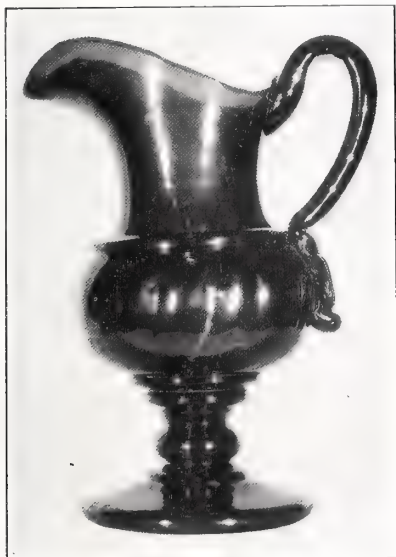
ments of the early American glassmakers strangely exemplify this slow process of civic amalgamation.

In Europe a good deal of the old guild tradition still persisted in the Eighteenth Century. Production was on a small, workshop basis. The manufacturer of glass was mainly interested in quality. His method and processes were handed down to him by grandfather and father or by the master of his apprenticeship. The sale of his merchandise was more or less left to fate, and fate was kind though not generous. The channels of trade remained about the same. In bad times the output slowed down; in good times it speeded up a little, but a modest livelihood was almost always certain, and the craftsman's life ran in a happy predestination.

While in Europe the desire and tradition of creating cause production; in the New World, unsatisfied, rapidly progressing and quickly changing markets command speedy, bulk production which is possible only through daring capitalization and clever merchandising. It is characteristic of the very different conditions of manufacture and trade in the American colonies that the two men who started glassmaking here on a broad basis were not, so far as we know, of glassmaking families and that they

were successfully engaged in other businesses before taking up glass work as an industry.

Caspar Wistar, the father of the Wistarburg manufacture, was born in Wald-Hilspach, in Baden. He landed in 1717 in Philadelphia, where, starting without much money, he soon acquired the reputation of being a careful, intelligent and successful merchant. His import and export business attracted his attention to articles that might successfully be manufactured in the American colonies. He began by making brass buttons "that last seven years." Among



ABOVE: WISTARBURG AMBER BROWN AND FLINT GLASS CANDLESTICK

The flint glass through age has taken a very pale amethyst hue

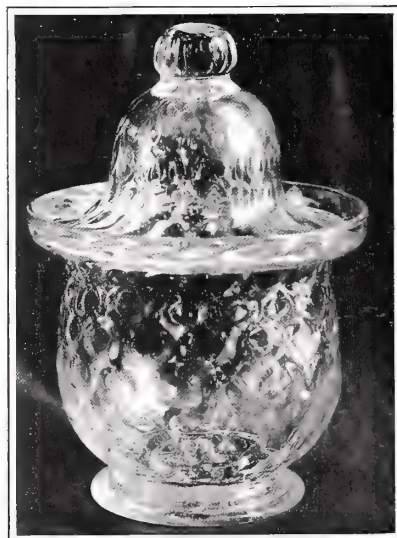
LEFT: WISTARBURG AMBER BROWN PITCHER

A classic profile, seen through the eyes of a well-to-do merchant of the Quaker city

RIGHT: STIEGEL FLINT GLASS SUGAR BOWL WITH DIAMOND PATTERN

All the capriciousness of the old Pennsylvania "baron" seems imprisoned in the gay light playing through this bowl

vided there was a market. But once engaged in the manufacture of glass, his merchandising instinct taught him that he must produce goods of the very best quality possible, suited to the tastes and economic position of his clientele and suited also to the modes of production of his adopted country. Wistar started his manufacture in 1739. At that time the great new feature in European glassmaking was flint glass which excels all other glass in clarity and sonority; yet whoever knows the formula, secures the necessary raw material for the operations in his factory and has skilful workmen at his dis-



his importations must have been window-glass, and it is easy to imagine that broken and damaged shipments suggested to him the idea of manufacturing this fragile article in America.

In Wistar's case, the difference between European and American methods is well illustrated. The European manufacturer first produces and then distributes his merchandise, obeying old tradition. Caspar Wistar, in America, first saw his market and then created a manufacture. It made no difference to him whether he was producing brass buttons or glass, pro-

posal can manufacture it. Caspar Wistar brought competent workmen from Europe and was the first to produce flint glass in the American colonies. At the time when Wistar started his factory, European glassmakers, particularly those of Bohemia, decorated flint glass with the deep relief cut that is the glory of Eighteenth Century Bohemian glass. Mythological compositions, symbols of friendship, hunting and drinking scenes adorned in gay variety the mugs, bowls and drinking glasses found on the tables of the rich at that period. This deep relief cut



THREE STIEGEL SAPPHIRE BLUE SALT SELLERS

The photograph renders the delicate reflections and irradiations produced by the patterns, but not the beautiful color

required extreme technical skill, inexhaustible patience and cheap labor that was satisfied rather with the glory of accomplishment than with high pay. Since all these requirements were out of reach in a new country, Caspar Wistar did not dream of applying the processes of the Bohemians to his flint glass, nor did Stiegel thirty years later. Besides, he knew that to make a business success it was not worth his while to cater to a few rich people who could, if they liked, buy expensively decorated glass from Bohemia or from England. So, as a manufacturer of window-panes and glass bottles, he became a benefactor of the people, who offered him a quick market for his plainer goods.

Out of an unconscious artistic craving, Wistar created, besides these strictly utilitarian articles, a considerable number of decorative vases and bowls, sugar bowls, salt sellers, drinking vessels and other tableware that corresponded to the tastes of the sturdy well-to-do bourgeoisie of the Quaker City in which he lived and prospered. Wistar himself was a Quaker. It is interesting to see how, in a business venture undertaken for sound business reasons only, he directed his German workmen in such a way as to produce something absolutely homogeneous in spirit and truly expressing the ease and manly strength of colonial America in general and of Quaker Philadelphia in particular. Here is another instance of how copy, influence and imitation, so disdained by the romantic craving for "original creation," led to something that, whether original or not, was a true expression of a sincere and simple spirit and a self-reliant people.

The second great American glassmaker, John

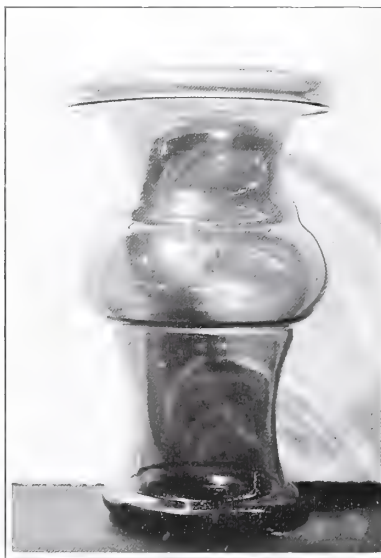
Frederick Stiegel, was born in Cologne, Germany, in 1729. He came to America in 1750, and two years later was in Lancaster county, Pennsylvania. He married the daughter of Jacob Huber, an iron manufacturer, and entered the business of his father-in-law but engaged besides in various business ventures of his own. He acquired a second iron furnace and big land holdings. Real estate is a great speculative item in the economic growth of every young country, and Stiegel made his holdings, which amounted to many thousands of acres, a profitable source of income by selling them for cash plus an annual ground rent. At the same time he improved the old Franklin stove and constructed a six-plate and a ten-plate stove which for years led the market. Being a

large land-holder, he operated a mill; and being settled in a largely German community, we find him owner of a brewery and of a malt-house supplying the brewery. In all his ventures we hear not a word about glass until 1763, when Stiegel opened a factory in Manheim, Pennsylvania, mainly for the supply of bottle and window glass.

It is curious in the case of Caspar Wistar to see a personality creeping into and expressing itself in his glass. The glass of Stiegel is a still more striking expression of its maker. Stiegel was fond of luxury. The stories of his extravagance that in a democratic country soon took on a baronial tinge are still told in Pennsylvania. He always lived beyond his means. He built a splendid house where he entertained friends and strangers during his sunny days. He had a great passion for music, extending from the brass band of his work-



STIEGEL FLINT GLASS JAR WITH COVER



STIEGEL SAPPHIRE BLUE VASE

Only a few large pieces of Stiegel glass, almost priceless, have been preserved

men to a collection of musical instruments valued at three hundred and seventy pounds.

Stiegel's work reveals his gay and subtle Rhenish temperament. The thin, crystalline flint glass dishes with delicate diaper patterns seem to contain condensed, mellowed sunlight. His amethyst, *clair de lune* blue, amber and emerald glasses are delicate to the touch, subtle in color and by the purity of their ring might delight the refined ear of a Chinese collector of porcelains. Even the ordinary bottles of brownish and olive-green glass, so delicately ribbed, show a touch of refinement that separates them from all other American glassware. Stiegel experimented in introducing hitherto unknown technics. He employed Italian workmen who attempted to work in the Venetian style, and introduced from Germany the art of painting brilliant enamels on translucent and opaque white or blue glass, and the Stiegel enamels are generally more brilliant and less muddy in color than the German product of the same period. Stiegel certainly was careful in the selection of his workmen and doubtless told them not to spare money and effort to obtain the best results in the technics which struck his fancy. Stiegel had business sense enough never to attempt to rival the deep cut Bohemian glass, but he turned out a considerable quantity of flint glass tumblers and mugs traced with the diamond-point and engraved with the copper-wheel. This technic could be worked pretty quickly and was therefore an economic possi-

bility in a country where the manufacturer had to count with speedy output and high priced labor. All these things were created by a man who

apparently never had any apprenticeship as a glassmaker, but who, through his creative commercial genius, struck it right in the choice of his workmen and in setting the aim which he tried to

make them achieve. Stiegel certainly brought to America the sensitiveness of his native race, but his method of working is a product of his adopted country; his directness and clear vision are typically American. Fused into the crystalline body of the glasses that he created are his Rhenish gaiety and his American enterprise.

When the economic depression before and during the American Revolution came, Stiegel got into financial difficulties which ended in his bankruptcy. It is difficult to determine whether he was a victim solely of those bad times or of his exuberant temperament or of both. We may fancy that thenceforth at least Stiegel was well acquainted with the inscription which is often found on old German glass:

*"Glueck und Glas—
Wie leicht bricht das!"*

*("Luck and glass—
Both break, alas!")*

And we can also fancy that when the bad days came, the Rhenish boon companion and the brisk American business man in his soul clinked glasses and said, "—What care we?"

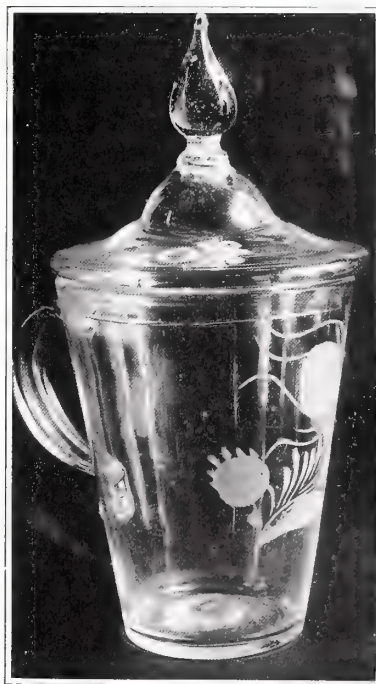
That Stiegel had fame in his own time is shown by advertisements of tradesmen of that day in Philadelphia, now in the possession of the Pennsylvania Historical Society. These describe articles by the score from his factory, and Caullman and Fegan declared

that "The public may rest assured that no other kind of glass will be kept, or sold, in said store."

The illustrations of this article are from the Jacob Paxson Temple collection



STIEGEL MUG AND FLASK WITH ENAMELED DECORATION
Stiegel was the first to cover glass vessels with the gay red, blue, yellow, white and green of splashy enamels



STIEGEL COVERED FLINT GLASS MUG
WITH ENGRAVED DECORATION

Decorations by diamond point and copper wheel replaced the Bohemian deep cutting. One of Stiegel's preferred motives is the old Pennsylvania German tulip, which appears here attached to a capricious twig

LEO KATZ—"Freud of the Easel"

WHEN Frank A. Vanderlip was traveling in Europe and stopped in Vienna last year, he met a young painter, Leo Katz, who had been making a stir there

since his one-man show in the Salon Pisko in 1913, when he displayed portrait, figure, animal and allegorical paintings in oil, tempera and water color, as well as drawings. This exhibition showed a trend toward the monumental in the young artist, coupled in a unique way with a searching after the innermost secrets of the object or subject in front of him. It seemed as if, like Jacob, he had to wrestle with it until it surrendered itself to him, body and soul. The weapons, so to speak, with which he forced it to submit had been fashioned by himself through studying many of the old painters, the masters of the North, such as Durer; of the South, especially that mysterious genius Leonardo da Vinci, and even of the East, such as the Persian miniaturists and Japanese artists. It therefore should be no cause for wonder that, with a talent and mind of this kind, he was to become the "Freud of the portraitists," combining science and art in his pictures.

Mr. Vanderlip must have been greatly impressed by his experience, for he brought Mr. Katz to the United States and, in the manner of the great men of old in Italy, employed him, as it were, as his "court painter," to do the portraits of all the members of his family. Several portraits which were shown recently at the Ehrich Galleries have made New York to a certain extent familiar with Mr. Katz's art.

I shall confine myself here to speaking only of Mr. Katz as a

Believer in an ordered universe, he uses symbolism of color and form to interpret his subjects . . . by

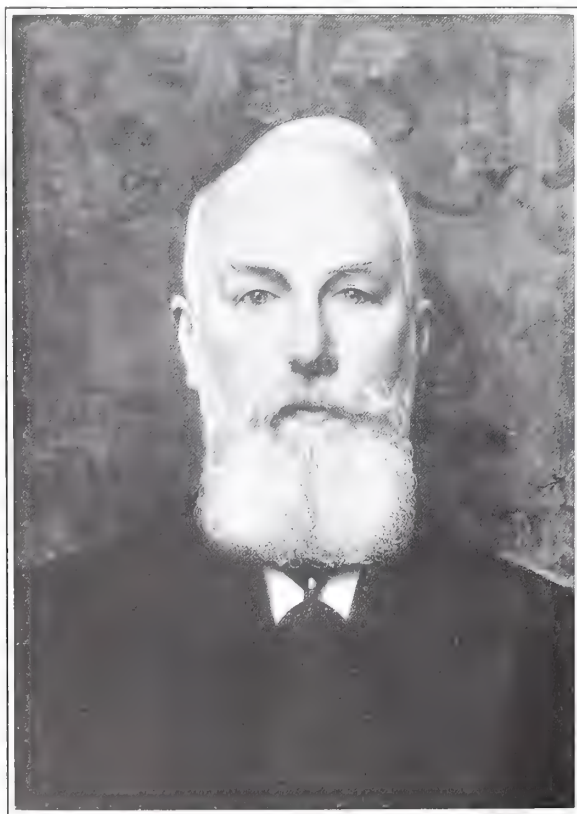
F. E. Washburn Freund

portraitist, although, as already mentioned, his field of work is far more extended and his most secret and cherished longings seem to be to cover the walls of some public build-

ing with the inventions of his inner eye. Any portrait painter whose intention is not merely to catch a likeness, will, according to his own personality, either try to make his portrait a lovely decoration, as did the English painters of the Eighteenth Century, or will probe deep into the heart and soul of his sitter, as Rembrandt did, to bring out his real self and not only his outward features, although in many such cases when the artist is chiefly a man of moods a great deal of the painter's own self will enter the portrait. Now, Mr. Katz is a most remarkable combination of scientist and artist, and, in his portraits, his endeavor is to employ artistic means to achieve not only artistic but also scientific ends. This means that he keeps his own personality quite out of his portraits, thus making them in reality the

most objective portraits imaginable, although they look, at first glance, as if they were the most subjective, by reason of the peculiar means employed. Reading the character of his sitter is almost an unconscious act with him, but, once he has read it, he is a most conscientious artist, bent upon expressing it in the most convincing way by means of his art. And in a short time he has grown tremendously, as the portraits accompanying this article will show at a glance when looked at in their proper order.

The first portrait, that of a Dutch gentleman from Amsterdam, shows the head



PORTRAIT OF MYNHEER VAN HASSELT, PRESIDENT OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE, AMSTERDAM, ONE OF LEO KATZ'S MOST REALISTIC PAINTINGS

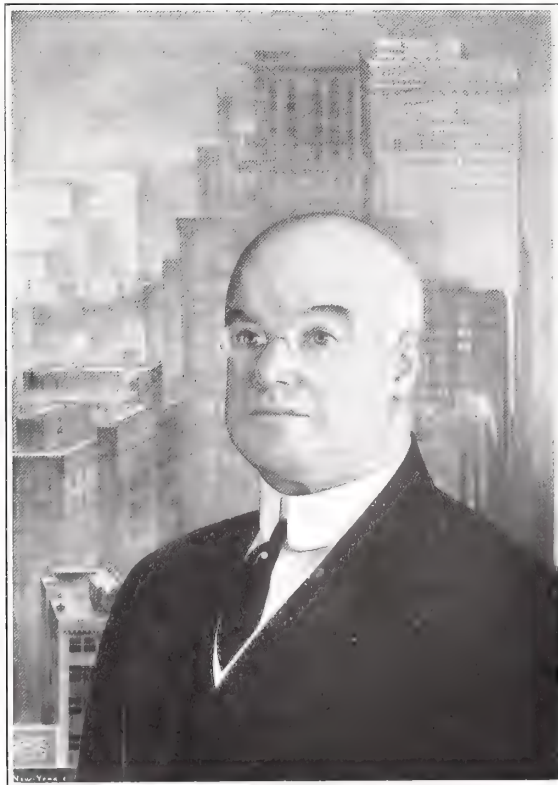


DRAWING OF MISS VANDERLIP IN RED CHALK

BY LEO KATZ

of the sitter against a background of stylistic floral design and with hair and beard plainly arranged in a special way. Otherwise, the portrait is a realistic rendering from life. Mr. Katz has carefully studied, as a scientist-artist, the psychological influence of certain lines, such as straight or curved; repetitions of lines and combinations of lines and figures, and, in the same way, the different effects of colors and color combinations, as well as their value in revealing the character of a person or scene. In this portrait, the way in which the hair and beard are treated and the stylistic background give to the painting a cer-

tain mood which corresponds to the dominating mood of the sitter as impressed upon the artist.



In the portrait of a business man of New York with the typical skyscrapers as background, the connection of figure and background is still somewhat external, as is also the symbolism itself, but in the portraits of the two Misses Vanderlip, a fine unity of figure and accessories has been obtained, making the first a personification, as it were, of the latter come to life. Every line used in these two portraits, whether exuberant or angular, reveals character. One of the paintings suggests a "Noli me tan-

"A NEW YORK BUSINESS
MAN," BY LEO KATZ



PORTRAIT OF GALVIN VANDERLIP

by
Leo Katz

gere," a keeping away of everything undesirable as if in self-defense; the other gives promise of a life of elegance and beauty.

In the portrait of Master Vanderlip, the latest development of the artist has been reached. The two souls struggling for mastery in this fine boy surround him like a whirlwind. Against the background the figure stands clearly revealed, and it must not be overlooked that through the way in which the right arm is treated in contrast with the left one, the two planes, that of "real" life and that of "fantasy," if one may call it thus, touch each other and combine into a composition.

"The Lady with the Panther," the animal behind the bars, will perhaps be considered the most Freudian of all Mr. Katz's portraits. Something of Blake's "suppressed desires" and a soul torn hither and thither, in contrast with the almost rigid appearance of symmetry—again Blake's "fearful symmetry"—of the tiger lives in this portrait, whose frame, too, plays an important role; the horse in the middle kicks when approached, but when it sees that its companion turns aside, it wants to make up to it. Compare the same sitter in her second portrait, as she appears in daily life, sweet and composed. What a revelation!

Mr. Katz's highest achievement in portraiture so far seems to me to be the two portraits of the same woman showing the two states of her soul, a kind of pictorial paraphrase, as it were, of Goethe's words in Faust: "Zwei Seelen wohnen, ach, in meiner Brust" (Alas! two souls dwell in my breast!) There is the religious side, the seeker after the Grail. Here all the lines form geometrical patterns, circles, ellipses, and repeat themselves again and again. The eternal and inevitable law of



"THE LADY WITH THE PANTHER"

BY LEO KATZ

the universe is symbolised in them. There is only one plane; figure and background are one. The other portrait shows the same woman in the clutches of the world. Every line and form speak of the tragedy of this fight, as does the prevailing black of the color scheme. One shoulder is drawn up as if in defence. Most of the lines are oblique, and where they are straight they seem ready to wound. It is marvellous how, in this painting, the connection of the two planes has been achieved. The statuesque, three-dimensional figure and the flat background merge into



ANOTHER PORTRAIT OF "THE LADY WITH THE PANTHER"
BY LEO KATZ



TWO VERY DIFFERENT PORTRAITS OF THE SAME SUBJECT WHICH REVEAL THE ARTIST'S ANALYTICAL GENIUS, BY LEO KATZ

each other through the stylistic treatment of the left side of the figure. Here the black cloak, heightened and enlivened by gold lines, does not only hide shoulder and arm; it purposely does not let us feel them underneath it. What, artistically speaking, was most difficult for Mr. Katz to achieve in these portraits was the binding of the three-dimensional figure in the foreground with the flat, symbolical background. Here his feeling for the monumental helps him greatly. Without it, his



portraits would fall to pieces. If I read rightly Mr. Katz's art and the trend of its development, I think he will, in time, use only form and color to symbolize the inner life and will leave out the use of established symbols, like the Grail cup in one of the portraits, thus attaining still greater freedom.

Mr. Katz expounds his artistic creed in these words:

"I believe in a highly ordered universe in which everything has its meaning; otherwise life and art would be only a chaos of accidents. As in music a theme can not be continued in a haphazard way, so, in painting, no form or color should be used without an inner relationship to the whole, and this is possible only if the artist understands the meaning of every single component. At the beginning of a period of humanistic and materialistic tendencies the masters of the Renaissance conquered the visible world and made it, as it were, a reality. Our era, on the contrary, with its almost unbelievable progress in the domain of the microscope and telescope, has the mission of searching for 'the reality behind the screen,' seeing that the *visible* world has been unmasked, so it seems foolish to continue to portray persons in the realistic manner of centuries whose thought was in direct opposition to ours. Unfortunately, few are aware of the meaning of optical phenomena, and the symbolism of color and form has become a dead language. This is the reason why I at times introduce into my portraits a symbol as a 'hieroglyphic key.'"

As Aged Titian Painted Youth



"JUDITH WITH THE HEAD OF HOLOFERNES"

BY TITIAN

ONE of the highly prized Titians in the collection of A. L. Nicholson, of London, England, is "Judith with the Head of Holofernes," illustrative of the Apocryphal story of the Assyrian general whose campaign against the Jews came to a tragic close when the patriotic widow, to save her nation, pitted her charms against his ambitions. The painting represents the heroine dressed in a white chemise and wearing a pearl necklace, while the twisted mass of her red-golden hair hangs like a yellow scarf over her shoulder. The silk attire of her negro attendant is also golden yellow. A rose purple drapery forms a background to the figures.

Judith's features closely resemble those of the nymph in that wonderful work of Titian's old age, "The Nymph and the Shepherd," now in Vienna, and the drawing of the hands also is remarkably similar in both pictures. The greater part of the picture displays very clearly that marvellous swiftness and looseness of touch and that incomparable command of atmosphere which are Titian's and Titian's alone and to which the closest approaches may be found in the "St. Sebastian" of the Hermitage and the "Nymph and Shepherd" at Vienna. It is emphatically in a passage like that of the left arm of Judith that one discovers that endless richness of delicate modulations which is so characteristic of the last phase of Titian.

Artistically, it may be said it was about 1555 that Titian entered his old age—not, indeed, a period of decay, but, on the contrary, the one which marks the culmination of his greatness as an artist and which is distinguished technically by a freedom and breadth of handling and a richness of atmosphere previously unequalled, the method of working being by masses of color which, when looked into at close quarters, seem to resolve themselves into a chaos of pigments but with every stroke put in with an unerring sense of the total effect to be obtained at some distance.



CRUSADER GROUP BY DWIGHT FRANKLIN.

OWNED BY THE UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

ARTIST REBUILDS THE PAST

PAINTINGS, sculptures, romantic novels, plays and operas do more to keep alive interest in the long ago than all the work of historians. To the generality of men and women

Egypt is better known through the pages of Ebers than those of Maspero and by the gorgeous pageantry of Alda than by the study of hieroglyphics. Alma-Tadema's "Rome" is more persuasive than Gibbon's, and thousands know the England of the early Norman days through *Ivanhoe* to one who has seriously studied the annals of that time. Art museum directors, whose work is largely concerned with preserving records of the past, are charged with the responsibility of meeting this trait in mankind which seeks to learn through the sense of sight rather than by study, which prefers to have its knowledge with the sugar of romance rather than by the savorless dish of serious history. To catch the eye and hold its attention for a little while is their hope for the inception of a more sustained interest. And this is one of the chief reasons why Dwight Franklin's

Dwight Franklin in his groups for museums and collectors combines learning with realism . . . by
William B. M'GORMICK

work in combining small figures, backgrounds and lighting in social-historic groups has grown to be so much sought after by the directors of museums of art in the United States.

Within a box a few feet square, into which the spectator looks through a pane of glass and which is flooded with light from an unseen source, Mr. Franklin presents groups of figures that, while not averaging more than six or seven inches in height, are historically precise representations of the peoples of other lands and other times than ours, set in surroundings that have the same archeological or architectural exactitude. Since he began this special work in 1913, his combinations of the arts and crafts, to which he has added a touch of the theatre in his lighting effects, have been acquired by the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the Children's Museum in Brooklyn, the museums of Cleveland and Newark, the University of Illinois, the Illinois State Museum, and there is one in the French war museum in Paris. His subject-groups have included the Vikings,



"THE VIKINGS"

*From a color photograph by Arnold Genthe of a group by
Dwight Franklin*

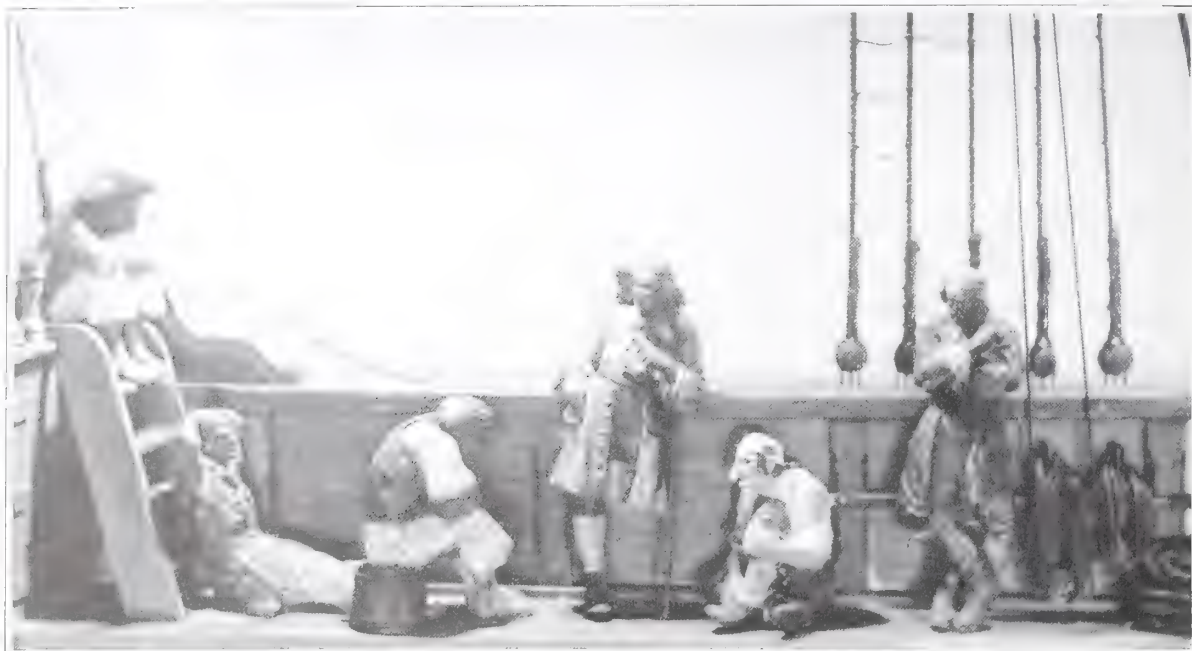


"JUSTINIAN and THEODORA in the NARTHEX of SANTA SOPHIA"

by

Dwight Franklin

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART



"THE DECK OF THE HISPANIOLA"

BY DWIGHT FRANKLIN



"ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON AT SARANAC"

BY DWIGHT FRANKLIN

American soldiers in the World War, Justinian and Theodora in the narthex of Santa Sophia, Constantinople, the interior of Penshurst, Kent, England, and a scribe in his cell illuminating a Fifteenth Century manuscript. The range of periods and peoples covered in these few groups alone will suffice to indicate the extraordinary

variety of the work he has been called upon to do. His task is all the more arduous and responsible by the requirement that his representations be meticulously correct in every detail of architecture, ornament and costume. His sources have to be impeccable, for his completed work must pass



"R. L. S. AS A PIRATE" BY DWIGHT FRANKLIN

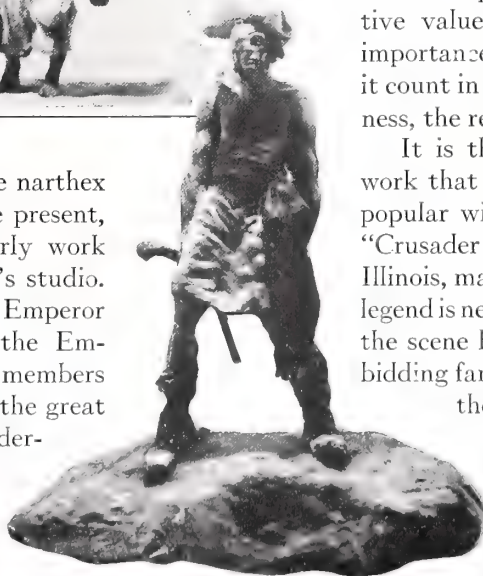
the museum authorities on each of these arts before it can be accepted. And the scope of the scholarship necessary for the making of these groups may be judged from the fact that an ancient work printed in Greek had to be studied before all the details of the construction and decorations of the narthex of Santa Sophia could be mastered for transcription.

The three groups in the Metropolitan Museum of Art are typical examples of Mr. Franklin's scholarship and high sense of the pictorial. When the spectator looks through the window at his interior of Penhurst he sees an early medieval hall with paneled walls, a fire burning in the center of the floor in a ring of flat stones, the lord and lady of the castle at meat at a table placed crosswise at the head of the room, a jester lying on the floor teasing a dog with his bauble, a traveling monk eating at a small table and servants going about their tasks. It is pure realism; yet today it savors more of the pages of *Ivanhoe* than it does of real life, so romantic are the setting, the costumes, the whole *mise en scene*. Its purpose is educational, and it achieves this through its colorful charm as well as by its convincing

"PIRATES"
BY DWIGHT FRANKLIN. THE SECOND FROM THE TOP IS OWNED BY BOOTH TARKINGTON; THE GROUP AT THE LEFT, BY WILLIAM LANGLEY



air of verity. The view of the narthex of Santa Sophia is, up to the present, the most ornate and scholarly work produced from Mr. Franklin's studio. The scene represents the Emperor Justinian, accompanied by the Empress Theodora and several members of their suite, about to enter the great cathedral, Justinian surrendering his crown to the metropolitan of Constantinople as a sign of the dominance of the Church over the State.



The architectural details, the decorations and hangings represent the entrance to the church before the Turks seized Constantinople and turned Santa Sophia into a Mohamedan mosque, while the figures, in addition to being correctly costumed, have many human touches, such as the gossiping of the court attendants and the air of official detachment to be noted in the faces of the clerics of the metropolitan's train. For its decorative value this group is of very great importance, but the quality that makes it count in the popular sense is its humanness, the reality of its characters.

It is this element in Mr. Franklin's work that has made his figure groups so popular with our museum directors. His "Crusader Group," at the University of Illinois, makes this appeal at once, for no legend is necessary to tell the spectator that the scene before him represents a knight bidding farewell to his wife on starting for the Holy Land. The bare, comfortless hall of the castle, the sorrowful quietude of the two chief figures, the suggestion of impatience and boredom of the knight's warlike at-



tendants are all admirably conveyed. Such an educational group can do more to interest the average spectator than would many a written record of such a scene; and yet it can well be the incentive to such reading. The "Viking Ship," in the same museum, pictures the maritime life of the Norsemen and another group shows the interior of a Viking chieftain's house. His group depicting the English sea adventurer, Sir Francis Drake, is another thrilling study that has been surpassed by the artist only in his representation of John

Paul Jones in one of his best known sea fights. The World War finds reflections in some of his groups, such as the "Machine Gunners," set down in the repellant desolation of the battle-front; the "Zero Hour," with the men waiting in the trench for the fateful moment to "go over the top," and in the group commissioned by the Jewish Welfare Board to commemorate its work with the troops in France, this last one now being in the French war museum in Paris.

In the last three years Mr. Franklin's work has entered a new field, one which proves the European wrong in his assumption that American men are lacking in idealism—he has received commissions from bibliophiles for figures of their favorite authors. Thus an admirer of François Villon now has a figure of the luckless poet just as he was imagined by Robert Louis Stevenson in *A Lodging for the Night*. Again, for a Chicago collector of Stevensonian, Mr. Franklin has made a

figure of the novelist standing outside the door of Barker's at Saranac Lake. The lifelike quality of this figure will be realized when it is known that on being shown a photograph of it, Lloyd Osbourne, the author's stepson and literary executor, was puzzled as to when it could have been taken, for he "thought he knew every

TOP: "MACHINE GUNNERS"
USED FOR THE LIBERTY LOAN
CENTER: "ZERO HOUR"

BOTTOM: "JEWISH WELFARE BOARD
MEMORIAL"—IN THE FRENCH
WAR MUSEUM

ALL BY DWIGHT FRANKLIN

photograph of Louis that had been made at Saranac." The Stevenson collectors who commissioned Mr. Franklin to model have placed the boxes containing the effigies on shelves among their books, thus obtaining a touch of colorful novelty unique in the arrangement of private libraries. The groups are used sometimes as pure decorations, as in the case of two in the Lake Placid Club in the Adirondacks picturing the Iroquois Indians and the old *courriers du bois*, and one in Booth Tarkington's summer home in Maine which represents a pirate standing on the poopdeck of his ship with the black flag flaunting the craft's piracy from a staff behind him.

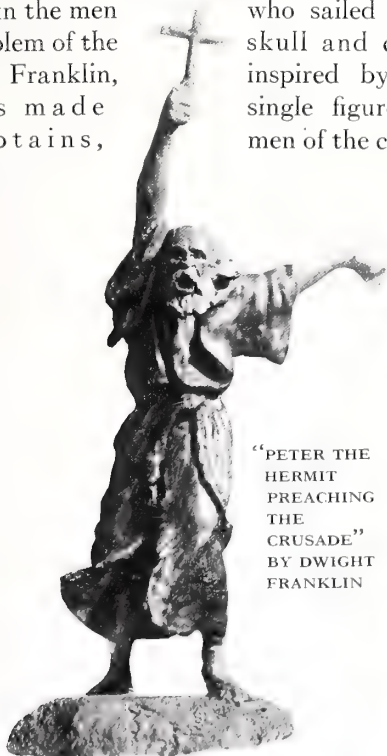
Speaking of pirates, there has been a violent outbreak of them in Mr. Franklin's studio in the last year, admirers of Stevenson's *Treasure Island* being responsible for this revival of interest in the men emblem of the skull and cross-bones. Mr. Franklin, has made captains, who sailed beneath the

skull and cross-bones. inspired by the story, single figures of pirate men of the crews in fight-

conquistador, a Canadian trapper in snow that makes the spectator feel chilly, and a Jesuit missionary priest. He recently fashioned a "Dream City," a pile of Oriental buildings topped with minarets and domes, for a moving picture play. At the present time he is at work on a commission from the Metropolitan Museum of Art for an Egyptian group showing the interior of a palace with many figures. Soon he is to go to Europe to study the Crusades for a western museum.



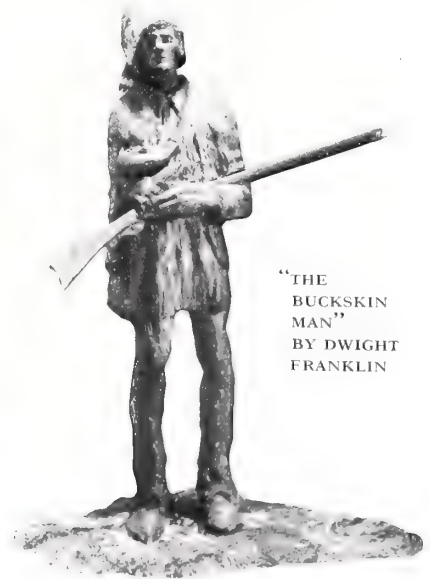
"THE CRO-MAGNON ARTIST" BY DWIGHT FRANKLIN
The sombre color and subdued light create a perfect illusion



"PETER THE HERMIT PREACHING THE CRUSADE" BY DWIGHT FRANKLIN



"FRANÇOIS VILLON" BY DWIGHT FRANKLIN



"THE BUCKSKIN MAN" BY DWIGHT FRANKLIN

ing trim, others hauling treasure chests over the sand, and one particularly striking figure of a freebooter who might be Flint himself come ashore and seated on his sea-chest surrounded by other piratical trunks. Then there is a scene on the deck of the *Hispaniola*, with six figures yarning in the sun, Long John Silver and his parrot being a striking note.

Among the other compositions the artist has modeled in hard wax and colored with astonishing realism are his "Three Pioneers" and "Primitive Man," a James Fenimore Cooper type of trapper called "The Buckskin Man," a dancing African negro, Cortez as

CHINOISERIES IN COLOR

WINFIELD SCOTT MOODY

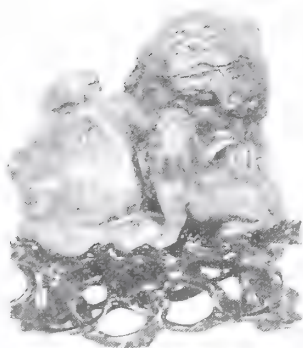


ROSE QUARTZ

*Dust of pink diamonds caught in clearest rain drops,
Rose leaves reflected in a silver shield,
Splinters of Alpine snowflakes blown in stain drops,
Faintest of maiden blushes,
Such tints as twilight bushes—
Pale sunshine shivering across the field;
Glow of a lambent flame, leaping, within,
Flashes of pulsing blood seen through translucent skin.*

MOONSTONES AND WHITE JADE

*Drops of blue moonlight looped on a shining string,
Blue and gray blent in a mystery,
Colors that glint like the light on a young dove's wing,
Thence, depending, the mystery
Of faded white stone carved like a swimming thing;
Scratches in old, dull gold, cut for great Ming.
Heirloom of History!*



GREEN JADE AND AMETHYST

*Puffs of empurpled cloud lighting and fainting
To palest, pinky gray;
Such ghosts of tints as in a K'ang Hsi painting
Escape and are away
From Western eyes, in the too glaring day;
Supporting by a silken loop the master coloring
Of the returning Spring—
Verdure of ancient trees filling the scene,
Shadowing ancient gods, remote, serene,
Deep-drowned, submerged in overwhelming green.*

ROCK CRYSTAL AND BLUE QUARTZ

*Flashes of swift water leaping through sunshiny meadows,
Long loops of shimmering light that elude and escape
From the high-waving trees, glancing green in the shallows and shadows,
Blazing again as they flow, ever shifting their shape.
Beneath the circling white
Heaven's deepest blue,
Strong to subdue,
Gathers the scattering of splintered light
To its own hue.*



MALAGHITE

*Stone that is grained like the heart of a long-buried tree—
Heavier green than ever the sun shines on;
Hidden through ages, never spied upon—
Like nature's truths, existent though unknown.
Thick green coils of a serpent asleep in the dark
Of a wood in the Urals—cold and solid and stark—
Massive, inert, primeval—fit to be
Carved for Creation's book, its colophon.*

WRITTEN in the JADE ROOM
of the METROPOLITAN
MUSEUM of ART



LAPIS LAZULI

*A blue profounder than the sea can show
Save with some trick of purple cloud at sunset time—
So smooth, and deep, and wonderful; to know
This color is to hear again the booming chime
Of temple bells, and realize the rhyme
Of chanting priests and dancing girls who go
Among the shadowy tree-trunks, to and fro
Before the Buddha. Then the purple glow
Distils, and to the altar, one by one,
The priests come and bow down before the wondrous stone.*

AQUAMARINE

*In windless halls where mermaids hold their state,
The shadow of a color fills the wavering;
Luminous, cool, delicious, delicate,
Pellucid, indeterminate and quavering—
Poseidon's royal hue shines dimly—green
Paler than yellow, than the blue between.*

GHALGEDONY

*Twin coloring with Neptune's wavering tint,
Fragile unspeakably in paler hues,
And even in its deeper tones the glint
Echoes the sense of ages-faded blues
Or greens so slight and faint the eyes refuse
To recognize them surely; like a hint
Of something scarce remembered, yet delicious as the dews.
In this Assyrian seal, what treasures
Of ancient kings imagination sees!*

OPAL

*Under and through the soft-flushed surface, call
Lights to adore and fear—a mystery
Sacred as doubts, questionings virginal
Of a young maiden's quickening symmetry.
Or, like a glimpse into a central fire
That bursts and blasts with leaping spurts of flame
Bluer than ice, brighter than Sappho's lyre,
Dulling to purple red, burning like shame,
Greener than envy, hotter than desire—
Then, quenched to pink and white again. Yet not the same.*

AMBER

*A ray of sunshine makes it molten gold
Or Hybla's honey in a crystal cup;
Shadowed even with age, it is not cold,
But blazons like a banner lifted up
Before an army. Yet its steady glow
Captures the senses as a summer day
Deepens in beauty while the moments go
As golden sand slips through the glass away;
Light as Youth's gay inconsequence, and fair
As the soft shining of a young girl's hair.*





SAINT SEBASTIAN

FRENCH, FIFTEENTH CENTURY, SCHOOL OF TOURAINE

Courtesy of M. Jean Charpentier

THIS painting, which at one time formed part of an altar piece, is a unique representation of the Saint in French art of the Fifteenth Century. Extremely rare, it is of signal interest both historically and artistically. Painted in egg and oil on a wood panel, the style is slightly Italian, authorizing its attribution to the Fifteenth Century in the years subsequent to Jean Fouquet's travels in Italy and to the studio in which that painter, with his two sons, worked and died at Tours; that is toward 1480. The essentially French character of this work, whose figures are half life-size, may be read in the attitudes, faces and costumes, as also in the details of the landscape, notably in the architectural style of the houses, as well as in the general balance of the composition and in the colors, which recall the illuminations in the celebrated "Book of Hours" by Fouquet at the Museum of Chantilly



THE MARTYRDOM OF SAINT SEBASTIAN



BY A FIFTEENTH CENTURY SOUTH GERMAN MASTER

MARTYR—*Inspirer of* PAINTERS

ALTHOUGH the church gives to the holy evangelists higher rank than to the holy martyrs, the latter have been the more popular, the martyr soldiers particularly, for the

sword always makes a stronger appeal than does the pen. Among the martyrs, one of the favorites for a long time was Saint Sebastian. His fame rose soon after his death at the end of the Third Century, increased until the end of the Seventh, when, he having been credited with arresting a plague which was ravaging Rome, he was invoked as a healer; was extremely vivid during all the Middle Ages and reached its climax in the Renaissance.

From the middle of the Quattrocento, the martyrdom of Saint Sebastian was a subject of consideration so persistent that a painting of it may be found among the work of almost every Italian painter of the period, some of whom repeated the subject, like Perugino, who painted eight Saint Sebastians; Fiorenzo di Lorenzo, nine, and Signorelli, also nine. At that time, too, the saint appeared in German, Flemish, Dutch and French paintings, but less frequently. In the Seventeenth

The famous collection of pictures of Saint Sebastian in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum in Berlin . . . by
H. S. GIOLKOWSKI

Century he inspired Rubens, Van Dyck, Ribera and Le Sueur—to mention only leading masters—with fine compositions. He also appeared occasionally in the Nineteenth Century when

he interested Delacroix, Corot, Ribot, Gustave Moreau and Puvis de Chavannes. In sculpture, on the other hand, he is seen in work from the anonymous masters of the Fifteenth Century down to the present day. We find him most conspicuous, however, around the end of the Middle Ages. The reason is easily found, for in Saint Sebastian this age saw its ideal personified, the faithful knight "without fear and without reproach," who happened also to be young and handsome, and his martyrdom furnished a story at once marvelous and cruel. It has been best told in *The Golden Legend of the Blessed James of Voragines* as follows:

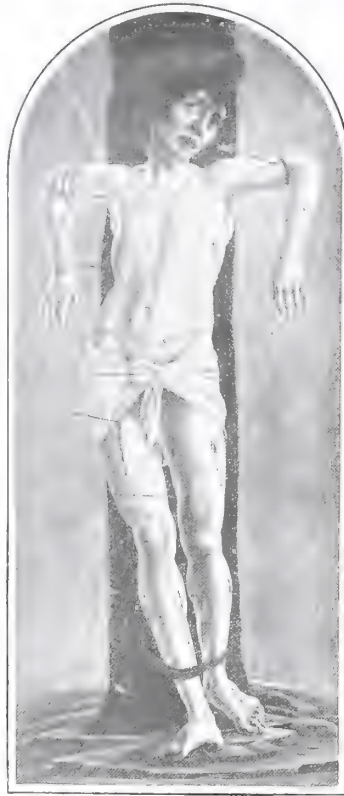
"Saint Sebastian, of Narbonne, in Gaul, was the son of noble citizens of Milan and suffered death and passion under the Emperors Diocletian and Maximilian, who had him in great honor, for he held the highest post of the First Cohort. He

was wise, virtuous and faithful, beloved of the other knights and, beneath his soldier's cloak, comforted the Christians when he saw them failing under their martyrdom. Diocletian, having learned by the noise of these things that Sebastian had long been a Christian and had brought over many citizens to the faith, flew into a great passion. He summoned him to his presence and charged him with ingratitude, but the Saint replied that as a Christian he had always prayed for the salvation of the empire and its emperors. Upon this reply Sebastian was led into the midst of a field, and, having been placed against a pillar, was pierced through and through with arrows by the knights. So many did his body receive that it was like unto an hedgehog.

"The knights, considering then that he was dead, left him, but a woman of the name of Irene came during the night to bury him. Having found him still in life, she took him to her dwelling, concealed him, tended and made him whole. Sebastian, restored to life, went into the Emperors' presence and reproached them with their unjust persecution of the Christians. Thereupon, the Emperor commanded him to be beaten to death with staves and, after that he had rendered his very last breath, had him thrown into a sink. But a woman, old and pious, called Lucia, knew by a vision where he lay, and, in obedience to the express commands of the Saint, transported him to a place named the 'Catacombs' where he was laid to rest at the feet of the Apostles, according to his desire."

This, written in the second half of the Twelfth Century, has the savor of a primitive painting, its freshness of view and its vigor of treatment combined with great simplicity.

Representations of Saint Sebastian from the



SAINT SEBASTIAN BY COSIMO TURA
(1432-1495) SCHOOL OF FERRARA



SAINT SEBASTIAN BY FRANCESCO
BONSIGNORI (1455-1510) SCHOOL
OF VERONA

earliest Christian times are extant. The oldest one is in the catacombs of Saint Callistus. It is a fresco painted in the papacy of Sixtus III (423-440) which shows him standing, beardless and without an aura and wearing the tunic and pallium.

There are few museums which do not contain one or more Saint Sebastians, but there is none, I think, so supplied with them as the Kaiser Friedrich in Berlin, where there are about fifteen paintings representing the handsome martyr, drawn from all schools and including some of the most renowned illustrations of the subject. In the oldest, that by Cosimo Tura of the school of Ferrara, he is depicted as a true Christian martyr-saint. Twelve cruel arrows have pierced him through and through. The artist, although chronologically belonging to the Renaissance and Botticelli's senior by but a few years, is still a man of the Middle Ages who has no qualms about expressing physical suffering. Pain speaks through the whole poor tortured body, in the hollowed eyes, the groaning mouth, the contracted fingers and toes. It is a magnificent piece of workmanship for both its perfection of technique and also its intensity of expression, and is particularly characteristic of Tura, at once severe and sumptuous. The severity is omnipresent, however, the sumptuousness being typified merely in the reddish-golden background glowing like sunset and the blood streams from the wounds, glittering like rubies.

Botticelli's Saint Sebastian is disturbing. Six heavy arrows have burrowed into his body without hurting him. He heeds them not. He is too handsome to suffer, for the brown-locked youth, whose aura itself is a

delicate jewel, is of the rarest, most perfect, most elegant beauty. Being beautiful, he is also melan-

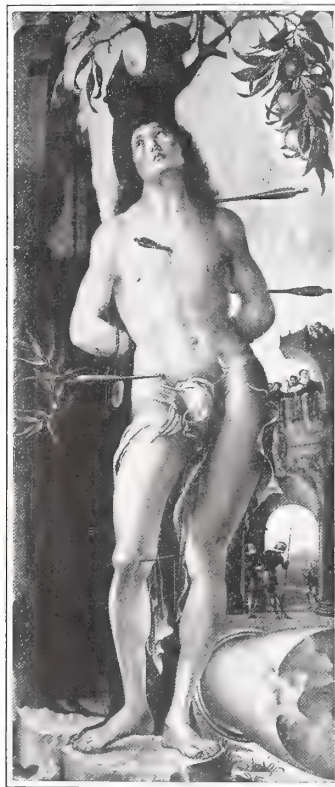
choly. He finds life brutal, coarse, unsatisfying. He dreams; he is, in short, "*L' Indifferent*" of the Renaissance. The color of the painting is in the same mood, and beside the brilliant hues of Polla-

this work, the Sebastian by Liberale da Verona, who is shown standing on a broken column and tied to an orange tree, is, while perfectly Christian in sentiment, characteristically a work of the Renais-



SAINT SEBASTIAN BY MARCO BASAITI (1490-1521) VENETIAN SCHOOL

AT RIGHT: SAINT SEBASTIAN BY ALESSANDRO BOTTICELLI (1444-1510) FLORENTINE SCHOOL



SAINT SEBASTIAN BY LIBERALE DA VERONA (1451-1536) SCHOOL OF VERONA

BELOW: SAINT SEBASTIAN BY ANTONELLO DA MESSINA (1430-1479) VENETIAN SCHOOL

juolo and Piero di Cosimo, close neighbors in the museum, it seems almost a grisaille. But how full of thought is this color and how aristocratic is the drawing! It would appear as though the great Florentine had foreseen that his saint would form a companion to his exquisite golden-haired Venus and must not, therefore, express too acute suffering. Truth to tell, the subject was not in the gentle Botticelli's line. The picture was painted when he was about thirty years old and he never returned to this theme. In comparison with



sance. Whereas the face expresses at once pain, hope and resignation, the body, although not that of an Adonis, is much that of an Apollo and of purely classical inspiration. As though to emphasize the contrast between the tragedy enacted and the indifference of life which continues on its way, the artist has dealt in fresh, bright colors, situating the scene on a fine summer's afternoon. Another Sebastian by the same artist, at Milan, shows the saint in the same attitude but the background is an unexpected prospect of a Ve-

netian canal alive with gondolas. Opposite the Sebastian pictured by Liberale is one by Bonsignori, another Vernonesc and sometimes thought to have been his disciple although this is improbable as Liberale was the senior and their techniques were as different as were their feelings. Bonsignori's martyr is stalwart, grave, purely Christian, somewhat reminiscent of Mantegna's at the Louvre and certainly one of the finest in the Kaiser Friedrich. The saint stands with raised arms, roped by the hands to a tree trunk against stony, bleak scenery with a town in the distance, intended for Verona. His face expresses pain, but he does not groan; a soldier, he can face death fearlessly. Everything is grave, severe, determined. The face of the saint, the attitude, the firm, concise modeling of the body are like a Fifteenth Century wood carving; the scenery and the sky are almost nocturnal in their coloring and their blues recall those which distinguish "Old Battersea Bridge."

In the same room and on the same wall panel as the Liberale hangs a third Saint Sebastian: that by Marco Basaiti. This one is truly an Adonis. The Venetian school was ever steeped in Orientalism, for Venice was an outpost of the East and severity was never one of its characteristics. The three arrows cause little pain to this pretty boy, who is neither a soldier nor a martyr but charming none the less with his golden hair, his sky-blue sash, his pure features and the smile playing about his Cupid's-bow mouth.

Other Saint Sebastians of the Venetian school should be

mentioned; among these, a bust by Antonello da Messina, altar pieces by Paris Bordone and Luigi Vivarini, and a small figure by Marco d' Oggiono.

Although the German painters were interested

in Saint Sebastian onward from the second half of the Fifteenth Century, they depicted him far less frequently than did the Italians. The Kaiser Friedrich contains but one specimen of their work. It is by a South-German, mid-Fifteenth Century anonymous master. The scene is shown in full on a small wood panel divided in two.

After the Italian Sebastians, so pure of line and noble of form, that by Rubens inevitably seems coarse. The figure is too Flemish and too fleshy for a martyr, but the composition is perfect, the expression is one of resigned suffering and the painting is of the finest quality.

But how quickly forgotten are the sacrifice and suffering of the poor Flemish saint when that by Ribera, the most human, the most pathetic, the handsomest of all, is met. Broken, weary

beyond expression, the saint lets himself droop. Death holds its arms out to him and he sinks into them like a child falling into sleep, and his golden body illumines the canvas in the approaching night.

Sculptures of Saint Sebastian in a primitive style may be found in Brittany, where "Monseigneur Saint Sébastien" was highly revered. But his iconography remains to be written. Baron Detlev von Hadeln's work in Italian pictures up to the close of the Fifteenth Century is the only book on the subject.

SAINT SEBASTIAN BY RUBENS
(1577-1690) FLEMISH SCHOOL



SAINT SEBASTIAN BY RIBERA (1588-1652) SPANISH SCHOOL





THE ROYAL PORTAL

CATHEDRAL OF CHARTRES

New GLIMPSES of CHARTRES

AMONG France's innumerable goals of pilgrimage, none is better known to artists and archeologists than the Cathedral of Chartres. The most pious among its devotees visits it with a certain awe, for the art of the Middle Ages is vast and that of this famed cathedral is particularly so. Its aspects are of a variety such that new ones constantly spring into being before whoever is sufficiently attentive, and even the most learned scholars specializing in its study do not assert that they know it in all its splendid detail. The casual visitor, therefore, faced by the plethoric display of an esthetic spirit entirely different from that of the present day, requires, here more than any-

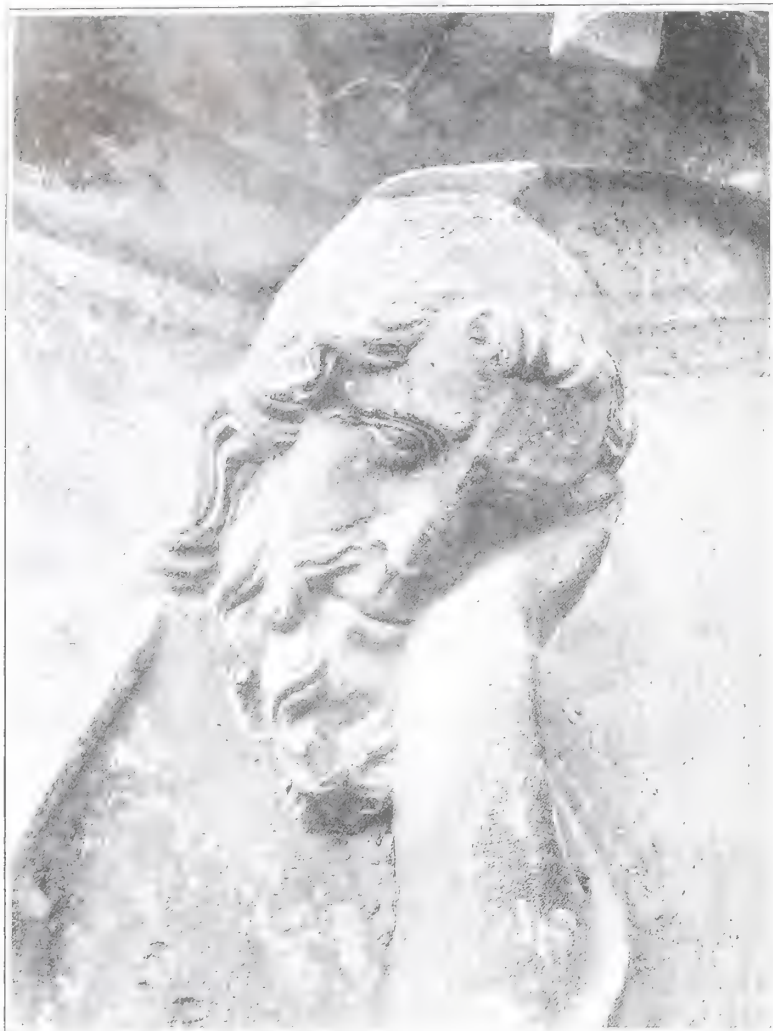
Verger of old cathedral takes camera aloft and records Gothic art heretofore unappreciated . . . by
Jean-Gabriel LEMOINE



where else, the enlightened guidance of one versed in the subject. It happens that his need is providentially anticipated by the invaluable person of Monsieur Houvet, verger of the cathedral, a guide of a type rarely met on the routes of tourists.

Monsieur Houvet is, first and foremost, a remarkable scholar. He has read everything that has been written on Chartres from Huysmans' *La Cathédrale* to René Merlet's *La Cathédrale de Chartres*, and above all he loves his cathedral with a great love. Make him talk and you shall hear the most interesting of reminiscences about Huysmans, whom he supplied with many particulars

THE FAÇADE OF THE
CATHEDRAL OF CHARTRES



"GOD CREATING DAY AND NIGHT" DETAIL FROM THE NORTH PORTAL

made use of in that writer's book, and others about Rodin, whom he frequently escorted when the master sculptor was making notes and sketches in the great edifice for his volume, *Les Cathédrales*, which is as much as to say that Monsieur Houvet has been showing visitors through the monumental pile many a long year.

This model verger has just given new proof of his devotion to the treasure which he guards so fondly. Taking advantage of certain scaffoldings put up for the making of repairs by order of the *Commission des Monuments His-*



"PYTHAGORAS"

toriques, he photographed at close quarters sculptures and carvings which it had not been possible previously to reach. In this wise he succeeded in obtaining ninety-four camera pictures of the old western portal, called also the Royal Portal—for what reason it was thus designated has not been ascertained, although it is known that it was so known as early as the first half of the Thirteenth Century and so described.

Here it may be recalled that the major part of the cathedral as it now stands dates back to the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries, the steeple and certain ornaments excepted. Huysmans tells us that, although the names of the architects have not been handed down, it is fairly certain that the work was directed by the Benedictine monks, who had been established at Chartres since 1117. The monastery comprised some five hundred brothers, many of whom were master masons, stone carvers, sculptors and painters. One of the windows shows teams of men wearing

furry bonnets carving the statues of kings, and Huysmans thinks there is good reason to suppose they were employed by the monks who had designed the cathedral. The work was completed at the beginning of the Sixteenth Century by one Jehan le Texier, surnamed de Beauce—the name of the country-side of which Chartres is the principal town—who built the northern, or so-called new, steeple. A few signatures have been found here and there accompanied by dates or otherwise known to belong to men of the Twelfth and Thirteenth

Centuries, but it is impossible to be positive, except in the case of a glazier, one Clement of Chartres, that these inscriptions are signatures, and, if so, whether they belong to architect or carvers. However, the identity of Jean Soulas, author of the finest of the groups adorning the choir, has been ascertained through old account-books, as also those of one of Jehan le Texier's assistants, Thomas le Vasseur, and one or two minor artists of the later period in the construction of the cathedral.

The western doorway, the carvings on which were made in the Twelfth Century, is divided into three distinct parts by the three doors or "bays" opening into its walls. These three parts are ornamented according to a definite plan. The right-hand doorway, called the "Virgin's Bay," represents "Christ's Appearance on Earth," while the central one celebrates the "Last Judgment," that is to say, "His Glorious Return." Carvings on the capitals give unity to the whole picture. Two hundred small figures illustrate the terrestrial life of Jesus. These do not much strike the visitor as the figures on the pillars personifying the ancestors of Jesus claim all his best attention, and Marriage in *The Sculptures of Chartres Cathedral* considers these the most important statues, representing, as they do, the art of the Twelfth Century at its best.

The study of these capitals is not an easy matter, consequently Monsieur Houvet's photographs are particularly valuable, as without them much of the savor

"ARISTOTLE"



AN ALLEGORICAL GROUP REPRESENTING GRAMMAR



of naive archaism characterising them would escape notice. Observe, especially, the "Visitation" scene. It is a very humble antecedent of the celebrated statues of Rheims which are so reminiscent of Grecian art at its perfection. In these unpretentious carvings moral expression must be sought, however; not plastic beauty; and see how intense it is. Elisabeth is quite overcome on hearing that her cousin is about to be a mother, too, and the Virgin lowers her eyes modestly on making the announcement. The artist

to whom the execution of these minor works had been entrusted was, no doubt, no great master, but how moving is his achievement! This "Visitation" should be compared with that on the tympanum of the right door—on the left between the Annunciating angel and the Nativity—for this one is far superior technically. Here observe how affably Saint Elisabeth is shown grasping Mary's hand to lead her into the house. The expression not only resides in the action but also in the faces, which are aglow with life and sympathy.

A curious figure, of which a reproduction is given, is that symbolical of "Grammar" in the right-hand door consecrated to the Nativity. It is full of humor. The two little scholars take no interest in their lesson, and one of them—naughty boy!—is pulling the hair of the other, who has fallen asleep, while the teacher threatens both of them with a caning. It was the custom in the representation of the seven liberal arts on the medieval cathedrals to recall the men who, in the opinion of the Middle Ages, had most honored them. At Chartres, for instance, we find dialectics personified by Aristotle, and mathematics by Pythagoras. The latter fills his part suitably and is seen working out his problems. But it is quite impossible to guess what Aristotle is supposed to be doing. Observe, however, the wonderful artistry of this work, which is not hewn more or less roughly out of the stone just to express a moral idea but in its technique is almost portraiture.

One of the pictures shows the tympanum of the right-hand door—one of Monsieur Houvet's most successful plates. In the centre the Virgin Mary is seen seated with the Child in her lap after the manner dear to the Byzantines. There is good reason to conjecture that this statue is the one to which reference is made in the charts of the deeds of Notre Dame de Chartres by Archdeacon Richer, who died in 1150. Beneath it we see the "Presentation in the Temple." On the central

lintel is the "Nativity," which shows how beds and cradles were made in the Twelfth Century, indicating also a tradition in sculpture then at its origin. The bed, it will be seen, is covered with a symbolic canopy on which the cradle has been placed, and to emphasize this suggestion at an

altar the cradle was flanked by figures of angels, since destroyed, come to worship the Holy Child. Such is the interpretation given by Emile Male in his enlightening *L' Art Religieux du XIIe Siècle en France*.

Monsieur Houvet has just published a first instalment of his

pictures with a preface penned by Monsieur Male. The distinguished professor at the College de France in Paris comments upon its timeliness and recalls that in a monumental work on the cathedral undertaken by the Minister for Public Instruction and not yet complete, only four plates are given to the Portail Royal, which circumstance is further in favor of Monsieur Houvet's remarkable achievement. The latter made also some fine photographs in color of the cathedral's stained glass prior to its removal at the time of the war for protection against bombardment. These pictures proved to be extremely useful when the time came to reinstate them in their places.

An article which I wrote for the *Gaulois* of Paris on this subject gave rise to an amusing incident. I called the article "A New Cathedral-Man," alluding to an eccentric calling himself "L' Homme des Cathédrales." Some harmless banter in the article offended him and he wrote an irate letter to the newspaper asserting that he was still the only "Cathedral-Man." However, Monsieur Houvet has no intention of competing with this gentleman. He is far too modest and far too interesting to assume a part so absurd, and his personality deserves to be made known to all friends, present and future, of Chartres Cathedral who, whenever they go there, must not omit to interview this so exceptional combination of guide, savant and entertainer.



SCULPTURED ANGELS FROM THE TYMPANUM
OVER THE LEFT PORTAL



"THE VISITATION" DETAIL FROM
A CAPITAL



fantin

"EVOGATION DE KUNDRY"

by

Henri Fantin-Latour

FOUR LITHOGRAPHS

by

HENRI FANTIN-LATOUR

By Gourttesy of the Kraushaar Galleries



H. Fantin

"L'AMOUR DÉARMÉ" by Henri Fantin-Latour



"VENUS ANADYOMENE" by Henri Fantin-Latour



"DANSEUSES"

by

Henri Fantin-Latour



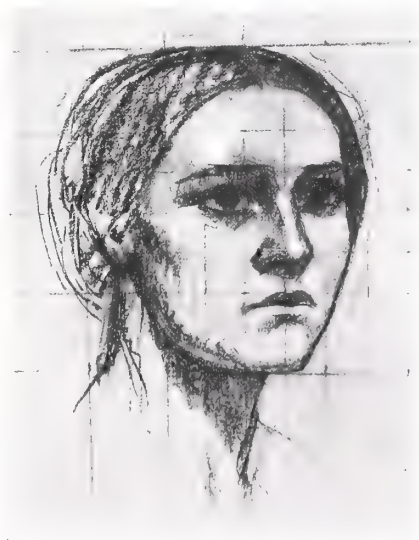
DECORATION IN JEANNE D'ARC CHAPEL

BY ALFRED RIGNY

RIGNY Returns to AMERICA

ALFRED RIGNY, young mural painter of Paris and New York, arriving early the past summer for a few months in his native city after ten years in France, went one day to see how his decoration, "Jeanne d'Arc, Saint and Martyr," looked in the Jeanne d'Arc chapel in West Twenty-fourth street. It was sent from Paris after being exhibited at the Salon of 1913. He had won the order for the mural when he was last here, a mere youth, by his student copy of the "Saint Geneviève" of Puvis de Chavannes. For a year and a half he had "lived with the spirit of Jeanne d'Arc" in his ardor of painting. But, coming to see his treasured work in place for the first time, what was

Young painter visits his "Jeanne d'Arc" here and finds it "beautified" by another hand . . . by
Minna Caroline SMITH



STUDY FOR HEAD OF JEANNE D'ARC BY RIGNY

his surprise to find it "touched up" by an other hand! What would be the reaction of any painter to a thing like that? How would Tintoretto have felt if the doges had disliked something about one of his ceilings and had it changed by someone else? At this surcharged moment there arrived at the chapel a man sent by the Macmillans at my request to photograph the work for use as a frontispiece for "Saint Jeanne d'Arc: The Mystical Story of a Girl of the People." For four years, whenever in New York, I had frequently been drawn to this picture by its strong, sure interpretation of the spiritual certainties of this very real girl. And my book called for it for frontispiece!



"CORSICAN HOUSES"

BY ALFRED RIGNY

Needless to say the doctored decoration was not photographed. Instead, the artist lent us the Paris photograph of the work as it appeared at the Salon—and as it appears again now, for he scraped off the over paint and "restored" the picture. In France, a man's work is artistically his own for his lifetime, and his heirs' afterward, and a painter may remove his signature if changes by another hand are proved.

This mural by Rigny may be considered a triumph in many ways. It was not easy in Paris to find the right model for his Jeanne d'Arc, but we see the "firm Lorraine chin," the strong virginal body, the listening, seeking look. And do you not like the winding Meuse, the village church next to her humble home, and, very much, the sheep over which she watches?

Of course, the artist developed and his art has gained surety and strength in the nine years since "Jeanne d'Arc" was painted. "Evolution," a six foot mural recently completed, which he has brought over for his New York exhibition this

season, is an instance of this growth. It is suited to a library or a laboratory, a creative modern office, or any quiet place rather than a chapel. It reveals more than any other of his work, by its intentionally frugal use of color, the influence of Puvis de Chavannes. Original, startling in its simplicity, is the conception. More than woman, more than mother, in the foreground of rocks and earth sits the Source nursing unseeing humanity, looking out—her yet not-understanding son at her blue-draped knees looking out also—at the vigorous man, the lover, bearing off a mate in his arms toward the wide desolate plain, mauve and lilac beneath a yellow sky. The river winding away, inevitably, beyond the horizon, toward the unknown, reflects the sky.

"Accordion Player," alive, happy, rich in color, certain of line and modeling, filled with personality, none the less achieves something abstract. The artist attains a figure as carefully modeled as those that comprehend a plastic sacrifice to form. The picture is more than just a



"THE AGGORDION PLAYER"

by

Alfred Rigny



"SEA-FRONT OF BONIFACIO"

BY ALFRED RIGNY

Corsican music-maker; it grows on you as you study it. Simplicity is in all of Rigny's work, the striving for line to express form. One sees this, too, in numberless drawings, rapidly made, compelling in effect, with a pencil or with a Chinese brush; sometimes of the nude—with a predilection for backs—again of horses, of a portrait head, of something symbolical, like young Time with his scythe, or perhaps just a chair with a hat on it, eloquent in its solitude.

Alfred Rigny's master in Paris was Jean-Paul Laurens. His first master in New York, after leaving the university in his sophomore year, was Emil Carlsen. Life and war have taught him, too. His ten years abroad have by no means all been spent in his Paris studio. For several years he exhibited at the Société des Artistes Français. Now, conscious (like many of the younger men) of a deepening passion for the much older Old Masters, he no longer sends to the old salon. The Salon d'Automne, yes, regularly; and he belongs to the Indépendants, showing with them and at

fiercely-sunlighted and one-widowed wall; a group of angular houses on a hill above a suavely arched bridge; his "Hunchback House" illumined with rose color; a homestead wall (with a new door); a little Greek church of divers colors and orange roof perched above bluest bay water; bleak farm fences of stone, faint, faded garden walls—all these, like his "Olive Trees" or "Eucalyptus," with cool green deeps of moist shade, give up "unheard melodies" to the Rigny technique. Everything is secondary to this abstract something he is constantly after and which he often, but not always, grasps.

This painter's deep search for color is rewarded by a rich harvest in the canvases he painted in Corsica during the spring and early summer months of the past two years. His "Sea-Front of Bonifacio" is painted from above the port and town, looking down upon a startlingly white road winding upward through chalk cliffs to the citadel. This very white road and the white quay, on the other side of riotous-hued houses, form the bases of the decoration. Deep and blue is the

progressive galleries. Like Marchand, and also like Cézanne long before either of them, Rigny likes to paint walls. In his case, one may foretell, without claiming gift of prophecy, that this is because of murals still to come. Always his architectural line says something individual. His curious intimacy with old European walls makes it interesting to see what he will do with the interiors of American new walls—whether in a new church, or in a certain old one made new in beauty, or in civic, or in private buildings. Ancient straight-angled houses in a remote French island province, primitive, home-built, structural cubisticities like "Corsican Houses," gloomy, vendetta-knowing habitations; tall, storm-beaten and sun-baked homes of peasants, one with a haunting, wine-dark shadow from an unseen neighboring house thrown upon its gaunt,

Bay of Bonifacio, once the haunt of Moorish pirates, and green-frilled are the white chalk hills beyond; then there are the high, green plains this side of purple hills, and the sky that subtly proclaims the unseen Mediterranean. "Trees and Rocks" is of line so sure and in so strikingly dramatic a spot for a study of nature that the artist objected vehemently to the extraneous remark that any collector of Napoleana would like this green and gray picture with its rocks and its black sea-wind beaten trees because it was painted above Ajaccio at "Napoleon's Cave," a favorite boyhood haunt of "the Corsican."

Studies of mountains in Corsica are many, all abounding and astounding in color. One is unforgettably lovely, of luring undulations, earth's breasts of beauty. But most are sullen and bitter, arid, however forceful, even when with the maximum of subtlety. In this artist's almost stubborn seeking for aridity is shown his vigor and his power-questing tranquility on stern, brilliant iron-dyed mountains or on blazing, barren plains and hillsides; calm is genuinely found and realized in one picture of golden mountain wheat fields having every tone



"EVOLUTION"

BY ALFRED RIGNY

of yellow beneath the sun. Wherever a glimpse of the sea is given, or hint of its tides and waves unseen, there is great serenity. One water color almost outrivals the oils in this quality; it is of a peaceful bay, backed by snow-topped peaks; in the foreground, a strip of beach, a fishing boat pulled up, a scrap of a stone cabin close by two tall palm trees, fruitful and old and strong.

Rigny's return from Paris was fortunate for the Jeanne d' Arc chapel in that it gave to that house of worship the artist's own embodiment of

his conception; it was fortunate for him in that it assured to him justice in whatever criticism of his work, praise or blame, was made by spectators; it was fortunate for art in America, for America never can have too much art of the decorative sort which comes from Mr. Rigny's brush. His pictures appeal not only to the eyes but also to that which lies behind them.



DRAWING
BY ALFRED RIGNY

ART *Spared by* MELTING POT

To anyone with a craving for rarities, old French silver must make a particularly "sporting" appeal. He should, however, be warned at once that there is nothing rarer in the world, and no country where specimens are less frequently met with than in France itself. Both the national and the private galleries are far poorer in the productions of the French silversmith's craft than certain foreign museums and royal courts, among which the Russian and the Portuguese were, until recent events occurred, the richest.

The cause of this deficiency is two-fold. In times of prolific creativeness, art works were neither prized nor hoarded. People went blithely to the next thing, burning their bridges merrily behind them. And in the case of the gold and silver plate in the French courts and mansions, this assertion may be taken not only figuratively but also literally. When money was wanted, the king began by sending the contents of his cabinets to the melting-pot. The nobility, by following suit, assured themselves of the king's favor. Many a commoner became a baron; many a baron, a count or marquis, with his platters. The financial difficulties of the state at the end of the reign of Louis XIV gave rise to a huge holocaust. On December 13, 1689, Dangeau wrote: "The King has set an example by ordering the melting of all his silver, even the most ornate."

Exquisite designs by François Thomas Germain, Louis Lehendrick, François Joubert, Alexis Loir, Jacques de Boys, silversmiths whose artistry was so highly esteemed that they were granted apartments

Old French gold and silver plate is rare because of the quantity destroyed to pay for royal extravagances . . . by

Muriel GIOLKOWSKA

in the Louvre with the greatest painters and sculptors of the day; the gold caskets belonging to Mme. de Pompadour, the Dubarry's beautiful plate, Marie Antoinette's dressing-table,

ornaments of incomparable workmanship were all melted into coin. Whatever happened to be

saved was bought by English lords and Russian princes during the Revolution. And, with the Revolution, creativeness, like many other things, came to an end. The Empire revived and adapted Grecian styles; subsequently the Empire, Louis XVI, Louis XV and Louis XIV styles were merely reiterated. The first attempt at origi-

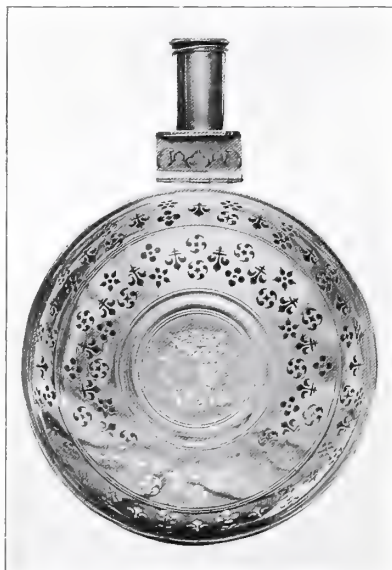
inality since 1789 must be credited to the last generation, and more particularly to the last decade.

In view of this constant repetition of the same forms familiarity with the French hall-marks is indispensable. However, since their application and enforcement in the Thirteenth Century their number has surpassed the capacities of human faculties, varying as they do with every city in the country, and reference to M. Paul de Cazeneuve's book on the subject, *La Garantie Française et ses Poinçons*, will be found quite necessary.

"The science of hall-marks," said M. Paul Eudel, the greatest authority on the subject, "is to the art of the silversmith what acquaintance with the Nien-hao is to Chinese, and the study of monograms to Sèvres, porcelain. Without it there is no salvation for the collector." In its turn the spurious hall-mark must be guarded against. Where a piece appears to be over ornate, it warrants suspicion. "Old silver," M. Eudel



EARLY LOUIS XIV JUG AND HAND BASIN



LOUIS XIII SILVER BED-WARMER

again wrote in his preface to M. de Cazeneuve's book, "is in simple taste, pure of line, for the masters of the past centered their attention chiefly on the architectural construction. They considered the ornamentation, —which in any case was always very sparing,—only after having perfected the construction, a process often necessitating several experiments. When the ornaments are exuberant, one may be positive that a forgery has been met with." Moreover these "fakes" are seldom chiseled. They are usually *repoussé* after a fashion which only deceives the uninitiated.

The hall-mark on French gold and silver was instituted in the later part of the Thirteenth Century by King Philippe le Bel (Philippe III). There was no regulation whatever at the time and protection against adulterations was possible only by testing the metals, while heavy punishments were inflicted on forgers until a provost of Paris, one Etienne Boileau, under the reign of Louis IX in the Thirteenth Century, compiled a code bringing order into the conditions under which the goldsmith's craft should be practised. It is interesting to recall certain of the most important clauses which read:

"A goldsmith familiar with his craft may practise it in Paris providing he comply to the usages and customs of the trade. No goldsmith may fashion gold in Paris which is not after the Paris standard, a standard which is the highest of any country. No silversmith may fashion silver in Paris which is not as good as the sterlings. No goldsmith (or silversmith) may work at night save for the King, the Queen, the royal children,

the brothers of any of these, and the Bishop of Paris. No goldsmith pays toll or any duty on whatsoever he may sell or purchase in connection with his trade. The goldsmiths pledge loyally to observe and to keep all the rules, and should foreign goldsmiths come to Paris they must also submit to them. The goldsmiths of Paris are exempted from night-watch but they owe the other duties to the King incumbent upon all the bourgeois of the town.

"The elders elect two masters for the protection of the trade, which masters swear upon oath that they will protect it well and loyally, and when these masters have completed their term, they have no obligation to protect the trade before the expiration of three years, unless they accept to do so of their own free will. And should these two masters discover one of their craft fashioning bad gold or bad silver who will not amend, then they must take the man before the Provost of Paris, the which Provost punishes him by banishment for a period of from four to six years accordingly as he may deserve."

In 1313, still in the reign of Philippe le Bel, new regulations were enforced, the penalties for forgery became increasingly severe, the number of keepers of the seals and the sheriffs was multiplied, with the consequence that gold and silver bearing the hall-mark of Paris, which was the first town in France to adopt one, was keenly sought after by dealers in all the European markets.

The ceremony of stamping the vessels, implements and ornaments in gold and silver



SILVER-GILT SET, USED BY NAPOLEON I AT THE TUILERIES



SILVER-GILT SALVER BY FRANÇOIS THOMAS GERMAIN BELONGING TO THE PORTUGUESE COURT. DATED 1757



LOUIS XV GOLD BREAKFAST SET, A VERY RARE SERVICE



AN EARLY TEA-POT, MADE IN THE NORTH OF FRANCE

was accompanied by much pomp and concluded very often in banquets and elaborate festivities.

For five centuries the institution of *jurés-gardes* protected the goldsmiths' trade in France. Under Louis IX the number was increased to six. Their term of service lasted one year, and they could only be re-elected after a lapse of four years. Forgeries of the hall-mark or deception in the standard of the metals entailed punishments varying from boiling oil and burying alive, in earlier times, to hanging, branding and the stocks in later, inflicted both on the goldsmith and the tradesman who sold the spurious article.

In 1734, for instance, a Paris goldsmith, convicted of having forged the hall-mark on silver-pieces, was sentenced to be hanged after having made honorable amends in front of the chief doorway of Notre Dame, bare-headed and bare-footed, wearing a shirt, the rope on his neck, holding a lighted torch in his hand, with his back and chest covered by a sign displaying the words: "This is a goldsmith who used forged dies."

In other cases the delinquents' goods were confiscated and heavy fines inflicted on the culprits. In the Thirteenth Century whoever was incriminated for having fashioned gold one-fifth beneath the regulation standard of nineteen karats was sentenced to banishment for four to six years. The silver had to correspond to the standard of the English sterling then current in France. At that early date silver was tested by submitting a grain of the metal to heat on a charcoal fire. The color it assumed in the process revealed the standard approximately. Gold was tested with



LOUIS XV SOUP TUREEN

the lyditen stone (silicate of aluminum and iron comprising lime, magnesia, coal and sulphur).

The first hall-mark represented a fleur de lys in a lozenge. In 1378 a second mark was added. The first guaranteed the standard of the metal, the second guaranteed the authorship of the work. In 1460 the Paris marks increased to four, letters of the alphabet corresponding to dates, a code adopted in England in 1518 and applied there ever since. The letters were small Gothic until 1621 after which, the alphabet having been exhausted, an assembly of elders decided that Roman capitals should be adopted. In 1679 a special die was cast for goldsmiths' work of foreign origin. Subsequently the history of the hall-mark became too intricate to be examined in detail here.

A private collection of gold and silver utensils and ornaments unique in France is that brought together by M. V. Puiforcat of 14 rue Chapon whose expert knowledge on the subject has been

of the greatest assistance in furthering his fancy. He has been kind enough to allow some of his choicest specimens to be photographed for INTERNATIONAL STUDIO, this being the first time he has granted such a privilege to a magazine. The majority of our readers will be especially interested in



LOUIS XV CANDLESTICKS BY
REGNARD

the silver-gilt breakfast set used by Emperor Napoleon I at the Palace of the Tuileries. The work is entirely chiselled; it shows no embossing;

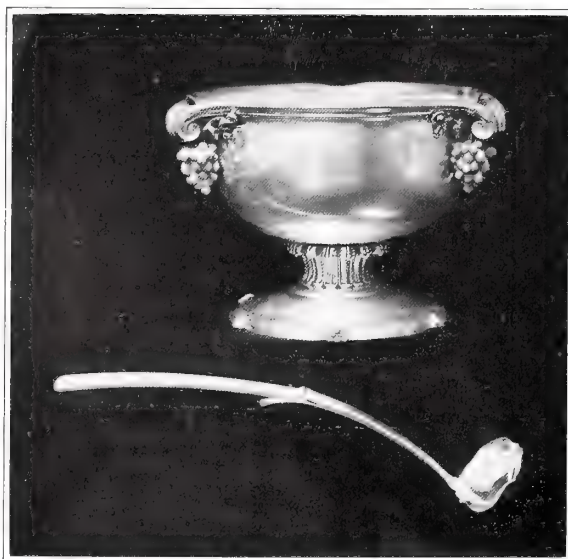


LOUIS XVI SAUCE BOAT, DESIGNED BY JANETY, SHOWING
THE STRONG INFLUENCE OF THE CLASSIC STYLE

a less ornate set commissioned for the Empress Marie Louise forms a companion to it. That of the Emperor is signed: "Biennais, goldsmith to His Imperial and Royal Majesty at Paris"; that of the Empress: "Biennais, goldsmith to their Majesties."

François Thomas Germain, the designer of the salvers which belonged to the Portuguese court and now appropriated by the State, is represented by a salver at the Louvre. The silver-gilt salvers by Germain should be compared with the punch bowl by M. Jean Puiforcat, who is the son of M. V. Puiforcat, the renowned silversmith and collector. The young artist, who is a sculptor by natural bent, besides a designer, far from allowing himself to be influenced by the beauties of the past, which he has so near at hand, strives for and succeeds in making radical departures from their example. The specimens by him here illustrated will prove this to be the case, for the resemblance alluded to must be attributed rather to anticipation on the part of the old masters than to retrospection on the part of the new. The salvers belong to the last but one stage in original French design, for after the Louis XVth period already influenced by Grecian art, the Empire was but a repetition. Jean Puiforcat's punch-bowl, shows, it will be observed, the graceful curves and ornaments of Louis XV.

In the sugar bowl with the jasper knob and handles, M. Jean Puiforcat has adapted the cable, an ornament introduced by modern de-



PUNCH BOWL AND LADLE. THE HANDLE AND FRUIT ARE OF IVORY. DESIGNED BY JEAN PUIFORCAT FOR A RUGBY TROPHY



SILVER SUGAR BOWL

BY JEAN PUIFORCAT



BREAKFAST SET BY JEAN PUIFORCAT

signers. The breakfast set is evidently the invention of an artist who has learned his trade on the apprentice's benchside by side with the humblest of his father's "hands," for in the crafts artistry without good craftsmanship is wasted. A substantial virility characterises M. Jean Puiforcat's schemes. The young generation dislikes effeminacy and M. Puiforcat's name on the challenge cup is not only that of its distinguished artist-author but also that

of the sturdy athlete who is its potential winner.

The sets designed for Napoleon and Marie Louise, previously mentioned, are in part the work of Perier and Fontaine, sculptors, and perhaps also of Chaudet. The teapot, while less classical than the smaller pieces, is highly decorated. The sugar bowl has a bas-relief by Dupré.

As a result of the extravagances of Louis XIV and the ravages of the revolution, France's supply of plate has been sadly depleted. She still possesses, however, many excellent examples of the work of the Ninth and Tenth Centuries in the treasure of Conques; in the Louvre is the cross of Laon, made at the beginning of the Thirteenth Century, while in the cathedral of Amiens and in a few other religious edifices are other evidences of the art of her metal workers of the past.



"THE VIENNESE"

*A Modern Doll Modeled in Wax by
Lotte B. Pritzel*

DOLLS—ART OF ALL RACES

DOLL making as an industry dates back in Germany almost two centuries, and from its beginning the main district of this handicraft has been the city of Sonneberg, in Thuringia, and neighbouring villages. The oldest types of dolls manufactured there date back to 1735, and specimens of these are shown in the Industrial Museum in Sonneberg. They are small figures of rough wood, looking much like the pins in a bowling game, and they give an idea of how unpretentious our ancestors were in regard to toys and toy mak-

Toymakers of modern Europe bring them to new point of development as expressions of human qualities . . . by
PHILIPP KESTER

able to move their arms, an ability generated by means of a spring which protruded from the bottom. This progress encouraged further perfection, and the beginning of the Nineteenth Century

already knew dolls that really deserved the name in the modern sense of the word. While body and limbs originally were made of wood, the heads were made of paper pulp and painted. Later, more flexible materials were chosen for the bodies, which now were made of leather or canvas stuffed with saw dust, while heads and limbs were made of *papier*



TYPES OF DOLLS MADE IN THURINGIA IN 1735 OF ROUGH WOOD, UNPAINTED

Dolls as playthings, although at times invested with a mystical or a religious significance, appear to be as old as the human race and as widely scattered geographically. They existed among the uncivilized peoples of Asia and Africa and among the prehistoric inhabitants of Peru. They have been found in the ruins of ancient Egypt and in those of later civilizations in Europe. The Indian tribes of North America had them and they were in Mexico before the Spaniards arrived. They range from the equator to the poles, and in appearance they are as diversified as the peoples among which they are found, varying in feature, form and adornment according to the habits, manners of dress, technical skill and the artistic advancement of their makers in all ages



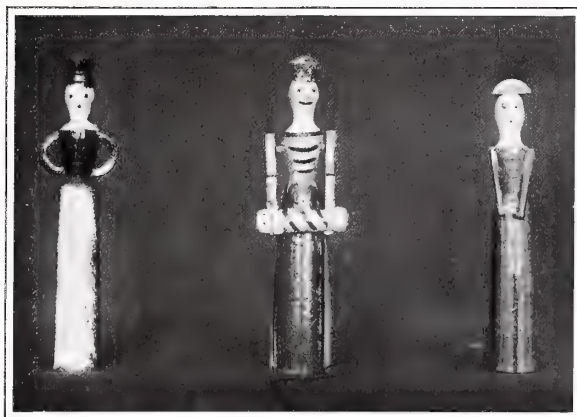
AN AFRICAN DOUBLE DOLL CLOTHED WITH STRINGS OF BEADS

ing. It seems to have been a big step forward when these primitive puppets were embellished with a coat of oil paint in glaring colors, and it certainly was considered a great invention, especially by children, when some of them were made so as to be



PRIMITIVE TYPE OF DOLL MADE IN REMOTE PARTS OF HUNGARY

mache or of glazed porcelain. Wonderful specimens of this kind that prevailed up to about 1850 may still be seen in the Sonneberg Museum. They are especially interesting in that their decorations are evidences of the costumes worn by the women of those



DOLLS MADE IN THURINGIA AT THE END OF THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY. THE DOLL IN THE CENTER HAS MOVABLE ARMS

days. A change in style was brought about after the middle of the century by the use of wax as a more suitable material for heads and limbs, and wax dolls with real hair and glass eyes became the great fashion of the day and the ardent desire of every small girl. Unfortunately, the material that could be modeled with such ease and at the same time was so charming in appearance suffered from a great drawback—it melted in hot

ground up to the present day, although at intervals experiments with other products have been made.

A reform in doll making was initiated about 1910 by an artist in Munich, Bertha Kaulitz, mainly from an artistic point of view. The sweet and meaningless faces that had become typical of dolls had aroused the opposition of artistic minds, and the reformation in dollmaking that was accepted by some of the smaller manu-



ESKIMO DOLLS OF FLEXIBLE MATERIALS



"KAULITZ DOLLS" NAMED FROM THEIR CREATOR, BERTHA KAULITZ, WHO INITIATED A GREAT REFORM IN DOLL MAKING ABOUT 1910



DOLLS OF A TYPE IN VOGUE BEFORE THE WAR. THE ONE AT LEFT REPRESENTS AN ISLE OF RHEM FISHWIFE. RIGHT, BLACK FOREST PEASANT



UNBREAKABLE DOLLS DRESSED AS PEASANT CHILDREN MADE BY MISS KAETHE KRUSE, OF BERLIN, WHO ACHIEVES A REMARKABLE REALISM IN HER FIGURES

weather and cracked in cold. Further, it required careful handling, and as a rule the wax doll had a shorter life than her porcelain sister. The manufacturers therefore turned their attention back to the old porcelain heads, but the glazed material being considered "old fashioned," a dull sort of porcelain made in flesh color was substituted for it, while the hair was added in the shape of real periwigs. At the same time the movable glass eyes were invented, and the bodies were made entirely of paper pulp. This combination of materials has kept its

facturers brought out many specimens of artistic dolls, beautiful in expression of face and in dress. Later in Berlin, another artist, Kaethe Kruse, appeared on the market with creations that were

similar except that her dolls, including the faces, were made of soft materials. These dolls gained a great popularity mainly for the reason that they were found to be practically indestructible.

Another artist among doll makers in Munich was Lotte B. Pritzel. She originated a technic in wax modeling which gave expression to her emotions in an individual



BOHEMIAN PAINTED WOODEN DOLL

JAPANESE DOLL

LITHUANIAN DOLL CARVED IN WOOD



DOLLS OF THE PERIOD FROM 1830-1850 DRESSED IN THE FASHIONS OF THE TIME



DOLL OF 1800 MADE IN THURINGIA. THE BODY IS LEATHER



DOLL OF THE PERIOD FROM 1850-1870. LIMBS AND HEAD OF WAX

form. Her delightful little creations, trimmed with silk, lace and all sorts of filmy materials, are not sufficiently characterized by the mere word "doll." Yet they are dolls for grown-up persons, since a certain inclination toward play slumbers in every soul and is restrained only by the necessities of every-day life. A tender longing was materialized in these subtle little *chefs d' oeuvres*, uniting the unpretentiousness of a toy with the charm of an exquisite work of art. Their grace and melancholy sweetness are comparable to the mood of Botticelli. Music lies in the rhythm of their gestures, and the amorousness of the Rococco period, in the frivolity of their costumes. They seem to be free from earthly weight, unburdened and sensitive, but nevertheless of a high, esthetic significance.

These experiments, however, had little influence on the wholesale manufacture of dolls as practised in Thuringia, and after the war the business was taken up

DOLLS MADE TODAY BY HOME WORKERS IN THURINGIA. THE SWEET FACES OF A FEW YEARS AGO HAVE BEEN ABANDONED



BABY DOLLS OF 1850-1870

again on a large scale and on almost the same principles as in the old days. Only the "sweet faces," so well known throughout the world, have been modified to a more natural expression. Almost all the single parts and accessories are made by home workers in the villages, while the dolls are finished in special shops and then delivered to firms in Sonneberg for export. Several American firms have branches in Sonneberg and ship dolls direct to the United States and to other parts of the world. In

this industrial art, the latest developments are the ultra modernistic dolls of the post-war time. They hardly can be classed with the favorite playthings of little girls but rather are a race of dolls that have become quite a craze among the mothers and grown-up sisters. In fact, there seems to have developed in Europe a mania for dolls, as the fancy is reported from almost all the big cities. It is something like a symptomatic reflex after the war. One explanation may be that so many women of the better classes have been forced to make a





WAX DOLL MADE BY LOTTE B. PRITZEL

living by home work. A decade ago perhaps only a pastime, the making of various sorts of dolls out of odds and ends has now become an industry and a livelihood for many a woman of a once wealthy and now impoverished family. It is hard to say whether the demand has called forth the manufacture of this article, or vice versa. As a matter of fact, these dolls may now be seen in all the large European cities in first class stores, and they are sold at prices which are within the reach only of the well-to-do or the *nouveaux riches*. They are called "grotesque dolls," and they deserve this name for they are intended to be caricatures and their make-up often betrays no little artistic taste. The larger ones are flexible, even the heads being made of soft material, and they may be bent and posed in any way desired, making funny attitudes possible. They usually

are placed in a corner on a divan, on a cushioned chair or on a vase. In Paris it has been observed that women take such dolls as companions on their afternoon strolls as was the fashion on Broadway a decade ago when the toy was a quadruped.

Another variety is the "wool and wire doll," a small figure made of wool in different shades wound on wire, with a face made of a stuffed patch of linen. These dolls—sold especially in

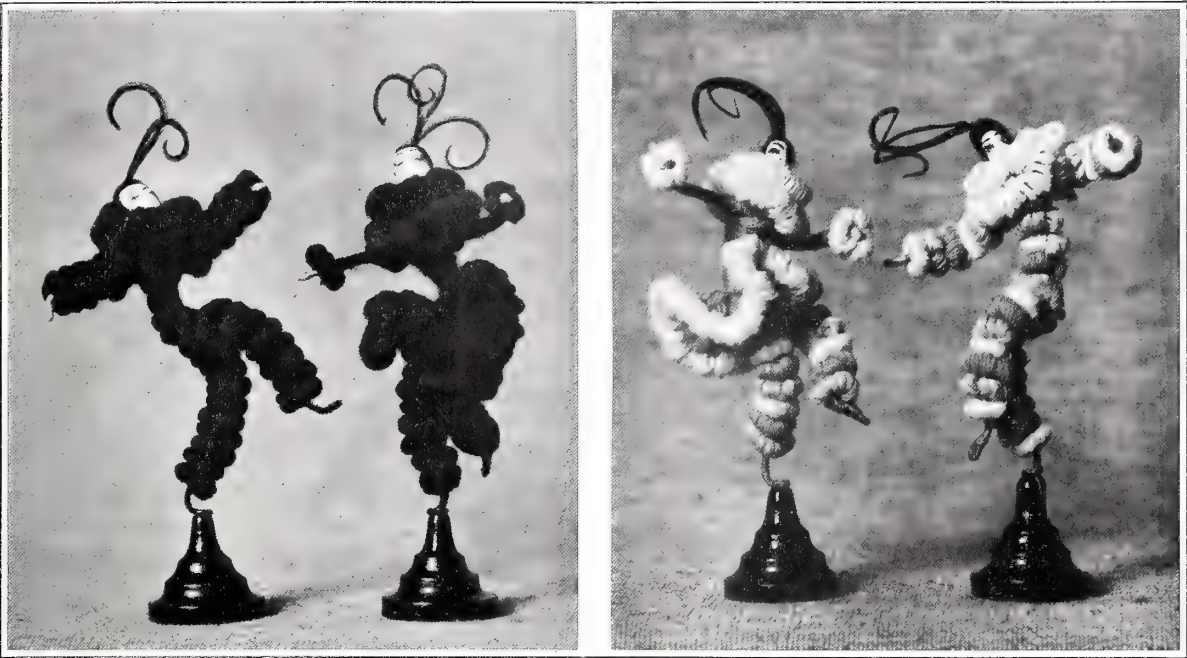


"MEFISTO" A MODERN GERMAN GROTESQUE DOLL



WAX DOLL MADE BY LOTTE B. PRITZEL

flower and perfumery stores and in the department stores—are likewise used as articles of decoration and are placed among knick-knacks on the mantelpiece, the book case or a shelf. They have appeared on the market in such number and variety that they practically may be considered a new branch of art which might be called the "wool plastic." These dolls have a special mission in life, and it is quite evident from their construction and the fact that each stands upon a pedestal that their purpose is not the entertainment of the juvenile mind but the diversion of the adult. This diversion they provide by the grotesque attitudes which they may be made to assume, by the burlesque character of their resemblance to human beings and by the brilliant combinations of colors in which they are produced.



WIRE AND WOOL DOLLS WHICH ARE VERY POPULAR IN GERMANY FOR USE AS ORNAMENTS. THE DOLLS ARE FLEXIBLE AND CAN BE BENT INTO ATTITUDES OF BOUFFANT GAIETY WHICH, WITH THE BRILLIANT COLORS OF THE WORSTED AND THE

From the psychological viewpoint, it is explained, they are as far removed from the dolls of porcelain heads and flexible bodies as the women with whom they have become a fad are removed from their childhood. Whatever budding instinct of maternalism the latter doll may satisfy in a child, the former toy satisfies nothing but the adult desire for novelty, for something bright and unusual in the form



of decoration. But whatever the scientific fact behind the making of these dolls, the other fact remains that it is a real business, and there is the further fact to be considered that these colorful burlesques are art as truly artistic as are cartoons and caricatures, and these require in their best expression as high a degree of draughtsmanship as did the greatest paintings of the masters of past centuries.

IMPERTINENT CLEVERNESS OF THE FIGURES, MAKE BRIGHT AND AMUSING SPOTS IN THE ROOM



TAPESTRIES of Five Centuries

VII. The Weavers of the Louis Periods

THE long, slow process of coalescing the hierarchy of social classes into an individualized and centralized state came to its completion in the second half of the Seventeenth Century when France, in the person of Louis XIV, stood erect in a seething world, an absolute monarchy. The lords, the cities, the religious factions and the masses had each been thrust into their proper place by bloody force supplemented by clever diplomacy and France was at last an integral nation, the first of the great continental powers whose strength was entirely within her own borders and not derived from the status of

The absolute monarchs of France created a court art reflecting their personal conceits and whims . . . by
PHYLLIS AGKERMAN

empire, real or mythical. Of this strength Louis XIV was not only the master but also the embodiment and the symbolical expression.

Like all *nouveaux arrivés* the young nation was not only conscious of her power but arrogant in it and anxious to flaunt it unmistakably. She concentrated, therefore, the abundant energy of the baroque art into a truly kingly style, exalting the lavish display of crass wealth into regal magnificence. Without relinquishing the excessive ornateness of the period, she tempered it with just enough restraint to lift it above the bourgeois. The grand style that was thus created for the national



"CONQUESTS OF LOUIS THE GREAT"

AFTER MARTIN DES BATAILLES, BEAUVAIS, LATE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

The regal dignity and restrained drama in this series make it a most impressive tribute to the king.

Courtesy of P. W. French & Company



"HISTORY of DIANA" after TOUSSANT du BRENIL

Woven in Paris in the early Seventeenth Century

*The abundant forms and emphatic drama of the Seventeenth Century were refined by French designers
by the use of exquisite and exact detail*

Courtesy of the Wildenstein Gallery

glorification was wholly sympathetic to Louis XIV himself as a person. He found in the pompous elegance of his period just the support and encouragement that he needed. For Louis XIV, the *grand monarque*, was really an uneasy soul, humiliatingly un-selfconfident. His very assertion of himself and his position was a transparent device to shield a feeling of groveling uncertainty.

The first and most important of these series was that of "The Life of the King," designed by Le Brun for the Gobelins. Here the king is shown as a warrior in the place of conspicuous command while his troops conquer dramatically in half a dozen battles. When these more significant and picturesque events were exhausted, successions of lesser incidents were elaborated sufficiently to



GROTESQUES AFTER BERAÏN

BEAUVAIS, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

The extravagant gaiety of the court fetes inspired such an ingenious and fantastic design

As a boy he had been repressed and insulted by Mazarin, who had deprived him also of the proper education. So he grew up ignorant and aware of his inferiorities. Made timid by them, he early took on a manner of hesitancy lest he betray himself; then, to adapt his diffidence to his royal status, developed that hesitancy into ponderous dignity. He had to insist with every gesture on his tremendous importance because he was, within himself, so afraid of his inadequacy.

The French art of the late Seventeenth Century became, therefore, both to exalt the country and to re-enforce the spirit of her king, pompous, elaborate, massive, dominating. And the tapestries shared in these qualities. Moreover, art became a deliberate instrument of propaganda, a medium of publicity further to strengthen the prestige of the monarchy and so hold firm the newly forged bonds of the state. To this end suites of tapestry were designed specifically to illustrate the life of Louis and impress it upon the whole

make cartoons, including even as trivial an episode as a visit to the Gobelins itself. But in spite of this thinness of material, the designs were excellently adapted to their purpose of making France and Louis indubitably great.

Once these fourteen pieces were executed, however, there was little more to be said in Louis' behalf. Hard put to it to find any further appropriate subjects in the king's none too illustrious deeds, the designers hit at last on the royal residences as a safe and magnificent theme. The only trouble was that even a great castle becomes rather a dull decoration when literally set down on a tapestry. But Le Brun dodged the difficulty by reducing the chateaux to a very minor element of the cartoons, a small spot in the center of each panel, and got the decorative beauty into the borders, elaborate frames of pillars or caryatids and ornate balustrades supporting great vases of flowers, rich draperies and stately peacocks.

Meanwhile the Beauvais works had caught the

cue and they too were producing a set of the military "Conquests of Louis the Great." For while it was the Gobelins that was destined in Colbert's scheme to execute the king's orders, and the Beauvais works were intended only for private and commercial work, still royal orders pay both in profit and prestige and Beauvais had to keep in good favor lest she lose her indispensable state subsidy. So Van der Meulen's pupil, Martin, so famous for his battle scenes that he was known as *Martin des Batailles*, was called upon to prepare a set of cartoons that would vie with those of Le Brun. In this he succeeded so well that in dignity and richness they really surpass the more complicated Gobelins interpretations that provoked them.

Many other great sets beside these were woven at both of the state shops during the reign of Louis XIV. Thirty odd sets of cartoons and various single pieces were in use at the Gobelins and some of them were woven many times. Half of these were by Le Brun and most of the others were after designs made in the preceding century and bought from Flemish weavers, including three of Raphael's series, one of which was the famous "Acts of the Apostles," and three of Jules Romain's, the "Fables," the "Fruits of War" and the "History of Scipio." At Beauvais also they wove the "Acts of the Apostles" as well as the "History of Telemachus" after Arnault and several sets by the same Martin who had depicted Louis' conquests. At the end of the king's life, when the piety of Mme. de Maintenon and the fear of death were driving him to religion, two sets illustrating the Bible were introduced at the Gobelins, the Old Testament by Antoine and Charles Coypel and the New Testament by Jean Jouvenet and Jean Restout.

But perhaps the most felicitous invention of this period was the grotesques inspired by the extravagant court fetes. These great entertainments, part fancy dress ball and part cabaret, were carefully designed long in advance of their

presentation by professional artists of great skill. The foremost of these was Berain, and he himself in turn recorded the fetes that he planned in delightful and fantastic tapestries for the looms of Beauvais. The *mise en scene* was an intricate *treillage* festooned with rich draperies and heavy garlands of fresh flowers. The costumes were fanciful inventions contrived for color effect and

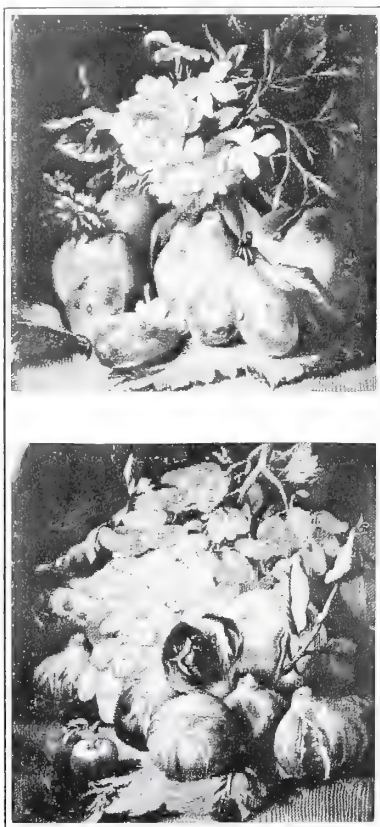
eccentricity, the prototypes of our musical comedy creations but far surpassing any but the exceptional best of these. The guests were both spectators to the circus and vaudeville acts offered by professional entertainers and themselves participants in that they, too, wore the special costumes.

The tapestry designs adapted from these are charming and amusing decorations, a special variant of the grotesques that had been introduced in the Renaissance. In them the *treillage* makes the structural outline that articulates the design, the draperies and the garlands provide the decorative fullness necessary, and the tiny capering figures, the verve and wit. Very clear and exact in drawing and delicate yet full in color, they represent the work of the time at its best.

Louis XIV began a new era in the history of tapestry because he inaugurated official art, the custom of accepting both style and subject directly and personally from the king. Other rulers—the dukes of Burgundy, Francis I, Henry IV and many more—had shaped the art of their time

and had their personal exploits turned into cartoons, but their influence had been exerted as patrons of the arts. They had been collectors who gave large commissions and the personal subjects had been incidental in a much more inclusive acquisition. Louis XIV neither understood nor cared for art as such. Under the guidance of his ministers he used it as a political attribute and, instead of sustaining genius as his more sincere predecessors had done, he employed talent and bade it execute his orders in his, not its, way.

This precedent of making art a reflection of



FRUIT AND FLOWER PANELS
GOBELINS, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

The decorative possibilities of the fruits and flowers were utilized almost from the beginning of tapestry but the Gobelins in the Eighteenth Century achieved a realism in their rendering that had not hitherto been approached

Collection Mrs. E. H. Harriman

the king, his two successors followed according to their temperaments, and as a result the three reigns are paralleled by three distinctive styles. The advent of Louis XV marks a reversal in all the ways of the decorator. To be sure, in the last days of his aged great-grandfather little traces and hints of the new mode were creeping in, but the change is nevertheless marked at his accession.

fingers into every department of life. There were women of the court circles who made a point of keeping heavy tomes on science on their drawing-room tables; there were followers of the encyclopædists who built effective, agnostic altars in their boudoirs; the affairs of state were webbed through and through with the intrigues of charming salons; pretty dilettantes leaned to this or that



SCENE FROM "DON QUIXOTE," AFTER COYPEL

GOBELINS, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

Coypel turned every episode into a dramatic scene. His series of illustrations for this romance were not only woven in tapestry a number of times but were engraved also and used in numerous editions of the book both in French and Spanish

Courtesy of Wildenstein & Co.

In place of the ponderous dignity of the older man there appears at once the frivolous lightness of the younger, and instead of being arrogantly regal, all art becomes extravagant feminine.

For the period of Louis XV is essentially a period of the influence of women. The fashionable ladies were sticking their pink and perfumed

art; others made an attribute of the confessional, publicly devout. Each selected her sphere and made it her setting. None of them, of course, made any real contributions or took any responsibility in her fad. They were trifling dabblers all, preempting the mind and its enthusiasms for new coquetries, mental, physical, even spiritual. So

they made trivial everything that they touched, and in the arts especially it was a period of frivolity and emotional insignificance. Sophisticated, charming, dainty, alluring in a pretty way, the art of Louis XV is the perfect mirror of the professional beauty. In tapestry Boucher was the dominating figure,—soft, rosy flesh, flowing draperies, pudgy cupids, gayety, idleness and ease. Nothing could be really serious, certainly nothing could be great with such a manner.

Still, however, the king as the embodiment of the nation had to be celebrated. The task was becoming more difficult for the designers. There was less than can be properly said. Both theme and rendition became proportionately forced. The very best they could do was to depict the hunts of the king, and this Oudry did with the graceful vacancy of the time, supplementing his slender motive with lovely views of the royal parks that overshadowed the small figures and constituted the real beauty of the series.

Among the literary themes the classic myths were most popular because they gave ample opportunity for the superficial eroticism of the day. In the loves of the gods, the exploits of Venus, even in the elements, and the rising and setting sun there were many occasions for presenting rosy, languid beauties. The period turned, too, to the exotic, seeking in novelty the relief from its own emptiness and the boredom of unrestrained self-indulgence. The Orient and the tropics provided lush verdancy, an array of colorful accessories and an opening for fantastic imagination that inspired the most effective decorations of the time. At the Beauvais works there was a Chinese suite on which several painters collaborated, the visit of the Turkish ambassador furnished the occasion for cartoons after Parrocel, and Desportes designed the New Indies with his fine, strong animals set in a tropic richness of beautifully studied foliage. A little apart from both of these types were the romantic inventions devised for the Beauvais weavers. Country amusements, Italian fetes, Russian games and gypsies made colorful and vivacious scenes in the hands of Boucher, Le Prince and Casanova. Almost every set turned out at Beauvais had, moreover, its complement of furniture coverings adapted from the large designs of these artists.

Finally, as the court fetes of Louis XIV stimulated the grotesque, so the stage of Louis XV, made great by Moliere, gave its impetus to a group of designs. There is a whole series devoted to scenes from the opera, comedy and tragedy, all by Coypel, and even in less specifically theatrical subjects Coypel, himself a playwright, saw

naturally in stage terms so that in his famous and often repeated set of illustrations for "Don Quixote," for example, he composed the episodes into a sequence of scenes and put each in a perfect set from the viewpoint of the theatre.

The essential weakness of the reign of Louis XV led to the final disintegration of the reign of Louis XVI in art as well as in politics. The brilliance that was the flush from the excitement of extravagance faded gradually and design degenerated into mere technical performance. Amedée Van Loo painted the Turkish costume series, a flat subject perfunctorily done. There was no life of the king to record. A portrait was the only monument the designers undertook. The confusion of revolution still further destroyed taste and the self-conscious nationalism of the republic petrified real artistic production. Tapestry had slid down its long and gradual decline, taken its fateful plunge into esthetic oblivion.

The technical care and skill that were expended on all these suites during the three Louis periods, both in the Gobelins and Beauvais, is amazing. It was a mistaken cleverness, for its whole aim was to make tapestry as near as possible to woven painting, and there is, of course, no point in weaving a painting. But it is no less remarkable. The weavers developed an accuracy and a delicacy of manipulation that left no subject beyond them, and the dyers kept pace, producing minutely differentiated shades that made possible the reproduction of the subtlest transitions of even such a sensitive and high-keyed painter as Boucher. Demonstrations of the really astonishing proficiency are the series of royal portraits made at the Gobelins after Van Loo and others and a small but very fine group of fruit and flower and of still-life subjects, most of which were of Gobelins manufacture but some of which may have been done at Beauvais. In all of these the work of the painter has been copied with utter fidelity. It is the still-life panels, however, that are the supreme test, for the primary problem of the painter was the representation of textures, and this the weaver duplicated absolutely, in spite of the fact that his medium had not the flexibility that alone made possible the painter's effects, and that he had also the further handicap of working in a material that had itself a very decided surface quality which had to be overcome.

Less skilful and less important was the work of Aubusson, although it was often decoratively delightful. The product was entirely commercial, in spite of the fact that these works, also, had been granted letters patent as a royal manufactory by Colbert. The cartoons, too, were for the most

part less pretentious. The only very notable suites they undertook were two by Coypel, the "Andromeda" and the "Don Quixote," the latter being much richer and fuller in color than most of the Aubusson work. Most typical are the pieces all in very light tones with wide *encadrements* of garlands and draperies, sometimes with amorini, on a light blue or French gray ground, the central panel, usually oval in shape, having some delicate, trivial subject. Occasionally these panels followed a painting by one of the masters of the time, Fragonard or Vernet perhaps. But for the most part the whole design was the work of men so minor we have even forgotten their names. Besides these panels the greatest output of the factory was the furniture covers, the most famous set being the design by Oudry illustrating the fables of La Fontaine. These same designs were also used occasionally for the inset panels of the prevalent wall pieces.

Meanwhile, for all these hundred and odd years Brussels was struggling along, trying to follow the lead of France. For now the tables were turned again and Flanders, after stealing tapestry supremacy from France in the Fifteenth Century and leaving her far behind by the beginning of the Sixteenth, was again in second place. At the end of the Seventeenth Century she paralleled the victories of Louis XIV with great realistic battle scenes. The delicacy of Louis XV she attempted, too, but with less success, for the Flemish hand had not the light touch necessary. So more and more the weavers of Flanders came at this time to limit themselves to the verdure type until by degrees Brussels, that once boasted a Pannemaker and a dozen others hardly less great, has become an almost mechanical factory, turning out a steady stream of inferior, commercial commodity.

The death of the Brussels industry was inevitable. The first blow had come with the serious deterioration in dyes in the Seventeenth Century. Although these deficiencies were corrected, the

Flemish product had in the meantime lost much of its prestige and it was impossible ever fully to regain it. Moreover, the sister and supporting art of painting had steadily declined; in the first of the Sixteenth Century it had ceased to be truly national and became a second hand imitation of the work of foreigners. In the abundant skill of Rubens it had had one last flare of renewed vitality,

but the shock of this revival in the end killed it, for his fame impressed discipleship on the next generation and he was followed by a host of imitators. At the same time, too, that the painting was going into its death struggles, the best weavers were leaving the country to find remunerative employment establishing the very factories that became Brussels' successful rivals. So great was this exodus of the first-rate craftsmen that many of the names that for generations had been leaders in the guild disappeared entirely from their registers; until,

in the end, the last of the tapestry families died out in the last decade of the Eighteenth Century with the passing of the last Van der Borcht.

For the Nineteenth Century, Brussels as a tapestry center has no history. And the Gobelins and Beauvais, although they continued to flourish under government protection, might better not have had any, for tapestry was besmirched with the same degeneration of taste that had made foul all the other arts, so that most of the good cartoons of earlier days were abandoned and preposterous modernisms substituted. Only far-off Spain at the opening of the century contributed with the work of Goya a new and promising note.

Strangely, perhaps, since kings and courtiers and ladies were the promoters of the art of tapestry, it has been through the cathedrals of Europe largely that these works of art have been preserved. Many choice pieces, of course, have passed into the possession of museums and the galleries of wealthy collectors, but ecclesiastical walls have sheltered the greater number of tapestries.



"THE DANCERS"

AFTER BOUCHER AND HUET

The frivolous grace and inconsequent extravagance of this famous series is typical of the period

Barlach Carves an Allegory in Wood

German Artist Reflects the Tortured Spirit of Europe

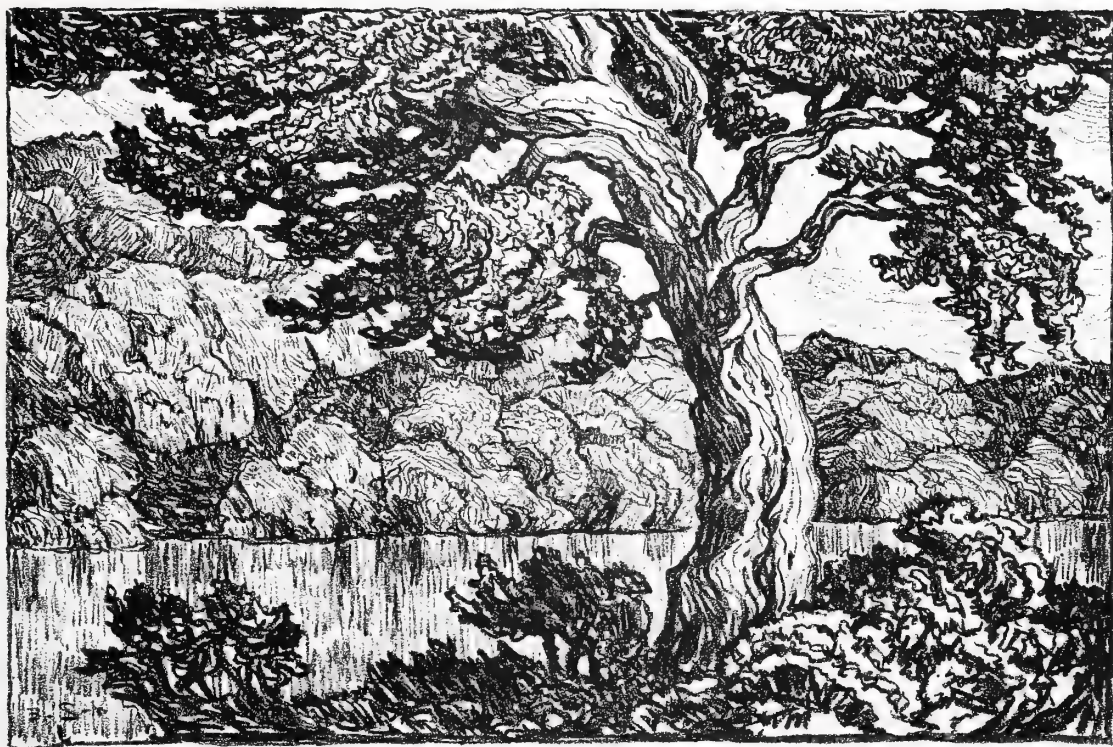


"BURNED AT THE STAKE"
BY ERNST BARLACH

THE examples reproduced on this page of the recent work of Ernst Barlach, the German sculptor whose wood carving was discussed at length in the September issue of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO, have a peculiar interest quite apart from the artistic merit characteristic of Barlach's productions. In them, although the figures are of medieval martyrs, the artist has portrayed what may well be the spirit of Germany today. Art is the most sensitive indicator of national or racial feeling: one recalls the enormous wooden figure of General Ludendorff which war-time Germany erected and studded with hopeful nails; the triumphal arches of Rome; the tortured figures of the catacombs. The burden of taxation, the disappearing mark, the threat of future war with its concomitant misery and suffering may be the stake and the stocks. Barlach, consciously or not, has created a real allegory, an allegory not only of his own race but of a war-weary world as well.



AT THE RIGHT "IN THE STOCKS," A
WOOD CARVING BY ERNST BARLACH



"SMOKY RIVER"

LITHOGRAPH BY BIRGER SANDZEN

A JOHN *the* BAPTIST of ART

SINCE all values are relative, it is no exaggeration to say that Carl J. Smalley is the world's "greatest art dealer." He

has established in McPherson, Kansas, a town of less than 5,000 inhabitants, an art store which sells proportionately more pictures and other art objects than any such shop in the world, and he organizes annual exhibitions in the high school auditorium which are attended by two-thirds of the population. Moreover, he aids in the promotion of similar shows in Lindsborg, a town of 2,500, which are attended by a still greater proportion of the population, and he has helped sell pictures by Birger Sandzen and other artists to such an extent that of Sandzen's paintings about one hundred are owned in that single town. If any art dealer in New York, for instance, were to come anywhere near this record he would have to organize exhibitions attended by four million persons a year, and sell as many as two hundred and forty thousand of the works of some individual artist in the community within a decade. And where could he find such a prolific artist?

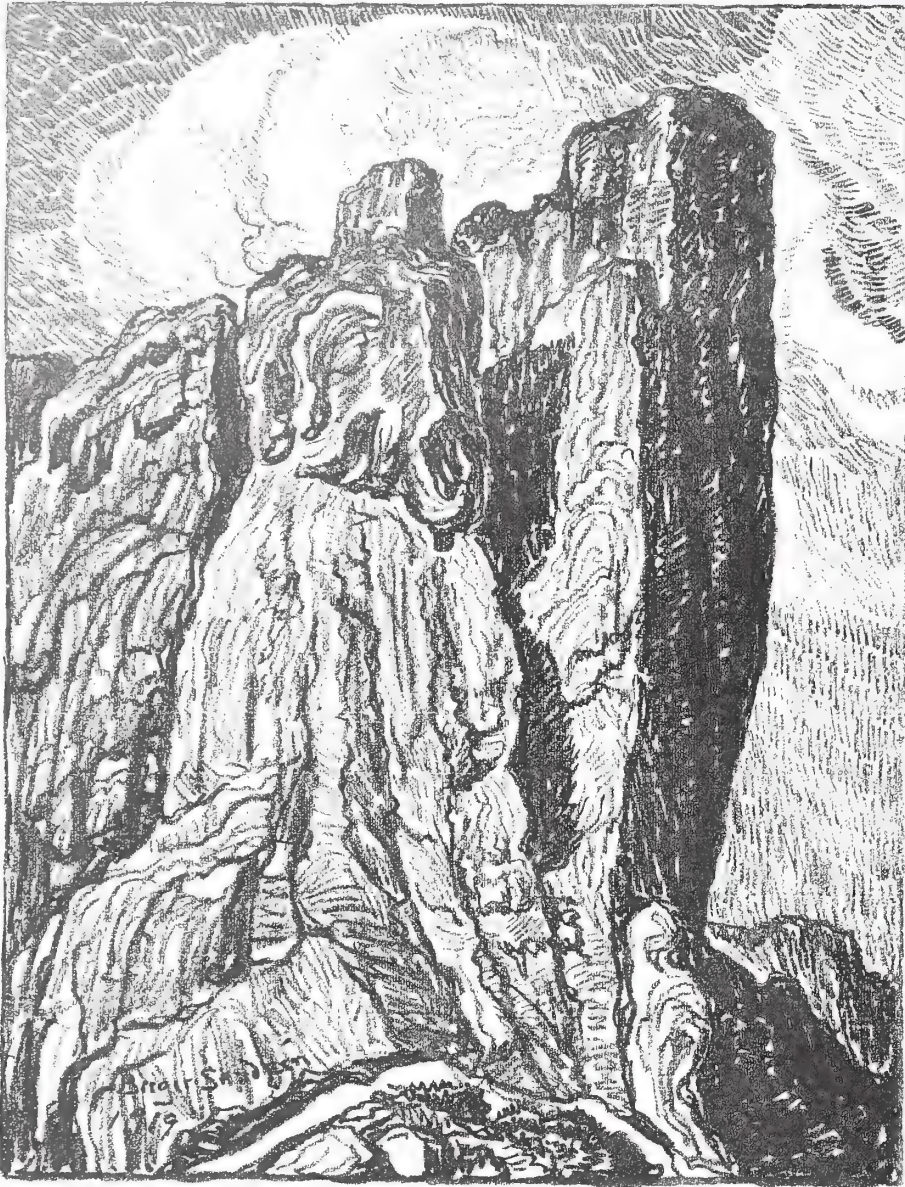
Mr. Smalley has promoted an enthusiasm,

Carl J. Smalley, enthusiast, of Kansas, probably ought to rank as "world's greatest art dealer"

not to say furore, for art in the Smoky River valley of Kansas. Beginning as a seed merchant, he developed into a merchandiser of things of

the spirit, and he has used his wide acquaintance with the rural inhabitants to extend his clientele into the farming community. One young farmer's wife, who often visits his shop, has purchased several fine prints and etchings, including works by Sandzen, Whistler and Millet, and recently she acquired a proof of Zorn's "Frida," paying for it with money made from the sale of eggs. Another young woman, just twenty-two years of age, has added a Sandzen canvas three feet by four to her collection, and besides a group of paintings she has prints by Rembrandt, Whistler, Zorn, Millet, Larsson, Lepère and other masters. This collection has been formed during the past few years with money saved from her income—funds that could easily have been dissipated in ice cream and bon-bons. Her younger sister not long ago made a start for herself by purchasing a beautiful Sandzen and a Henry Poor.

In Mr. Smalley's own language: "The young people trained in the McPherson schools during



"THE GREAT RED ROCK"

LITHOGRAPH BY BIRGER SANDZEN

the last few years are now among my best patrons. The influence of the annual exhibitions of paintings in the schools, and of the supervised art study, has given them the desire to own beautiful things, which they select with good judgment. The annual exhibitions have become an institution in the life of the community. The show is open for one week and at least two-thirds of the population sees the pictures. These exhibitions are of high professional standard and would be a credit to many a large city gallery. One room is always devoted to the recent paintings of Birger Sandzen, Kansas' own artist, this being the first showing each year of his new canvases.

"Sandzen and I have worked together for years,

shoulder to shoulder, for the furthering of art in this district. He lives in the little town of Lindsborg, in McPherson county, fifteen miles from McPherson. The life of this kindly man and sincere artist is now quite well known in the art world: how he began his art studies in Sweden at the age of ten, and, after the completion of his university course, seriously took up the career of an artist, studying in Stockholm with Zorn and Bergh and in Paris with Aman-Jean, coming from Paris to Lindsborg to accept a position as teacher of languages and art in Bethany College. Here he has worked sincerely ever since, striving to present on canvas a vital and true interpretation of the landscape of the Middle West.

"Since my early childhood I have loved beautiful things and have wished to have them around me. I wanted to be an artist and from the time I was ten until I was fifteen, I painted a little in an amateurish way. Then my school and the work in my father's warehouse took a good share of my time. I often long to take up the brushes again, but probably never will. I bought my first etching in Kansas City in 1904. This beginning of my private collection was a thrilling event to me. About twelve years ago Mr. George G. Pinney, then superintendent of the McPherson schools, a broad-minded man who realized that education does not merely consist of teaching what is generally termed practical knowledge,

decided that the schools should give more attention to cultural work and engaged an art supervisor. Then he determined to arrange an art exhibition in the high school. This first exhibition consisted of a group of small 'Copley Prints.' Some money was made and so two paintings by Sandzen were purchased. The following year Mr. Pinney borrowed a small group of paintings and I lent him about seventy-five etchings from my private collection. The exhibition proved to be an unqualified success.

"Each year the exhibitions have grown in importance and now an entire floor of the high school building is used instead of one wall of one room, which the first show required. Surrounding towns began to want exhibitions. It was my privilege to assemble and forward these collections. A New York dealer sent me a small

consignment of etchings, of which I sold a goodly number. I became more and more interested in the work and began to see its great possibilities and I realized that I needed a place for a permanent display. My father was then in the wholesale and retail seed business and I assisted him in the office. In time, he offered me a portion of the retail section as a display room. There was sufficient space for the showing of a few paintings and prints, a shelf of Rookwood pottery and a few books. The art shop in the seed store soon won many friends. After my father's death I disposed of the seed business and devoted all of my time to the spread of interest in works of art.

"Lindsborg is in the heart of a prosperous Swedish agricultural district in the Smoky River valley where, years ago, Dr. Carl Swensen established Bethany College. Bethany is now a thriving



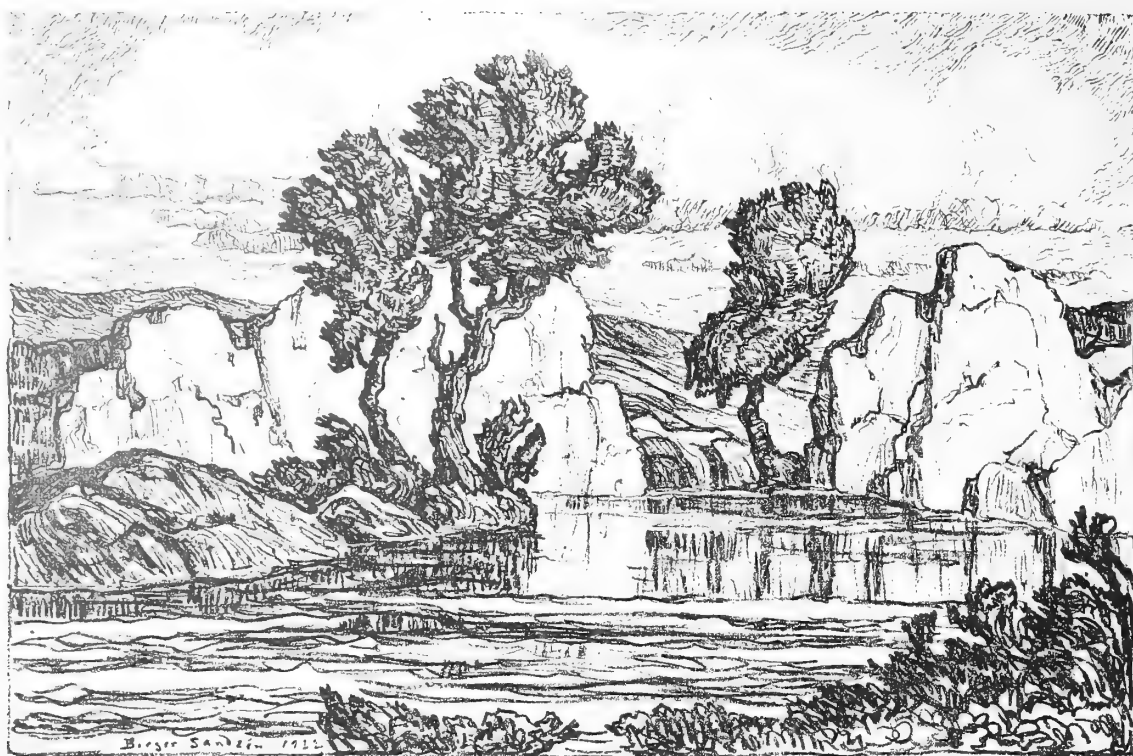
"FRIDA"

BY ANDERS ZORN

A Kansas farmer's wife saved up her "egg money" and bought this print

school noted for its art and music. In 1881 a small chorus commenced to sing Handel's 'Messiah' at Eastertide. Now the 'Messiah' is sung three times each Easter week by a chorus of about 550 voices, accompanied by an orchestra of sixty pieces and a large pipe organ.

"It is in this atmosphere that Birger Sandzen has organized the Smoky Hill Art Club, which holds a large exhibition at festival time and purchases works of art for the college collection. The club has about three hundred members. It has built up at Bethany a collection of paintings and prints that many a small museum would be proud to own. A few days ago I asked Mr. Sandzen how many of his paintings are owned in Lindsborg, to which he replied, 'Close to a hundred.' Besides, there are hundreds of his beautiful lithographs and woodcuts. I am glad to have been instru-



"WILD HORSE CREEK"

LITHOGRAPH BY BIRGER SANDZEN

mental in making a market for these works. It cannot be said in his case that he is a prophet without honor in his own country.

"The finest collection of Sandzen's paintings in existence belongs to his friend, the pianist, Oscar Thorsen—thirty examples, dating from 1900 to 1922. This group gives one the best possible chance to study the artist's development. Thorsen's delightful apartment is filled with beautiful pictures. Besides the Sandzens he has fine modern paintings by such artists as Marsden Hartley, B. J. O. Nordfeldt and Henry Poor. He has also a collection of etchings by Rembrandt, Zorn, Whistler, Strang, Nordfeldt, Pennel, Daubigny and others.

"The homes of Lindsborg possess many good pictures. Quite a few have at least one Sandzen and many have several. Many other artists are represented. Prints, I have sold in Lindsborg by the hundred. Out of a group of twenty-five Strangs that I recently sent to Bethany College for a week's exhibition, nineteen were sold. Each autumn following the McPherson high school exhibition, I send a group of paintings and prints to the Lindsborg high school. The college holds an exhibition in the

spring. From the proceeds of these shows the school has built up a noteworthy collection of paintings, etchings and lithographs which serves as a constant message of beauty to the young people of the town. A campaign is now being launched to raise a quarter of a million dollars for a music hall and art building.

"McPherson has grown to be a beautiful little city, thanks to its interest in art. Two splendidly improved parks have been developed, in one of which stands John Pauldin's statue of General McPherson. The well-kept streets are lined with beautiful homes in which are to be found hundreds of works of art. I wish that art lovers throughout the country could be with me at one of the high school exhibitions where a good portion of the population enjoys the pictures and hears the daily lectures and concerts. The display is now one of the most important held in the Middle West, and it is not uncommon to have a museum director drop in and invite a canvas or more for some exhibition to be held in his city. The schools of this town now own thirty good paintings and many fine etchings, lithographs and block prints.

"No one who has not been actively connected with educational art work can



CARL J. SMALLEY, OF KANSAS, "THE WORLD'S GREATEST ART DEALER"



"HORSES IN A HILLY PASTURE"

LITHOGRAPH BY BIRGER SANDZEN

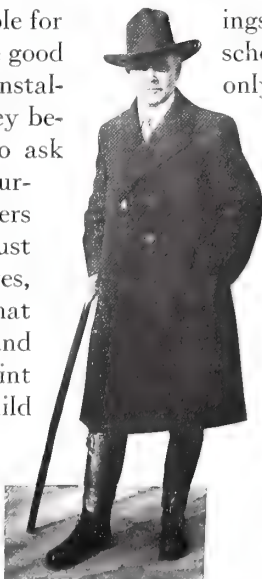
realize its influence for good. To educate the young people of America to appreciate good art and understand its cultural importance is the ambition of my life. They should from the beginning of their training have access to good original works. Reproductions should be used only to illustrate lessons in art history. Originals, especially of graphic art, can be obtained at prices that place them within the reach of even the poorest school district. It is the object of my shop to make it possible for art lovers of modest means to purchase good works. Therefore, I sell pictures on the installment plan. Too many artists when they begin to gain popularity are inclined to ask prices that are above the ability of the purchaser of modest means to pay. Others suffer under the delusion that they must ask big prices or they cheapen themselves, not realizing that the only thing that cheapens any production is bad work and failing to realize that every canvas or print that is on some one's wall is helping to build up a following, provided that the picture has real artistic merit.

"I am happy to say that my McPherson shop has become an exhibition center for the Southwest. Last

season I sent more than fifty art exhibits to towns in Kansas, Oklahoma, Texas, Colorado and other western states. Some were of paintings and prints, some of prints only. I send the Sandzen exhibitions throughout the country and during the past few seasons I have held shows of his work from Los Angeles to Philadelphia. The first few years were disappointing, but now each year shows a better

result and goodly numbers of paintings etchings and lithographs find their way into school rooms and libraries. Yet now I have only begun to find the way. I have dreams of providing original prints and good paintings for the walls of every schoolhouse in Kansas. I know that other paintings and prints will then find their way into the homes. My wife and I often plan means by which it may be possible to get into touch thoroughly with the surrounding towns and farms. We have gone so far as to plan for next season a campaign by automobile. We plan to take a truck loaded with books, pottery, small paintings and prints and

to visit the people, and invite them to call at the shop."



BIRGER SANDZEN
STARTING OUT FOR
DAY OF SKETCHING

Oriental RUGS as FINE ART

VI. Early Turkish Rugs^{*}

FOR five hundred years the Turk has had an evil reputation. No race has been more dreaded or more thoroughly vilified. No nation has so persistently thwarted European

ambitions and thereby attracted to itself so much moral indignation. Whether it has been the Holy Sepulchre or just plain oil that was wanted, the obnoxious Turk and his Moslem associates have stood in the way. Military defeats and commercial rivalries aroused in Europe resentments which were inflamed and institutionalized by religious intolerance. The very existence at the doors of Europe of a whole race known to be contemptuous of Christianity has been felt as a perpetual challenge and affront to the Christian world, whose spiritual leaders have ever been ready for a holy war. But the Turk has held steadily on and Christian peoples have found compensation in denunciation. They have industriously proclaimed the Turk as an unqualified abomination. Even the prayer books have not spared him. In the official and accepted view, the Turk is cruel and licentious, indolent and dishonest, stupid and fanatical—just a fighter and a parasite through the many centuries of his history.

Such a consistently black picture should arouse suspicion. Surely there must be some merit in a people relatively small in numbers that could take over the disorganized remnants of the Byzantine empire in Asia Minor and make of it a powerful state extending from Gibraltar to the Caspian Sea and from Budapest to the Persian Gulf and the upper Nile, a state which no European nation could challenge and which all feared. If no good thing can come out of Turkey, how explain the undeniably beautiful rugs that Europe has sought and for which it has paid handsomely these four hundred years? And how can we explain away the superb velvets and brocades, mere fragments of which are now treasured in western museums? Surely somewhere there is merit in a nation that can command the cash and admiration of its virulent enemies. An unbiased examination of the facts shows that this nation of ill repute has made important contributions to European culture and

Their exceptional richness of color and strength of design were a contribution to European art . . . by
Arthur Upham POPE

that if in a sentimental burst of pious loyalty we should undertake to censor out of European art all elements that could be traced to the immoral Turk, we should find that we had

utterly impoverished our textile arts, robbed many architectural monuments of charm and set a blight on some of our finest schools of painting.

Turkish contributions to European art came largely by way of Venice. The gates of Venice open to the east and her enterprising merchants were in active touch with the Turks in the Fourteenth Century, and from the very beginning of their intercourse they fought and traded with them with equal energy. The Turks came constantly closer until finally they were established at Scutari, Albania, just across the way—a day's sail across the Adriatic Sea from Venice.

Now the great contribution of Venice to European art was color. While the Florentine painters were largely absorbed in problems of form and contour and while some of the glory of Gothic coloring was beginning to fade in northern Europe, the Venetians were building palaces like jewels, painting pictures with the hues of the sunset and dispensing fabrics whose colors were like enamels. Venice did a great deal to keep the sense of color vital and productive in European art, and Venice in turn learned her art of color very largely from the Turks. On state and festive occasions it was the product of Turkish looms that made Venice gorgeous. Not only did the interiors of palaces and churches glow with rugs and velvets, on walls and floors and tables, but rugs hung from balconies and from windows and formed canopies, and even the steps of the throne of the doge himself were enriched by Turkish carpets. Venetian inventories are full of citations of rugs. Paris Bordone, Carpaccio, Lorenzo Lotto, Giorgione and many other Venetian painters used Turkish rugs constantly in their pictures.

These products of Turkish looms did not remain in Venice exclusively. The Venetians had an eye to business, and many of their finest acquisitions were promptly distributed to other countries and cities, so that before the end of the Fifteenth Century we find Mantegna, Ghirlandajo, Baldovenetti, Fra Angelico, Crivelli, Foppa,

^{*}In the next article Mr. Pope will describe Turkish prayer rugs and their religious significance—EDITOR

Pinturicchio, Lorenzo Credi and many other painters using Turkish rugs as important accessories and reflecting in their pictures some of the tonal qualities and combinations that they found in the rugs. From Venice these rugs were carried also to northern Europe, and from the early Sixteenth to the middle of the Seventeenth Centuries they appeared in great numbers in the pictures by the artists of the North—Holbein, Vermeer, Ter Borch, Metsu, Jan Steen, Pieter De Hooch and scores of others. Turkish velvets and brocades also were distributed from Venice throughout Europe, and the superbly rich fabrics that often are almost the life and sometimes the principal theme of the later Gothic tapestries are either Turkish made or imitations of Turkish work.

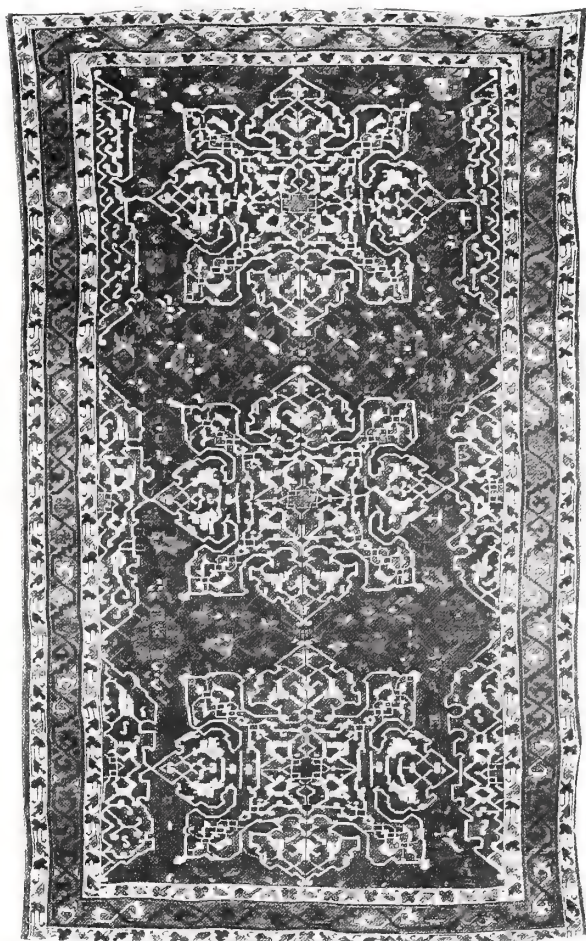
Of course Venice was not the sole gateway through which Turkish art reached Europe. Hungary was, in fact, for a long time a Turkish province, and a rich deposit of rugs and fabrics was left there. The Dutch and the English merchants also were quick to see wealth and advantage in trading with the unspeakable Turk, and before the end of the Sixteenth Century they had well established stations on the west coast of Asia Minor. Special orders particularly for rugs were taken in Europe to be executed in Turkey. A huge business was developed, and by the year 1600 almost every grand house in England and Holland at least had its quota of "Turkei carpets." One inventory of an English lord showed him in 1590 to be the owner of ninety Oriental carpets.

Renaissance Europe, officially hating and despising the Turk while actually fearing and in many respects admiring him, regarded Turkish textile art as the world's finest. Lords and kings, merchants and great artists, all gladly paid the

price and, while denouncing the Turk and his ways, did obeisance to his skill and taste—and flattered him lavishly by their wholesale if only partly successful imitation of his arts.

Some have sought to deprive the Turks of all credit for these productions by saying, with some

justification, that it was not the Turks who did the actual work, but the Byzantine Greeks, the Armenians and other indigenous peoples of various races who lived in Asia Minor and were conquered first by the Seljuk Turks in the Tenth Century and then by the Ottoman Turks in the Thirteenth. These Turkish tribes, forced out of their central Asiatic home by the slow withering of the country and later by pressure from the Mongols, gradually took entire possession of Asia Minor. They found the country well populated and animated by artistic traditions that had been derived from Egyptian, Hittite, Assyrian, Hellenic and Byzantine sources. It was these native peoples, supplemented



OUSHAK RUG

EARLY SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

by artisans coming in from other countries, that to a considerable extent did the actual labor of production, and they deserve their share of the credit for the achievements which have stood in the name of the Turk. None the less the arts of Asia Minor from the Thirteenth to the end of the Eighteenth Century were really a Turkish achievement. It was the Turks who brought with them the technique of rug knotting; it was the Turks who swept away the feeble, degenerate remnants of Byzantium and welded diverse groups into an efficient political and economic unit; it was the Turks who spent their newly acquired wealth and power largely on works of art and for the promotion of learning. The first Turks, the Seljuks, were liberal patrons of science and literature and lavished their currency on superb architectural

monuments, while of a long succession of Ottoman princes we read: "He was a great patron of art, literature and learning and he erected many fine buildings of public utility." In short, the Turks created the fundamental political, economical and cultural basis which made possible the full development of particular arts.

The reputation of the Turk as officially broadcast in propaganda from European sources does not, assert those who know him best, fit the facts. We hear too much about the institution of the seraglio, so repugnant to European theory; too little about the absence of drunkenness and gambling; not enough of certain really admirable traits. There are in the Turks human and respectable qualities that find direct expression in their rugs and are one of the chief sources of their merit. The most effective of these are a certain simplicity and straightforwardness, combined with a frank love of luxury. Because of a natural simplicity of character, the Turks almost always have preferred rugs whose designs were plain and easily understood. While they could admire the subtle intricacies of the great Persian rugs, they did not find them satisfying, for the great Safavian carpets require an active, agile mind and a lively and delicate imagination for even their appreciation. All this was something of a strain for the Turks, a style which they hardly could understand and which they certainly could not use creatively. Gorgeous colors combined with simple patterns, however, they could and did understand, and they could revel in them. It was their love of luxury that evoked such marvelous hues from their dye pots. From the Fifteenth to the end of the Eighteenth Century Turkish rugs, with few exceptions, were richly colored, and on the whole they may be said quite to surpass the rugs of all other major groups in the depth, brilliancy and force of their hues. The colors are rarely numerous in any one rug, but in the good pieces they are of extraordinary depth, purity and intensity, colors that for sheer beauty have been equalled perhaps only once among classical Persian rugs—by the remarkable tapestry rug in the De Motte collection.

These Turkish artisans were the world's masters of red. Garnet, ruby, carmine, magenta, and several shades of yellow-red they compounded with unmatched skill and daring. Yellow, too, they made, a yellow that gleams like scoured brass; deep violets, purples, cobalt and cerulean blues, orange, plum, very rarely emerald green, and sometimes delicious pale blues and silvery greens for their prayer rugs. These colors were mingled with both valor and discretion, whether by nomad or court artist, so that although they

sometimes attempted color schemes that seem to us novel and utterly impossible, it was rarely, and then only in the later periods, that their taste failed to reach their customary high standard.

Their natural instinct for the plain and forthright exercised a constantly simplifying process on the patterns which they gathered from various sources, tending always to arrange them in forceful structural designs whose scheme could be grasped immediately. The furious, energetic temperament of the Persians led them to endow all their patterns with rapid, intense and intricate movement. Every line in a classical Persian carpet is vivaciously on its way, swinging, weaving in and out, starting suddenly, arriving emphatically. The strong, sedate patterns of Turkish rugs cut no such capers. Each "stays put" and commands our admiring attention because of its static energy, its force of position, the vigor of its contour. The great star and medallion Oushaks were inspired by the early carpets of northwest Persia, yet the contrast between the two is one of the most instructive examples in the history of art of the effect of opposite temperaments on similar patterns. The voluminous and animated foliage of the Persian pieces gives place in the Oushaks to a few fragmentary, conventionalized leaves and vines, simple but energetically outlined patterns seemingly pressed into the deep red ground. The cloud bands that float and flutter in Persian rugs are here securely tied, quite formal bows. The arabesques, swiftly, gracefully wheeling in such early Persian rugs as the Altman and Fletcher prayer-rugs, are in the so-called Holbein rugs reduced to stiff but handsome wing-like figures that are as solid as thick metal inlay on stone. These, then, are the essential characteristics of rugs woven in Asia Minor under Turkish dominion: luxurious, glowing colors, few in number but of exceptional purity and strength; simplified and static structural patterns expressing energy and sometimes weight, and both color and pattern are assembled with a sound sense for decorative effect. Even the court carpets of the Sixteenth Century, although a special and almost exotic art, consciously following yet hoping to surpass their Persian models, none the less vary markedly from their Persian prototypes and make obvious concessions to the dominant taste of their race and time. Here also Persian intensity is relaxed, all symmetries are neatly ironed out, lively movements are quieted, and the carpets are plainly of a design to promote luxury, ease and repose.

The natural question whenever rugs are discussed is: "Where were they woven and when?" and while full information about their provenience

is not the be-all and end-all of knowledge of rugs, it is useful and important and an essential preliminary to the solving of many problems. But it is only the very rash or the very ignorant, generally those with both characteristics, who now venture a label for each of the early rugs of Asia Minor. Some are correctly called Oushak, others Bergamo or Smyrna, but we rarely hear of any other names and yet we know from early travelers that rugs were being made in many places. Marco Polo waxed enthusiastic over rugs of eastern Asia Minor, but just what they were and just where woven we hardly can guess. Documentary evidence may yet come to light that will settle many of these questions decisively, but at present we can proceed only with detailed analyses of structure and pattern and the difficult correlation of these with modern rugs whose sources we know for sure. Meanwhile, for the sake of convenience, some of these rugs are designated by their patterns.

The largest group of early Turkish carpets is the so-called Oushaks. Their dominant pattern is star medallions interspersed with simple but highly decorative foliate fragments. The stars sometimes occupy the whole field, with half stars on the sides and quarter stars in the corners. The internal structure of these stars is intricate and beautiful, quite suggestive of some types of flamboyant stained glass. Occasionally in the earlier pieces, instead of one star there are a dozen smaller ones, and in later pieces the star gives way to a rounded medallion whose internal structure is similar. The colors are usually a fine gold for the stars, a superb red for the field, and a deep blue or green for the foliage. These rugs were produced in huge quantities, and many still remain in Turkish mosques and palaces. Many went to Italy and England, where they were popular. Their rich colors and strong patterns fitted beautifully into the austere rooms of the Italian palaces, and in England they were a perfect foil for the quiet-toned paneling of Tudor and Jacobean rooms. These rugs we can assign to Oushak, and perhaps the neighboring town of Dermerdji, since the industry has had a continuous existence down to the present, and even the coarse, degenerate, modern pieces can trace a direct descent from the stately carpets of the Sixteenth Century when rug making was at its zenith.

Closely connected with the Oushaks and possibly woven in the same place are two types of so-called Holbein rugs, a graceful name given by Mrs. C. F. Williams, wife of an eminent collector, in recognition of the beautiful and accurate rendering of them which Holbein gave many times. They are superb rugs. Often they have borders of

conventionalized Kufic letters in white on dark green, while the center field of a mellow red is ornamented by highly conventionalized arabesques welded alternately into cruciform and octagonal patterns. The other type of so-called Holbein rug has for its main device a tile-like octagon that is reminiscent of the Turkoman patterns of central Asia. All three of these types maintained a high standard of quality from the end of the Fifteenth Century until well into the beginning of the Seventeenth Century.

Another group of rugs to which we can assign a quite definite provenience is the early Bergamos. Here again we have a continuous and convincing line of pieces. The early Bergamos are for the most part small rugs with double pointed panels, with borders made up of stars and cartouches—or, in some cases, rather heavy cloud bands or interlacing arabesques. The central panels of almost all these rugs are of an unbelievably intense and rich red. They are called “Seven-Mountain rugs” in the trade because so many of them have been found in Transylvania, which was under Turkish dominion in the Sixteenth Century.

Another class of rugs can be ascribed with some reason to Smyrna or its environs. These rugs are fairly coarse and of thick pile. They have simplified Persian motives, particularly in the borders, while the centers may carry a grandiose and ponderous form of the Oushak star that is impressive. The colors are deep red, emerald green, dark and light blue and a good deal of white. These rugs must have reached Holland by the ship-load as they appear in innumerable paintings of the same period.

A quite different class of rugs was made in considerable quantities in the Seventeenth and early Eighteenth Centuries. These also are often ascribed to Smyrna. Sometimes they are called Turko-Persian or even Turkish-Polonoise—a grotesque appellation. Their design consists of rows of huge Persian palmettes framed by a border of alternating round and elongated cartouches. The earlier pieces, while of no great artistic importance, are delightful with their soft tans, fresh reds and bright blues. The later pieces, however, are weak and confused in drawing and dingy in color, a disgrace to their charming originals.

In marked contrast with these florid rugs we find a small but famous class, the simplicity and aristocratic reserve of whose rugs has won fame for them. A field of mellow ivory is sparsely decorated with rows of detached angular leaves that look a little like birds—hence the common name “bird-rugs.” Sometimes the so-called wave-and-globe pattern takes the place of the leaf figure.



RUG PROBABLY FROM BERGAMO

Collection of James F. Ballard, St. Louis



*TAPESTRY RUG in SILK and GOLD from the PERSIAN
ROYAL LOOMS*

This rug belongs to the Shah Abbas period and is the finest and most perfect of a small and precious class of rugs woven in the kleilien stitch by order of the Shah for presentation to European monarchs. Usually classed with the Polonaise rugs, it is of quite different authorship and is far superior in perfection of workmanship, accuracy and vigor of drawing, purity and force of color and adherence to the classical models of earlier times. Such superbly vital and resonant color harmonies are rarely found apart from the finest Asia Minor work whose supremacy is here successfully challenged

Courtesy of Demotte

This device, three small globes above two close, parallel, narrow, waving stripes, is of Chinese origin. Just what it symbolized to the Turks, we cannot say, but they were fond of it and in the Sixteenth Century they used it lavishly in their finest fabrics, particularly the velvets. The wave lines without the globes are found in all the finest court carpets of the floral Damascus type. The noble simplicity of the white-field rugs gives the impression of great age, but the cloud bands which often compose the border did not appear in western Asia until well into the Sixteenth Century, and furthermore these rugs are not recorded in European paintings of earlier than the beginning of the Seventeenth Century. To call them Seljuk rugs, as some dealers do, is without warrant. The Seljuk power was obliterated nearly three hundred years before these rugs were woven. The only true Seljuk rugs are the three fragments found by Martin in the Mosque of Alla ed Din in Konia, really archaic weavings with harsh colors and simple, rather crudely powerful designs that have little in common except their simplicity with the refined "bird-rug" group.

Many hold that the finest rugs which can be classed as Asia Minor are the so-called Damascus rugs. No oriental rug has been ascribed to so many different places as have these. In the American trade they were first called Hispano-Moresque. Others argued for a Moroccan provenience. Some suggested Egypt. Because the Venetian inventories called them "Tappeti Damascini," the most of those who handle rugs have stuck to the name Damascus, although this label could not be confirmed by any evidence or even tradition of rug weaving there. In 1908 Martin asserted that he had sure documentary proof that the rugs were woven in Asia Minor, but for some reason he has held his evidence secret and inviolate. In 1921 Sarre published real and rather convincing evidence that these remarkable weavings were of Egyptian origin. These Damascus rugs are of two wholly different types of design,

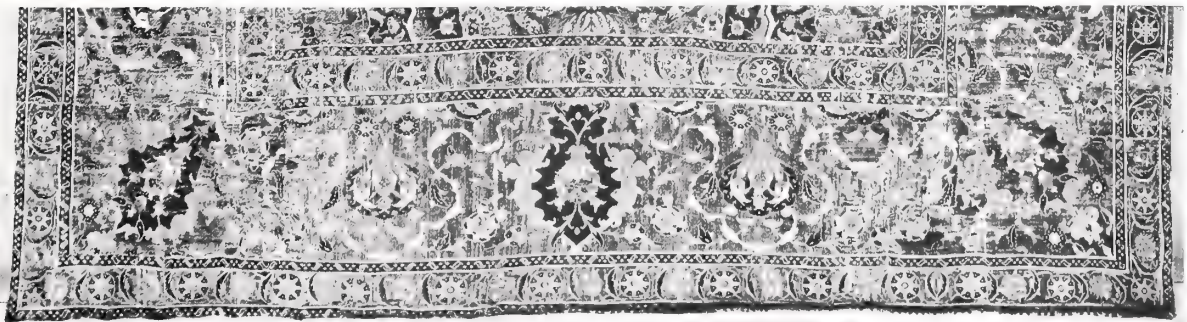
although their techniques and their wool and colors coincide in many pieces. The older class consists of a varied assemblage of octagons, rosettes and tiny leaf forms. The colors are principally two shades of green, claret red and pale blue. It is an extraordinary color scheme, and the best of these rugs attains a startling beauty that is unsurpassable. They are the most markedly individual creations in the whole realm of rugs and have less connection with the established current of rug tradition than any other. Some of their patterns suggest a kinship with old Egyptian designs that tends to confirm Dr. Sarre's view. In the other kind of Damascus we find a totally different scheme—rich floral patterns in Persian style with exquisite cloud bands and soft, feathery lancet leaves with naturalistic yet decorative rendering of tulips and carnations. The explanation of this sudden revolution within one class of rugs is to be found in the fact that the Ottoman Turks conquered Egypt in 1517 and immediately set the weavers of these geometrical pieces to work for them in the Persian floral style that was then acquiring great prestige. When Soleiman the Magnificent captured Tabriz in 1524, he carried a large number of Persian rug weavers to Constantinople to work for him there, and it may have been their designs, softened and made more luxuriant to suit Turkish taste, to which the weavers from Egypt finally adapted themselves. These later carpets were made exclusively for the Ottoman court and were of quality.

The best general collection of rugs of Asia Minor in modern times was made by James F. Ballard of St. Louis, Missouri, and when the pieces which he has given to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York are finally placed on permanent display it will be easier for American scholars to carry the vexed problems of classification and attribution of these rugs a little farther. Certainly their beauty, distinction and sincerity will show all how profound a debt the western world owes to "the unspeakable Turk."

BORDER OF SO-CALLED DAMASCUS RUG

LATE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

Woven in the Imperial Court looms, probably near Constantinople
Collection of James F. Ballard, St. Louis



ART BY THE WAY *Guy Pène
du BOIS*

THERE were about one hundred and fifty pictures less than usual at the latest and seventh annual exhibition of the Society of Independent Artists. This may have accounted for a certain appearance of serenity, a comparative serenity, on the walls of the galleries at the Waldorf-Astoria. However, it is possible that the canvases themselves got together in a more friendly accord, were less combative individually. One missed the fireworks of previous shows, the things blown off for noise and glare in youthful emulation of lightning. The majority of the things was merely away below the level of the Academy's mediocrity. More things suggested a want of training, poverty in ordinary equipment. There were more fools unheeding, lacking the fear of angels. It cannot be possible that our youth has ceased to gambol, taken on premature age, become afflicted with rheumatism in rebellious muscles. The vaunted American sense of humor, here allowed a

real opportunity, did not show itself. Viewing this show, one is left with few doubts of our self-consciousness, at least in the realm of art.

Our youth is being pampered by galleries, galleries which spring up like mushrooms all over the town, own a more official sounding stamp than this one, cost less; galleries where the acceptance and hanging of a picture is in the nature of a mark of approval. Youth is an army fighting for iron crosses. It is impossible to win one in the ranks of the Independents. ("No jury. No prizes.") A system of prizes was recently instituted at the Art Students' League because it was found that the standard of work done by the students was too low. Competition—the life of art, apparently, as it is of trade—has set in and an improvement has begun. There is nothing to be won or lost at

the Independents. The payment of ten dollars assures a place on the walls. No "ten spot" is better than another. All payees are treated with the immobile justice of the alphabet: the K's in the K chamber and so on. *Liberté, égalité, fraternité* might well be written on all the walls of all the rooms in this vast place. Fortunately, perhaps, the theory is not proved by the practice. Indeed, the sense of the exhibitor is that the brotherhood-of-man idea is bosh.

We might let this go at that. There are errors in all exhibiting systems. This one is the Utopia of an exaggerated idealism. The one that treats artists like children or soldiers, that is essentially competitive, obtains better results. Where the public is concerned, the best sellers are the painters represented in the most museums. Indeed, artists take on importance, like suit cases, with the number of labels affixed to them. The altruism of the Independents has turned their annual show into an asylum for the lame, the halt



"MEXICAN WITH BURRO"

BY FRED GARDNER

Shown at the Society of Independent Artists

and the blind. It is quite possible that it has passed the period of its usefulness. It introduces no one worth knowing who is not already known. As was suggested before here, there are so many galleries appealing to so many different tastes in Manhattan at the present time that it has become almost impossible for an artistic statement of even the smallest value to remain unheard. Lucky is the genius who may remain hidden. Ultra-modern art is ultra-fashionable; but the Independents' Salon is not even an addition to its parade of stylishly garbed pictures. We may seek vainly there for a new note and a new name or for even the more entertaining of those names already known. Outside of the committee composed of twenty persons, and a group of things contributed by the members of the Society of Independents of

Mexico City, few serious and few amusing canvases were to be seen. There was a great deal of dullness contributed by amateurs and a sense of the cheapness of art itself which must have taken several weeks to dissipate from the minds of visitors to this assemblage of the uninspired and uninspiring.



In this surrounding one may come to the conclusion that a good picture may be radically affected by the presence of many bad pictures. A department store wall is not a place to hang a Bellows. A semi-nude by him was placed at the near corner of a frail partition, crowded there by a flock of *parvenus* as ill mannered and restless as the tired folk in the subways. It retained style, remained a contrast to the *gaucheries* of the

surrounding offhand pictures, but one, nevertheless, would have liked to have powdered its nose and primed it up. A shine gave it an oily look. Besides, the partition was surely constructed to uphold nothing more ponderous than Japanese prints, and this Bellows had a fat look, an air of great weight, even of greasiness. I do not want to seem to uphold the bunkum of our early dealers who unveiled pictures like monuments in the presence of prospective prey. They are at the other end of manners in the display of pictures. Curtains in this case cost the customer thousands. He was the sufferer. With the Independents, the artist pays to be the sufferer. His ten dollars places him in the class of incompetents, makes him an accomplice in the promulgation of the idea of the cheapness of art. Even the frames around pictures look badly here. Nothing is settled, peaceful or has the slightest suggestion of permanency. Spikes have been hammered into the bubble of good taste, quite as though a pin might not have done the job with greater economy and therefore greater efficiency. It is a pathetic exhibition. But I cannot tell whether it is due to extreme foolhardiness or to extreme bravery. I should rather like to believe, with that great idealist, John Sloan, that it is impossible to down a good man or a good picture. The practice of his exhibition does not prove his theory. But I should

hate to see either of them go. Some time, and it may not be very far off, there shall be a change in the attitude toward the new in art, when a settled conviction shall have got hold of the mass of art lovers; a faith and bigotry. The Dadaists, who reflect the want of faith and bigotry, will exist no longer then. We shall be buying and exhibiting contemporary Bouguereaux all over the country. Respect for art will again have raised its hard

head. Cooks, like Ruskin, will be writing recipes. We shall learn that without this two and that two it is impossible to arrive at the four of a picture. There will again be an incontrovertible definition of beauty. Art will be engaged in good works, in political propaganda, in reforms, in uplift. And Mr. Sloan's Independents, a real stubbornness having given them the strength to



"SPONGE FISHING BOATS"

BY REYNOLDS BEAL

Shown at the Society of Independent Artists

continue through this superfluous period, will hold exhibitions of real importance. We shall go to them to view the hidden side of the slate being flaunted all over the land, to view the flamboyant utterances of rebellious youth, to become acquainted with the seething matter under an all too crystallized and prevalent crust.



The cataloging of artists may be too slight. We read in a publication like *The American Art Annual* the date and place of birth of each artist mentioned, along with the number of his works in museums and of prizes won. We are not asked to judge the value of the painter by the prizes won and the museum purchases, but it is inevitable that we should judge of their value in this way. It is inevitable despite that the history of art in republican times shows that among the men whose names have retained an original brilliancy none was, in his day, a great prize winner or much, if at all, considered by the museums. Perhaps the cataloging of artists should be done as theatrical productions are indexed in a weekly magazine and a daily evening paper. We could, at least, quarrel with the indexer. Under the present system the quarrel is impossible. The compiler does not move beyond the fact. His record is cold blooded. It is incontrovertible. Tom Brown has won ten prizes

where John Smith has only two to his credit, and the great leader of a radical movement, none.

We are not told in the index that Rudolph Blumenthal is the great leader of a radical movement. We are simply told that after twenty-five years of painting Mr. Blumenthal is left without an award, without an honor to his credit. The record cannot deal with intangible honors. It cannot say that Mr. Blumenthal has carried on the great work begun by Mr. Freud, that he has put psycho-analysis on the art map nor, if such should be the case, that he has continued Cézanne's contribution up to the last minute of our own time. Indeed, the record can only deal with medals, bits of ribbon, pieces of sealed paper, a few lines in a catalog of a museum. However, we take hope in that facts are related to truth by personal prejudice. Mr. Blumenthal himself may feel honored by the small space that his record takes in an index. He will pat his independence of official recognition on the back. He will point to the fact that he has been free of academic or official dictation, a fact absolutely established by the want of honors in his record. His friends, following him, are fairly certain to turn the medals against their owners and the proofs of the record upside down, and all to his advantage.



Mr. Blumenthal exists in the flesh under many other names. There are more than one of him, and all of them make a gesture of a certain significance. We can not shut our eyes to them. They are naturally led through anarchy to aristocracy, from a desire to rebel to a desire to be isolated. They are of the kind of egotists who gain contentment, a great solace to vanity, in being definitely separated from the common run of men. They are high priests in temples which protect them against the degradation of popular applause. On the high roads they are shifty, always running a bit ahead of the mob, always armed with a new disguise against recognition. Sometimes this is inevitable; one suspects a pose. But the thing that remains as a denial of the honor, of the soldier or of the republican system, is worth mooting. Most great

artists have been supposed to be ahead of their time. They never have been, but they have had a greater understanding of their time than existed among the majority of persons in it. Thus, most great artists, especially those of later days, have been misunderstood by those around them. They have been forced to carry on in comparative loneliness, leaving fame to catch them, generally only some time after death and the constant pounding

of their works had driven an understanding of their interior substance into the heads and hearts of the succeeding generation. This should be better understood in this period than it ever was at any other. We have just gone through a reversal of the artistic fortunes of Manet, Monet, Dégas and Renoir. We have just seen Cézanne, Gauguin and Van Gogh rise, tremendous

shapes, out of an almost black oblivion. We have seen the contemporary popularity of idols like Alma-Tadema and Meissonier dissipated in ten or fifteen years. We know that the favor accorded king pins of the Royal Academy and Salon amounts, internationally, to nothing at all. These facts may account for the attitude of the high priests. But, if they are not enough, there remains one still more salient. This is the sudden birth, in New York at least, of a large and faddishly blasé group of collectors and amateur critics who own, with a priggish hatred of subway mobs, a mad desire to display the preciousness, the meticulousness and the fevility of their taste. It is possible that this inner circle may best be described as a whispering society of discoverers—discoverers of such important rarities as are three-legged beetles. The three-legged beetle is one, I imagine, which, hardly able to stand upon his own feet, will remain in corners out of reach of the sun's revealing light. Admire in him his inability to walk in the way of his brothers, his inevitable breaking of their rules.



The drawings of Yasuo Kuniyoshi, shown this winter at the Daniel Gallery, have had much well-deserved attention. The artist combines in them something of the Japanese love of detail and of the western grasp of the larger aspects of form.



COW AND CALF

DRAWING BY YASUO KUNIYOSHI

Owned by Miss Elizabeth Burroughs

HENRI-MATISSE *in the* SALON



"LA TETE ESPAGNOLE"

BY HENRI-MATISSE

THIS small canvas by Henri-Matisse was a distinct success in the last Salon d' Automne. It is not larger than fourteen by twenty-one inches, but its well-tempered color and skilled design give it the carrying power of a canvas four or five times the size. Scarcely an art review in Paris failed to reproduce it. As they say, "Henri-Matisse is somebody." He not merely holds up where many an innovator has gone down; he advances—his own star, his guide. But he is no longer a "fauve." Among the "wild ones" of today, the Latapies, the Goergs, the Picabias, this exquisite painting in rose, black and gray occupies its wall with aristocratic reserve. It reduces pictorial expression to the simplest forms, yet its effect is opulent. The central position of the face against the rich tapestry of flowers attracts attention, and the repetition of the black in the eyes is probably the secret of their power to draw our glance. They are magnetic and strangely living.—LOUISE GEBHARD CANN

A SHELF of NEW ART BOOKS

VILLAS OF FLORENCE AND TUSCANY, by Harold Donaldson Eberlein. J. B. Lippincott Company, New York. Price \$15.00.

POETS, artists, novelists and architects have found in Tuscany an inexhaustible well of inspiration. Florence and the Florentines offer no encouragement to pale or pinkish personalities. Their characteristics parallel those of America today more closely, perhaps, than do those of any other Europeans, and the expression which their racial traits has in domestic architecture is, therefore, more suitable for our adaptation than is that of the builders of the French chateaux or the manor houses and castles of the landscapes of England.

Mr. Eberlein's book, which seems to have been designed more for the architect's client than for the architect, is devoted to an unusual selection of Tuscan villas. Most of the very familiar ones have been omitted, and the book deals chiefly

with the less palatial buildings. Its greatest value lies in the remarkable completeness of the pictorial presentation of the examples chosen. Most authors have been content to show the salient features of a building or have devoted a great deal of space to charming but, for a book of general information, unnecessary detail. Mr. Eberlein, however, has conveyed the spirit of the villas in a way that cannot fail to fire the imagination of the prospective builder, leaving it to the architect, with complete books of reference at hand, to supply the detail. He has shown rare judgment in the short historical and descriptive references that accompany each group of illustrations, without the sentimental flourish that has marred many books on similar themes. The five short chapters devoted to the development of the Tuscan villas, their furnishing and their gardens, will give the lay reader a general understanding of this type of architecture.

THE DRAWINGS AND ENGRAVINGS OF WILLIAM BLAKE, by Laurence Binyon. The Studio, Ltd., London.

MR. BINYON already has written of Blake, the man, the artist and the poet, in the introduction to his book on that artist, *Illustrations of the Book of Job*, published in 1906. In the present work he is concerned only with Blake, the artist, so far as it is possible to dissociate one part of the man's make-up from the whole. He does not go over the ground covered in his previous book, however, but writes particularly of Blake's works, sometimes analyzing them, sometimes describing, sometimes going into the technical side of the processes which Blake employed and modified to suit his needs. The drawings for *Dante* receive the longest comment, in the course of which Mr. Binyon contrasts the Englishman with Botticelli and asserts that "there are moments in which Blake, by his

intense passions, excels him." It is a book for the lover of Blake, for one who already knows him and will be glad to know him better under sympathetic guidance.

Typographically, the book is unusually fine. Its 104 illustrations include sixteen in color, which give a satisfying idea of that quality of loveliness which Mr. Binyon describes as a "delicate, throbbing, aerial flush." One-fourth of the illustrations have as their source the collection of W. Graham Robinson. The others come from private English collections, the British Museum, the National Gallery of British Art and the Boston Museum. There are also two pencil portraits of Blake by John Linnell.

A HISTORY OF ART, Volume I, by H. B. Cotterill. Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. Price, \$10.00.

IN this first book of his two-volume history of art, Mr. Cotterill attempts to cover the story of architecture, sculpture and painting from the early dynasties of Egypt to the end of the Fifteenth Century, or "the age of Raphael." He begins with the land of the Nile and harks

back in his next two chapters to Babylonia and Assyria and to Aegean art, although not concerning himself with carvings on bones and paintings in caves, despite the importance of these as showing the antiquity of man's fondness for art, knowledge of which is essential to all students of the subject. The seven remaining divisions of the text are devoted to Greece, the Rome of the Republic and the Empire, the arts of the Etruscans, early Christian art, the Romanesque and the Gothic eras

and Italian art of the Trecento and the Quattrocento.

Mr. Cotterill's work is crowded with facts with a correct historical background. His work, however, touches scarcely at all on the economic and social aspects of the periods, which make their history so much more interesting and enlightening. In the chapter on "The Gothic Era" he omits all reference to the joyous spirit of the time which is reflected in the many arts entering into the era's greatest monuments, leaving only the cold, bare record of buildings, sculptures and stained glass. The student will find here the facts of architecture, painting and sculpture, but little of their very human character and—except through the many illustrations—their romantic beauty.

THE SIGNIFICANCE OF THE FINE ARTS: Ten Essays on the Arts. Marshall Jones Company, Boston. Price, \$3.50.

UNDER the direction of the American Institute of Architects, ten authorities on architecture and the other arts wrote this volume for use as a text book in American colleges and for the public. The scope of the work may be indicated by the subjects treated and the name of the writer of each. C. Howard Walker wrote on "Classical



MANY PAINTERS whose honesty otherwise is impeccable would have the public believe that it takes them five or six times longer to paint a picture than it really does. Not so Wayman Adams. He paints portraits quickly and he does not care who knows it. Says Helen Comstock, in the leading article in the May number of *INTERNATIONAL STUDIO*: "Wayman Adams knows how to observe, to record, and to do both quickly. For a portrait painter who desires to achieve something more than simply a distinguished picture, this accomplishment is essential. It enables him to deal with the passing moment which explains personality." Another point about Mr. Adams is that he is a "man's painter." Men like his work, and although some of his finest portraits are those of women, an overwhelming proportion of his sitters have been men. Therefore in choosing a picture to reproduce in color, *INTERNATIONAL STUDIO* decided upon his characteristic presentation of the dramatic critic, Oliver Saylor. Mr. Adams is a big figure in American art and this article will be of interest to every reader.

DO YOU KNOW the wonders of Chinese red lacquer, so intricately carved, so glowing and beautiful in color? Do you know that to every piece that has survived because of its quality there were given not fewer than ten and not more than eighteen layers of the lac (ground with red cinnabar), and that between each application and the next a month was allowed to elapse? Mrs. Gordon-Stables writes entertainingly on this theme in May. There are four reproductions in color, one of them being the supreme masterpiece of cinnabar lacquer, the magnificent throne carved to the order of Emperor Kien-Lung (1736-1795), now in the Victoria and Albert Museum.

A BEAUTY of Nippon will adorn the cover of *INTERNATIONAL STUDIO* for May. At first glance the reproduction will be taken for that of an Eighteenth-Century Japanese color print, but a second look will reveal certain modern traits. Inside the magazine will be two other Japanese color prints in facsimile, a figure, "Passing Rain," and a landscape, "Evening Snow," and the telephone poles in the latter will serve to remove all doubt as to its modernity. These facsimiles, with other reproductions in black and white, will illustrate an article by E. A. U. Valentine on the revival of the color print in Japan and particularly on the work of the two modern masters, Hasui and Shinsui. This feature will bring much pleasure to lovers of Oriental art.

IACOVLEFF, the Russian artist whose work was the subject of an article in this magazine last November and an exhibition of whose pictures toured the American museums last season, has a favorite restaurant in Paris, in the Montmartre section. As a labor, principally of love, he recently decorated its walls with a series of whimsical allegories that astonish with the excellence of their craftsmanship and the amazing humor of their incident. They are reproduced in their entirety in the May number, just as the American exodus to Montmartre will begin.

AN ENGLISH journal not long ago announced that Mr. Frank Brangwyn had been engaged to "decorate the dome

of the Parliament House at Saint Louis, Missouri." While not literally true, the statement had much truth in it. Mr. Brangwyn is one of a large group of artists who have been engaged to provide the mural paintings and sculpture for Missouri's new state capitol at Jefferson City. The cost of this art to the commonwealth will be between \$700,000 and \$1,000,000. It is being done under the direction of a commission on which there is not one politician. The era of cheap capitol decoration on the day-labor plan is over, so far as Missouri is concerned. An article by Emily Grant Hutchings on this astonishing art millennium, profusely illustrated, will be a feature of the May number.

"IF VASARI's description of Leonardo failed to convince a questioning mind as to the super-humanity of this master's character and genius; if, even, his paintings might still leave it doubtful, then his drawings should be called in to bear witness. For there is no evidence of an artist's supremacy more infallible." With these sentences Mme. Muriel Ciolkowska begins her article on the drawings of Leonardo da Vinci in the May number—an article of profound and acute interest both to the artist and the art lover. The illustrations are superb, including a dozen precious examples in European collections, one of which, the sketch for the "Mona Lisa," is reproduced in facsimile.

"DENS, bedrooms, dining rooms, are curiously sophisticated with their Baudelarian blacks and greys, reflected in silver lacquers, in opposition to violent scarlets, absorbent purples, bitter yellows and greens, played in highly personal designs that seem to endow chairs and tables with insinuating speech." This fits the creations of just one of the several famous modern interior decorators who are astonishing and pleasing Paris and who figure in an article written by Louise Gebhard Cann for the May number. Photographs will reveal to *INTERNATIONAL STUDIO*'s readers the surprising designs of these artists. There are no color plates, advisedly, because the resulting explosion might rip the backs off the magazine.

PROBABLY the quaintest article, and certainly one of the most charming, that *INTERNATIONAL STUDIO* will have printed, will be the one on Colonial chimneys which Edward R. Allen has written for the May number. They had a beauty (those of Virginia and those of New England) akin to that of Colonial doorways and Colonial furniture, but aside from this purely art interest, there is one of sentiment. "Ordinarily a chimney is a most prosaic object," says Mr. Allen, "but . . . around them the social life of the New World developed. They were the centers of domestic activity, and as households increased in size they often became literally the centers of the homes." The illustrations that accompany the text make the article doubly captivating.

THE photograph of the "Tete d'expression" by Honoré Daumier which was reproduced in the February issue was used through the courtesy of M. Etienne Bignou, of Paris.

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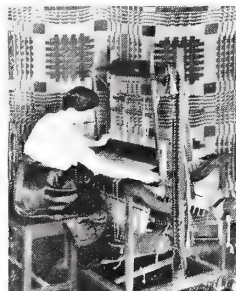
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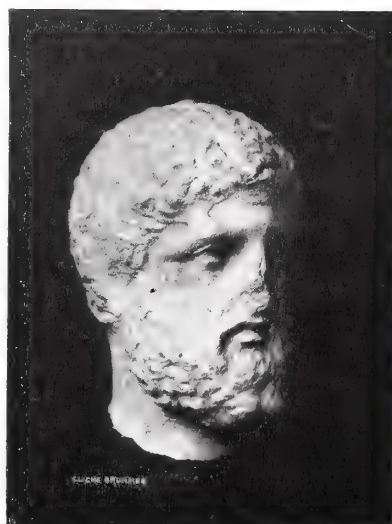
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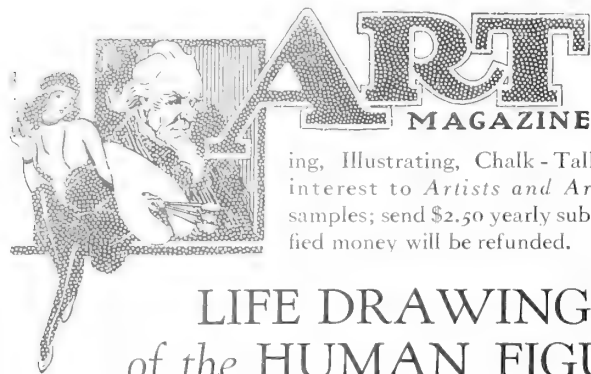
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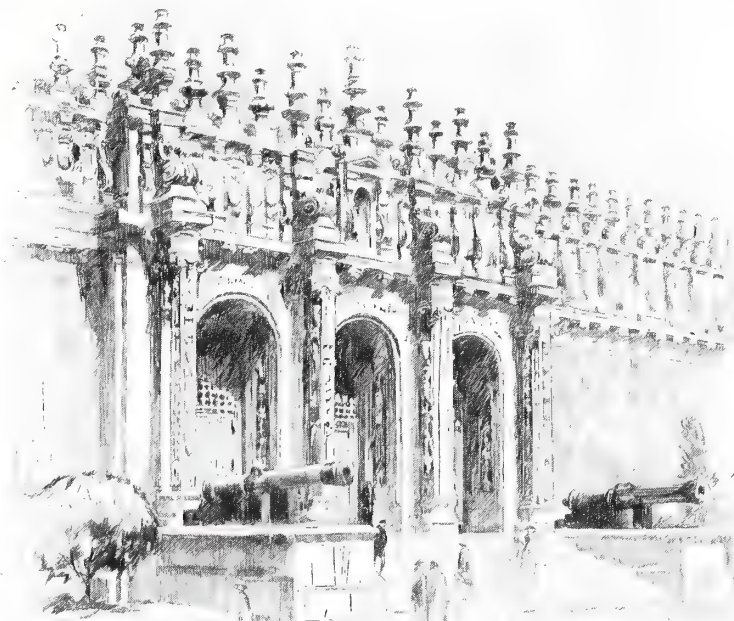
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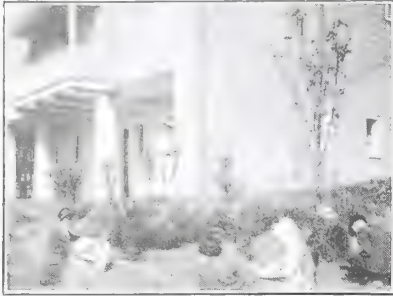
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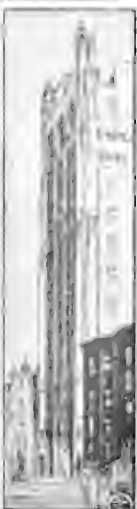
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PORTRAIT OF OLIVER SAYLOR

by

Wayman Adams

Courtesy of Milch Galleries

Portraits of WAYMAN ADAMS

WAYMAN ADAMS knows how to observe, to record, and to do both quickly. For a portrait painter who desires to achieve something more than simply a distinguished

picture, this accomplishment is essential. It enables him to deal with the passing moment which explains personality. These moments are rare and can not be consciously sustained by his subject, nor can they be repeated at will, coincident with the sittings for the artist. So the painter who sets out to transcribe character must equip himself with facility for dealing with the fleeting moment as it passes by mastering his medium.

From the first Adams painted quickly, putting down his impressions with the greatest speed that accuracy would permit. His method today has not been evolved by increasing swiftness with time.

In his early days, when he was studying in Indianapolis, the walls of his studio were covered with photographs of portraits by John Singer Sargent, so that whenever he looked up from his work he saw before him a finished product. This influence directed him rather than coerced, for while the portraits by each man have certain things in common, their similarities are in method and manner of attack rather than in spirit. There is an

They form a brilliant and spontaneous record of many of the personalities of his time by

HELEN GOMSTOCK

aloofness about Sargent, an impenetrable reserve, while in Adams one finds a brusque frankness of style, a more fully expressed vitality.

Adams belongs to that remarkable number of

artists who come from Indiana. He was born in Muncie in 1883. When he was twenty-three years old he went to Indianapolis, working during the day and attending the John Herron Art Institute at night. After three years study there he went to the school which William M. Chase was then conducting in Florence and in the year there he won a prize. In 1912 he went with Robert Henri to Spain. At the time that he was studying Velasquez to great advantage he also found opportunities to record his impressions of the Spain of the day, of the picturesque, gay, sparkling life of the street and of the bull ring. These sketches are refreshing

in their vivacity. They are related in spirit to the series which he painted in San Francisco's Chinatown much later, and to his still more recent pictures of New Orleans. All three were the work of his playtime, having been done for his own amusement. All are stamped with the painter's joy in his subject and seem to have been executed casually, without effort



PORTRAIT OF PROFESSOR
ALEXANDER ERNESTINOFF
BY WAYMAN ADAMS



PORTRAIT OF BOOTH TARKINGTON BY WAYMAN ADAMS

or conscious strain, yet with absorbed attention. Portraits always have been Adams' most serious interest but that does not mean that they are more stiff and labored than these other paintings. On the contrary, they have the same vigor and interest that distinguish the sketches. The first of his portraits that won recognition were those of Booth Tarkington and Alexander Ernestinoff, the latter for years the director of the Indianapolis Orchestra. Tarkington's picture was shown at the annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts in 1914. That of Ernestinoff won the Proctor portrait prize at the National Academy of Design in New York in the same year. This picture also went to the Luxembourg in 1919 in an invited exhibition of American artists. It is a portrait that is fairly representative of its painter.

There are the facile brush work, the firm, accurate drawing, the disregard of non-essentials and the vitality that one finds again and again in his work. The artist caught the expression of that passing moment which has something of permanence in it, which suggests deep-seated characteristics. Yet Adams is not the kind of portrait painter who might say: "I see that this man is a dreamer, that this one is a materialist, and that that one is a keen judge of men, and I will show this characteristic of each in my portrait of him." He is not a subjective analyzer but an objective observer. He looks at the sitter's physiognomy carefully, studies the contour and lines of the face and then transcribes them accurately. When these are on the canvas—not with the inexpressive fidelity of a mask, but suggesting the flow of thought and feeling—the result is an epitome of character. But he has arrived at character presentation by objective means, not by intuition. He simply records, and he lets his record explain the man, just as the man himself does in life.

In 1914 Adams exhibited at the Pennsylvania Academy three portraits which definitely established him as a power among American painters. These were paintings of Charles M. Burns, John McClure Hamilton and Joseph Pennell. Mr. Burns, an architect in Philadelphia and a naval veteran of the Civil War who died last September at the age of eighty-five years, was just the subject for Adams, being a man whose assertive personality could be read in every line of his face. In painting

IRVIN S. COBB AND HIS DAUGHTER

BY WAYMAN ADAMS



his portrait, Adams used the quick, slashing strokes that define structure and surface in one gesture. A brush well loaded but wary of superfluous detail pictured the rugged cheeks and shaggy brows and lingered only over the piercing eyes. There is a suggestion of suspended movement in the figure, as though the veteran moved suddenly forward and grasped the arm of his chair, a characteristic which makes the portrait seem crisp and living—again the fleeting moment.

The portrait of Pennell is only one of many that Adams has painted of that artist. It shows him sketching on top of the Presser building in Philadelphia, holding his work on his knee and scrutinizing some distant object with concentration. In the background the skyline of the city is faintly indicated. It is typical of Adams that he does not take much interest in backgrounds or in definitely relating his subjects to them. There is rarely any detail, any elaborate working out of a setting, seldom any enfolding of atmosphere save in the portrait of Oliver Sayler, which is reproduced here in color. Pennell's portrait was shown also in 1918 at the Chicago Institute of Fine Arts, where it won the Logan medal. It is now in the possession of the Institute. The study of Pennell reproduced herewith shows him in his workshop. It contains hardly more than the bare essentials of form, yet it is spirited and adequate and is interesting in its arrangement of the masses of light and dark. The third picture in the group

PORTRAIT OF JOHN MCCLURE HAMILTON
BY WAYMAN ADAMS



JOSEPH PENNELL IN HIS WORKSHOP, PRINTING
BY WAYMAN ADAMS

exhibited at the Pennsylvania Academy in 1914, that of Hamilton, is not the portrait of him shown here, but one in which he is depicted as standing, overcoated, gloved, with his hat in his hands, against a background of luminous gray. Like the one that is reproduced, it is full of the aloof yet genial spirit of the subject. The eyes, with their drooping lids suggestive of a piercing gaze, are excellently done in both pictures. The portrait in which Hamilton is standing won the Newport Art Association's prize in 1918.

In the following year Adams painted Pennell, Hamilton and Burns conversing together in front of one of Philadelphia's public buildings on a gray day, discussing some topic of interest to all three. He calls the picture "The Conspiracy." Those who know the three appreciate the humor of the title, but it is not necessary to understand the reason for it or to be familiar with the identity of the men to appreciate the picture. That stands on its own merits as something unusually successful in the treatment of a group. It seems that the big thing which Adams has accomplished here is the expression of the unity of feeling that pervades the three, combining their moods for the moment into one as their different interests merge for the time being, yet preserving their individualities.

Another group, "The Art Jury," which represented the artist in the Winter Exhibition of the



"THE ART JURY"

BY WAYMAN ADAMS

Academy last year, is even finer than "The Conspiracy." It is a picture that no doubt will have a greater value in the future than it has today for it is a human document. It seems to be as complete an expression of American life, thought and character as can be given with paint and canvas. Its strength is in its simplicity, its directness, its honesty. The men whom he paints are four artists of Indiana who have been determining factors in the growth of art in that state. They are



"OLD NEW ORLEANS MAMMY"

BY WAYMAN ADAMS

T. C. Steele, Otto Stark, J. Otis Adams and William Forsyth. The arrangement of the group is a natural one. It seems that the four would have stood in just this way in front of a picture if they were judging it. Yet a more difficult arrangement could hardly have been selected from the artist's point of view. It would have been so much easier to dodge the issue of presenting four standing figures in close proximity, four pairs of legs in bewildering juxtaposition, four heads turned the same way. The artist could have introduced some piece of studio property, a table perhaps, or he could have had one of the group seated or employed one of a dozen artifices to make his problem easier. He took the hardest way, however, and the picture is all the greater for his having greatly achieved where he greatly dared.

Although Adams almost always has painted men, he has also given us some remarkable portraits of women and children. That of Miss Roda Sellick, an art teacher in Indianapolis, is one of the finest, most delicate, keen-edged things that he ever has done. It has a lightness of touch that is the very antithesis of that used in the portrait

of Mr. Burns and yet it is equally sure and penetrating. The way in which the right hand and arm are painted is one of those things in which the painter has gone just far enough in the matter of detail. Sometimes Adams slights hands a little, which we regret especially when it is an artist's hand that he might show us, like those of Pennell and Hamilton, but this is one case in which we can find no fault. Of portraits

of children, "The Little Girl in Blue" is one of the most charming that we know and inspires the wish that he would do more of them. It has the refreshing quality of childhood itself. Adams has painted other pictures of children in a mural which adorns the walls of the children's ward in the Burdsal unit of the City Hospital of Indianapolis. For this he found his models in the children of all nationalities whom he saw on the streets of that city, so that the pictures seem especially to belong to the children who are cared for in the hospital.

"Old New Orleans Mammy" was painted when the artist was in the South a little more than a year ago. A black and white reproduction is not fair to the fine color of this picture, for it robs it of the vivid pink of the oleander at the top and of the red and green interwoven in the pattern of the bandanna handkerchief. In the placing of the figure on the canvas and in the pose of the head the artist has been particularly happy.

The portrait which introduces this article, that of Mr. Saylor, illustrates even better the completeness which Adams can achieve and still use means that are as direct as ever. It is true that he uses a little more detail, the Chinese figure of an actor being an appropriate as well as decorative touch of color in the portrait of a dramatic critic. Light runs through the whole picture, illuminating the background, enfolding the figure, reflecting from the pages spread on the table. It is not a figure painted against a background but one painted within an environment. This effect is obtained with the emphasis centered solely on the qualities that make a portrait. It is Saylor's personality that dominates the picture. If a man's characteristics can be read in his eyes, surely the appraising, judging, weighing glance of Mr. Saylor proclaims the nature of his capacities. He is evidently one who is accustomed to watch things closely, trained to concentrate, and above all to select and discriminate. The portrait of Irvin S. Cobb and his

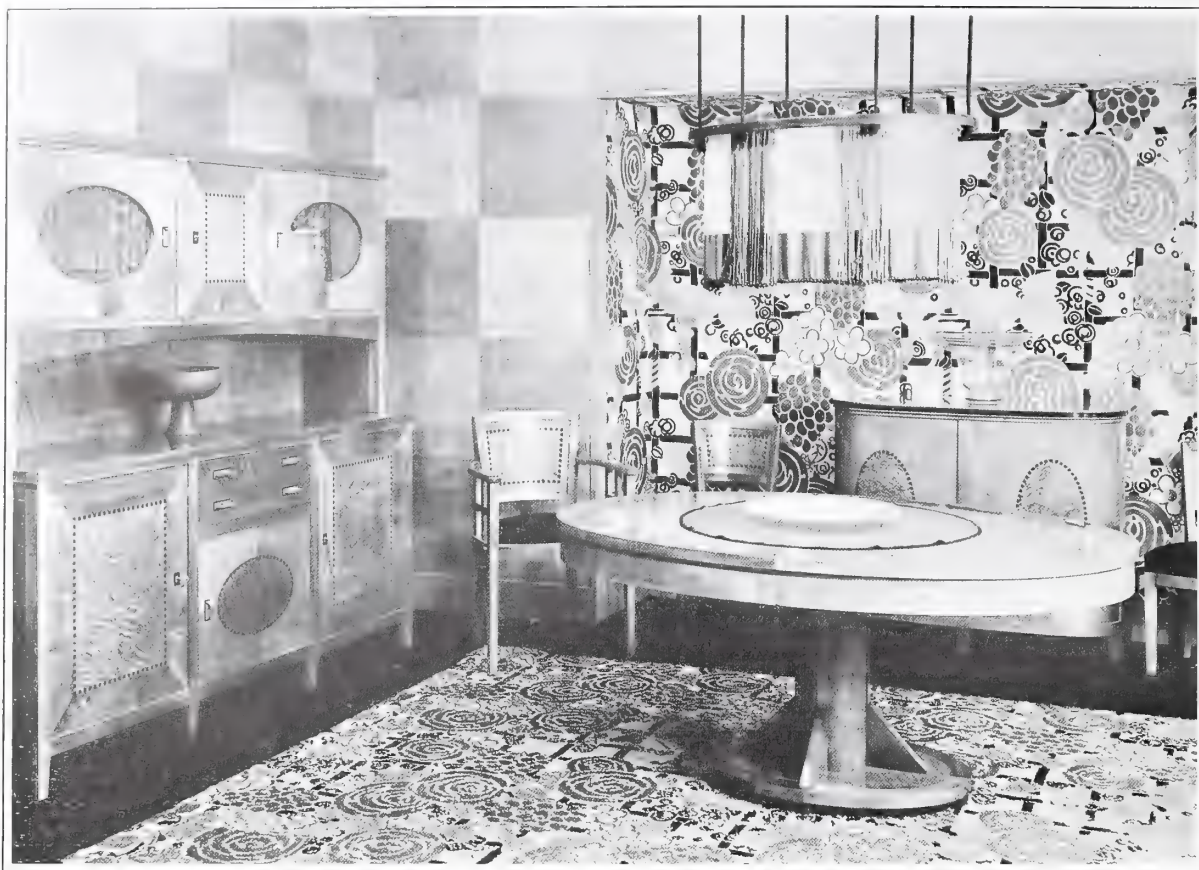


"THE CONSPIRACY"

BY WAYMAN ADAMS

daughter, shown this spring at the National Academy of Design, was selected by the critics as an outstanding picture among hundreds.

Adams paints a portrait in a single sitting, feeling that he must keep what he gains in the first illuminating comprehension of what should go into its making. He feels that he can do it only by completing his work while that impression is clear. Working over a canvas only clouds and confuses, and the detail that is gained by no means makes up for the vital things that are lost. One does not feel that because Adams sketches in a background or simply suggests a texture he is unable to cope with the situation. It is rather that he has made his selection of what is important to him and has concentrated his energies on a single point, the creation of a portrait that is alive.



DINING ROOM

BY FRANÇOIS JOURDAIN

The Paris Mode in FURNITURE

THE furniture displayed in the last *Salon d'Automne* in Paris by the interior decorators of the French capital, although apparently comprehensible to the French critics, who follow the mode, was as evidently baffling to the public, including the handful of visitors from the United States. To be sure, this assertion is not founded on statistics—these probably would convince us that the models were understood and approved, since it is the very nature of figures to overturn our impressions—and in default of tabulated data we base our opinion on the disconcerted gestures and grimaces of the throngs at the *Salon* and on the

Work of modern decorators is startling, decidedly, both as to its design and its color by
Louise Gebhard GANN

EBONY CABINET WITH IVORY INLAY
BY J. E. RUHLMANN

scathing comments of the Lady-from-San Francisco.

The screens, chair backs and wall-paper of the Flandrin dining-room, executed in the Flandrin studios at Grenoble and reproducing *motifs* from the paintings of the artist, were certainly not monotonous, with their contrasts of reds and greens against white and black. These virile patterns of horses and riders, of dancers, of trees with heavy verdure, although possibly all very well for hunting lodges or the bachelor apartments of sportsmen, are appalling nevertheless to the average soul who thinks of abiding with them day after day for years at a stretch. In all these arrangements of

Mme. Charlotte Chauchet-Guilleré, of MM. Bagge and José de Andrada, of Dufet, of Raoul Dufy, few persons could feel themselves at home. The dens, bedrooms, diningrooms were curiously sophisticated, with their Baudelarian blacks and grays, reflected in silver lacquers, in opposition to violent scarlets, absorbent purples, bitter yellows and greens, played in highly personal designs that seemed to endow chairs and tables with insinuating speech. A Balzac could build up an entire human comedy out of these so dramatic or lyric installations. An actress who never sets foot on the ground but is carried from door to carriage by African servants and who is addicted to strange perfumes and the repertoire of d'Annunzio and H. R. Lenormand might find her entire being in these walls stretched with velvets and silks, these tall vases with the entasis of the human torso, these poignant lustres of gray birch and Macassar ebony. In so funereal a room designed for a man, one might suppose, a narcotic-inspired millionaire might image pages of perfect and insidious prose. At any rate, however, the occupant of these ingenious and fantastic abodes would hardly stamp his personality on his environment—one of our pleasant fictions with which he would have to dispense—for these temperamental wall-papers, cabinets, beds and tabourets would reduce him to an understudy of themselves.

We must admit, however, that all this skilfully wrought and stimulating furniture is intimately connected with the time in which we live, is accurately expressive of its civilization. If we take the pains to trace the meaning of these proportions, these colors that stand out like exclamation points or question marks or subside into gray acquiescence, these nuances underlying the curves

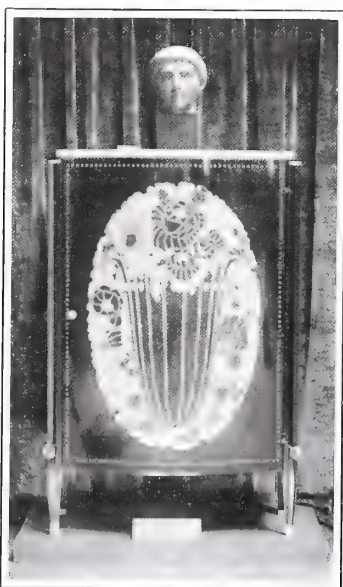


SMALL SITTING ROOM

BY J. E. RUHLMANN

and spaces, these novel juxtapositions, we shall divine the uncommonplace sensibility of an age whose artificial refinement reaches as high a perfection, if not a higher, than that of the periods of Louis XV, XVI or XIV. We see, perhaps as never before, untrammelled individual expression in the interior decorator, and we witness collaboration between the artisan and the creative artist, which is to say that we are realizing an ideal condition.

In François Jourdain and Jacques Emile Ruhlmann we find the two extremes of the modern movement. M. Jourdain aims at the strictly utilitarian. M. Ruhlmann designs solely for the extremely wealthy—frankly, the post-war aristocracy of newly acquired fortunes. M. Jourdain showed in his well-invented, precise and practical office of the


EBONY CABINET WITH IVORY INLAY
BY J. E. RUHLMANN



LIBRARY IN WALNUT, GRAY, BLUE AND ORANGE
BY FRANÇOIS JORDAIN

Salon d'Automne the adaptation of his ideas to daily life. Whatever artistic effect there be is derived immediately from fitness to ordinary use. One may not like his bedroom in white sycamore with orange hangings and counterpane ornamented with black *soutache* appliqué to go with the black chair covers, the theme of orange, white and black carried out in squares, but it is undoubtedly sufficiently austere for perfect cleanliness in an age when servants have joined the dodo. M. Jourdain assuredly has the odd faculty of uniting noisiness and eccentricity to the practical. Although he uses natural colors, as in his diningroom of polished gray sycamore with its white and beige background and its general *motif* of orange, gray and black, he leads up to his inevitable orange and black abruptly through quaint arabesques, with the result that our first impression, at least, is crude. His interiors are uniformly naive, suggesting a child's party that never ends, and one is not surprised to find his nursery a truly delightful place. One can not help thinking, on the other hand, that his libraries are slightly abnormal. They remind one of stout, elderly, dim-eyed men who read *Peter and Wendy* after dinner, or of a club of women school teachers who cheer up on Kewpies and "Keep Smiling" mottoes. These sets may be an escape from the modern grind, but they are unreal.

There is in the interiors of M. Ruhlmann none of the humorous fantasy of M. Jourdain, who, for

the rest, seems to lack profound sensibility of *la vie intime*. M. Ruhlmann, while formal, elegant and worldly in his designs, has this sensibility to a marked degree. His small *salon*, for instance, with its walls stretched with silk velvet of negro-head gray, printed with a touch of vermillion to repeat the background of red Chinese lacquer in the book cases, is all that is *chic*, exclusive and intimate. Its luxury is subtle and suggests refined dilettantism in the occupant. His diningroom with stone floor from which mount stone supports for the table is carried out in sombre theme from the black marble table top to the ceiling in dark woods in accord with the hangings and the mural decorations based on negro-head gray. It is severe, yet seductively beautiful; princely, but singularly home-like. M. Ruhlmann is admitted to be a magician of the decorative arts. His execution, to the smallest accessory, attains perfection. He has been criticized for calling his furniture "*precieux*."

While the designation seems to be slightly affected, he actually employs rare materials, ebones, violet and citron woods, ivory, amaranthus, and with the imagination of a creative artist he evolves cabinets, buffets, the interiors of palaces, of the utmost simplicity, harmony and distinction. His inlays are as rich as old lace turned

into ivory; they recall the mosaics of a Venetian jeweler. In his cabinet in the Galliera museum, his use of line is characteristic, showing a tact and precision that few can emulate. His ebony case, purchased for the Luxembourg by the French State from the *Salon d'Automne*, is dazzling in its



NURSERY

BY FRANÇOIS JORDAIN



BEDROOM

BY FRANÇOIS JORDAIN

ivory and amaranthus inlay of roses in a vase against the swelling Macassar ebony, but the ornamenta-

lead us almost imperceptibly into the novel, and they respond with finesse to the deeply human

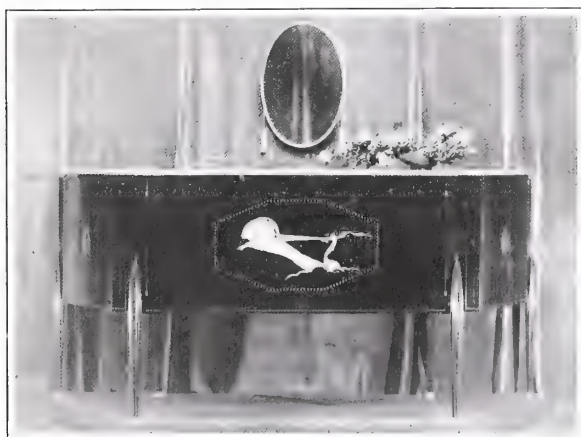


DINING ROOM WITH STONE FLOOR, TABLE AND CONSOLE, AND DARK OAK BEAMS
BY J. E. RUHMANN

tion displaces the object that holds it, showing frankly a passion for splendor. His long, graceful buffet, with its ivory quadriga and inset of ivory points, has that balance and restraint which may be more permanently satisfying. His creations, although expressly intended for persons of huge fortune, are authoritatively real. Founded on the classical tradition, they

desire for surroundings of luxury and beauty. Like persons and animals of "race," they give us

the illusion of hidden fascination that acquaintance might uncover. It is this artistic verity that assures their influence as an expression not only of modern taste, but also of the more enduring quality which, being true, is greater than a transitory fad, the quality common to good work of all styles and periods.



BUFFET
BY J. E. RUHMANN



"MISSOURI IN WAR"

BY CHARLES HOFFBAUER

ART *in* MISSOURI'S CAPITOL

THE world has not been in the habit of looking to Missouri as a pace-maker in things artistic, so the announcement in an English journal that Frank Brangwyn had been engaged for the work of "decorating the dome of the Parliament House at Saint Louis, Missouri," gave the world of art on both sides of the Atlantic a shock. The nature of the shock differed in the two hemispheres, however. On this side, the idea of a "Parliament House in Saint Louis" was as novel as, on the other, was the idea that anyone west of New York would know or care about the kind of mural decoration which has established Brangwyn in reputation as the colorist of his age.

Critical inspection of the leading capitols of the United States would serve to confirm the European in his conviction that the builders of state houses are interested primarily in providing jobs for journeymen painters, as well as for masons and plumbers—for artisans rather than for artists. The average state legislator may be a good lawyer, a good editor, even a good banker, but he probably leaves the adornment of his home to his wife, who, in turn, leaves it to the head of the art department in the nearest department store or to the president of the Self Culture Club, who derives her convictions from the woman's page of some popular magazine. The idea that experts should be appointed to look after the details of public work is as yet radical and undemocratic; but behold what Missouri did when, in 1917, the new capitol building in Jefferson City was nearing completion and the question of an appropriation for its final adornment was before the legislature. Before the decid-

*Historic events and persons
of the State made subjects
of mural decorations by
famous painters . . . by*
Emily Grant Hutchins

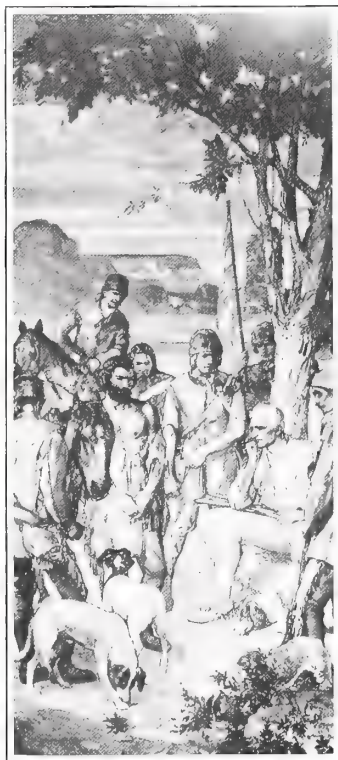
ing vote was cast—as a result of which approximately three-quarters of a million dollars ultimately will be available for decorations alone—Governor Gardner announced that he

had appointed a Capitol Decorations Commission to have complete charge of the selection, not only of furniture, fixtures, plastic and graphic ornament, but also of the artists and business firms who were to execute these commissions. In the list there was not one politician. John Pickard, professor of the History of Art in the University of Missouri, at Columbia, is president of this body, which already has directed the spending of four hundred thousand dollars for mural paintings, sculptures, stained glass, tapestries, rugs and draperies. The vice-president is William K. Bixby, of Saint Louis, collector of books and pictures and one of the early supporters of Washington University and the Museum of Fine Arts. The active secretary is Arthur A. Kocian, an intimate acquaintance of artists. The other members are J. F. Downing, secretary of the Kansas City Society of Artists, and Mrs. W. R. Paynter, known for her fostering of the study of art by women for the enrichment of their lives.

The architects of the capitol, Messrs. Tracy and Swartwout, of New York, provided an abundance of spaces available for decoration. The four enormous pendentives and the eye of the dome were painted by Brangwyn. To this contract has been added the decoration of the eight peculiarly shaped panels which form the ceiling of the lower rotunda. At the corners of the square corridor which encloses the rotunda are small

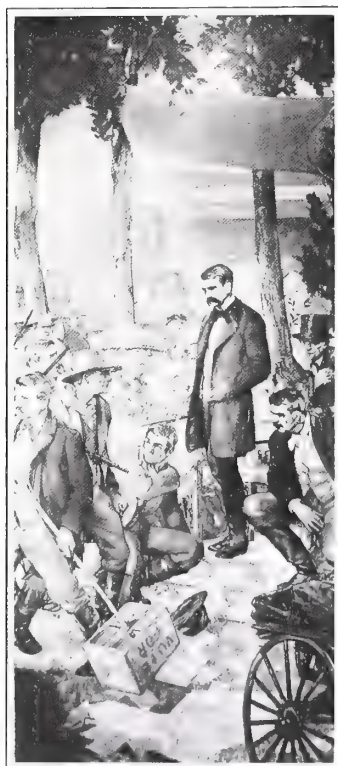
rotundas, each with a dome to be painted in harmony with the main scheme of color and incident. In all the corridors are panels and lunettes, so decorated as to accentuate the simplicity of a spacious interior finished entirely in Carthage marble.

To Richard E. Miller fell the task of creating four panels eight feet wide and nineteen feet high for the Senate Chamber. These must not only be restrained in color but they also must deal with events of the state's contact with the nation. Daniel Boone, Lewis and Clark, Thomas H. Benton and Frank P. Blair, each presented in an environment that would call to mind a proud moment in history, were selected as the subjects after the artist had canvassed a wide range of incidents. The first sketches submitted to the commission were his Benton and his Lewis and Clark expedition. For the setting of the former he chose the rotunda of the old court house in Saint Louis with its second story balcony. The incident was Senator Benton's famous address in favor of the first transcontinental railroad, when, pointing toward the West, he cried: "There is the East! There lies India!" In violation of historic fact, Miller painted daintily clad women on the ground floor of the court house. Women had access only to the gallery above the speaker's head, but the artist's eye was fixed on the decorative as well as on the historic phase of his subject and needed a woman right in the foreground. When the men from the legislature noted the astonishing texture of her dress and bonnet, they agreed unanimously to let her keep her seat. It may be said in passing that this is not the only mural in the capitol that has come in for a drubbing at the hands of the stickler for historic exactitude, but in each instance the Capitol Decorations Com-



"DANIEL BOONE AT THE
JUDGMENT TREE"
BY RICHARD E. MILLER

"FRANK P. BLAIR AT BOWLING GREEN,
1869, DELIVERING A SPEECH
AGAINST CARPET BAGGERS"
BY RICHARD E. MILLER



mission has sustained the artist and the critics have yielded to expert authority. The Lewis and Clark panel, with its ten figures grouped around the old entrance to the White House—the doorway reproduced from authentic drawings—afforded Miller excellent opportunity for the display of his skill as a painter of still life. A panel that might have been congested in the middle space and empty at its extremes, he enriched it with a mass of Indian trophies at the base and the undulating folds of the American flag at the top. The outer panels were less difficult to manage. For each of them he chose an outdoor setting—the famous Judgment Tree, under which Boone held the first court west of the Mississippi, and the little public square at Bowling Green where, in 1868, General Blair, then a candidate for the vice-presidency, denounced carpet-bagging. Between these two pairs of panels and directly behind the rostrum of the Senate there ultimately will be a great stained-glass window commemorating De Soto's discovery of the Mississippi, for which Miller has done the cartoons. The furniture of the chamber is in dull-finished walnut, the carpet and upholstery are unobtrusive but rich in quality.

The House chamber, at the west side of the third floor rotunda, contains only one mural, a canvas forty-nine feet long, which occupies the entire wall space at the back of the main gallery for visitors, directly opposite the speaker's rostrum. It is the work of Charles Hoffbauer and represents "Missouri in War." One continuous composition, filled with incidents of battle yet with no suggestion of crowding, a gray sky broken by shattered tree trunks, a distant village huddled around an old stone church whose mass is balanced by a dramatic cloud formation, a

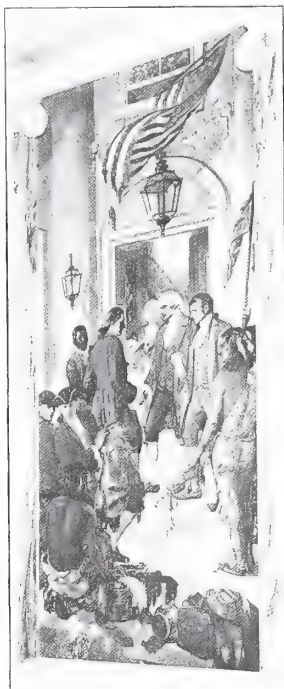


"ATTACK ON THE VILLAGE OF ST. LOUIS"
BY OSCAR E. BERNINGHAUS

score of figures in the foreground producing the illusion of a whole battalion, an arrangement of horses and cannon, motor cycles and supply wagons so grouped as to appease the demand for war's realism and yet retain the flatness and simplicity of a mural—this constitutes a triumph in decorative painting. The chamber itself is a masterpiece of architectural and decorative coordination. Three groups of stained-glass windows, designed and executed by Schladermundt at Bronxville, combine symbolic suggestion with a beautiful arrangement of colors. The woodwork and furniture are of mahogany. The whole gives the impression of having been "built around" Hoffbauer's painting.

The governor's reception room, on the floor below, is large and oval with an elaborate wall treatment, providing spaces for the portraits of four distinguished Missourians: Mark Twain, Major Rollins, Susan Blow and Eugene Field, all from the brush of Gari Melchers. The Senate lounge is one of the most attractive apartments in the building. Its walls are of carved oak, framing twelve tapestries by Lorentz Kleiser, each one having for its decorative *motif* some industry or historic incident of the state. The House lounge and the library are only a little less beautiful. The latter, which affords a superb view of the Missouri river and the undulating valley, is finished with an amber skylight suggested by the illumination of Napoleon's tomb. This golden skylight eclipses all other decorations of the capitol. Swartwout's placing of the skylight had much to do with the legislature's eager passing of the bill for the second large appropriation for decorating the capitol.

To the general run of visitors, the most appealing part of the decorations thus far installed is the



"THE RETURN OF THE LEWIS
AND CLARK EXPEDITION"
BY RICHARD E. MILLER

series of sixteen lunettes, each nine and one-half feet high and sixteen feet long, in the balcony above the Museum of Natural Resources and the Soldiers' and Sailors' Museum, which stretch east and west of the main floor rotunda. On the walls are eight murals commemorating Missouri's participation in the early Indian wars, in the Mexican, the Civil, the Spanish-American and the European wars. First in order is "An Indian Attack on the Village of St. Louis" about 1780, painted by Oscar E. Berninghaus. Across the open light well, with its double balustrade, is Henry

Reuterdahl's "The Navy Guards the Way," with date of 1918. There is ample space for viewing even such broadly impressionistic painting as this tremendous decoration, and a long series of experiments in lighting, conducted by L. S. Parker, unofficial adviser to the Capitol Decorations Commission, resulted in a combination of shaded and colored lights to bring out the color scheme of each decoration. The second lunette, also from Berninghaus' brush, is an arrangement of Indians and ponies painted, not in the thin atmosphere of Taos, where that brush is usually dipped in dazzling sunshine, but in the sedate light of Miami Bend, with the winding Missouri in the background and the mounted figure of General Henry Dodge occupying the center of the composition. Following this, in historical order, is Fred G. Carpenter's stirring and highly decorative

panel of the Doniphan expedition storming the Sacramento Heights in 1847. The last lunette at this side of the corridor, "The Entrance of Missouri Troops into Havana, 1898," was thrown out

"BATTLE OF WILSON'S CREEK"

BY N. C. WYETH



of historic sequence that Carpenter's two canvases might be together. Facing them, across the museum's width of sixty feet, are two Civil War pictures by N. C. Wyeth, "The Battle of Wilson's Creek" and that other decisive engagement, "The Battle of Westport Landing." As Missouri is still fighting that old internecine conflict, it behooved the commission to select two battles, one in which the South was victorious and one won by the Union.

While the function of mural decoration is far removed from the needs of the historian or the illustrator, it is interesting to note that between Wyeth's handling of a cavalry charge on the border of Kansas and Adolph Blondheim's "Missouri Troops at Vaquois Heights" there is broadly suggested the difference between the methods of warfare in the early sixties and those which prevailed in the last war. The latter, with its flat treatment, its dull glare of battle on trench helmets, its blurring of the distance, is a nerve sedative to the visiting layman who, without this intervention of modernism, would hardly survive the shock of Reuterdahl's overwhelming creation, the last one in the Soldiers' and Sailors' Museum. It is whispered that when the commission prepared to ask the legislature for its second appropriation, it took counsel of its own better judgment and secreted Reuterdahl's canvas, declaring to the assembled senators and representatives that it had been delayed in shipment. Art critics are amazed at this touch of extreme modernism. "Fifty years hence," they declare, "people will be saying 'How did Missouri stand for such a stupendous piece of painting? How did the commission have the nerve to accept it?'" But the West is not behind the times.

"THE NAVY GUARDS THE WAY"

BY HENRY REUTERDAHL



"BATTLE OF WESTPORT LANDING"

BY N. C. WYETH

Of the eight lunettes in the museum at the other side of the rotunda, three are rather prosaic in theme. The legislator may be a farmer, or he has an agricultural constituency, and the fertile acres of Missouri must be amply represented in a museum which brings together the state's resources.

There is Humphrey Woolrych's north-western farm and there is Charles Galt's "reclaimed swamp land" in the south-eastern corner of the state, each taxing the decorator's ingenuity at finding something decorative in perfectly flat land. A yet more difficult theme was that assigned to Robert Kissack—a tongue

of land fifteen miles long between the Missouri and the Mississippi, proclaimed as the richest soil in the world outside the valley of the Nile. At its upper end is Portage des Sioux, where less than a century ago the Indians carried their canoes on their heads across two miles of alluvial flats from one river to the other. A company of braves making a portage would have been paintable, but the Sioux had little to do with Missouri's resources. No, Kissack must not paint history. He must paint corn land, with the Mississippi in the foreground and the Missouri in the distance. He did, and the result is altogether charming. Of the five remaining lunettes, the one most nearly approaching pure decoration is Edmund Wuerpel's "Ha-Ha-Tonka," the first of Missouri's state parks in the foothills of the Ozark mountains. Two of the themes are drawn from the higher reaches of the Ozarks: Ralph Ott's broadly handled hill and river composition with the dam and waterfall at Powersite in the foreground, and Tom P. Barnett's dramatic interpretation of the lead mining indus-



"BATTLE OF SACRAMENTO, DONIPHAN EXPEDITION"

BY FRED G. CARPENTER



"MISSOURI TROOPS AT VAUQUOIS HEIGHTS"

BY ADOLPH BLONDHEIM

try at Joplin. The latter, with its tragic old shaft-house reflected in an iridescent pool of waste water, its piles of "chats"—lavender, yellow, gray and rose in the late afternoon sun—its harmonious composition, its fidelity to fact, is one of the most popular decorations in the building. In the minds of many visitors, its sharpest rival is Frank Nuderscher's brilliant treatment of the Eads bridge and the teeming industry of the levee at Saint Louis. It is fitting that this bridge, one of the few old and really beautiful bridges in America, should have permanent representation in the new state capitol. The commission selected Nuderscher for this work because of his knowledge of mechanical forms and his strong feeling for decorative effect. Robert E. Ball, of

Mr. Frank Brangwin's decorations in the Missouri Capitol will be discussed in a future issue of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO.
Photographs courtesy of the Missouri Capitol Decorations Commission.



"RICHES FROM THE MINES—JOPLIN LEAD DISTRICT"
BY TOM P. BARNETT



"THE ARTERY OF TRADE—EADS BRIDGE, ST. LOUIS"
BY FRANK NUDERSCHER

Kansas City, was chosen to depict "The Gateway of the West," with its outlook upon the plains of Kansas from a cliff. This is the last of the decorations in the Museum of Natural Resources.

It is now six years since the Capitol Decorations Commission was appointed. Another six years will be required for the completion of the sculptural adornment, including a majestic frieze, a pediment of eleven heroic figures and two historic groups for the main entrance. When this work has been accomplished, Missouri will have expended on the adornment of her State

House a sum more than twice as large as that spent by any other state in the Union. Even now the old hill town of Jefferson City boasts what is essentially a monument to the principle of expert service in the supervision of public work, a principle that should more often be followed.



"GO-DOWNS BY THE RIVER"

BY HASUI

JAPAN'S *Color-Print* REVIVAL

THE revival of the color print in Japan is the most interesting side of that country's contemporary art movements. Nothing was so distinctive of Japanese craft or a more precious memorial of the nation's whilom days. The earliest adumbrations of the art, confined to court subjects, have the historic value of Bayeux tapestries, while the travel scenes in Hiroshige's famed "Tokaido" suite give us all the quaint charm and homely evocations of period that one savors in Chaucer's *Canterbury Pilgrims*.

Curiously enough, the print was the first form of esthetic expression to suffer when the tide of raw materialism rolled over Japan after the political irruptions of the Meiji era. Its ready extinction was expedited, no doubt, by lack of foreign appreciation. It was not comprehended like ceramics or obvious things in bronze and ivory; and the Japanese themselves, adapting their ideas to imported criterions, were all too prone to accept that judgment of its unimportance as final. By the time that De Goncourt, to whom the Japanese print owes pioneer European *cachet*, discovered its capturing uniqueness, the damage to its life had been

Ukiyoye style of presenting every day scenes, once abandoned as inartistic, is taken up again by
E. A. U. VALENTINE

done. Hiroshige, the last of the masters, had passed away, leaving only uninspired imitators, and further check was dealt in the perfunctory canons of printers, the substitution of foreign

colors, and different, inferior paper. Whatever the cause of the decline, no admirer of Japanese prints can contemplate that puerile aftermath without a sigh over the effect of commercial precepts on an art-loving race and its means of expression.

One of the problems which the producer of the print meets to-day is finding the artisan whose spirit of workmanship accords with a delicate task. The color print is not a mechanical product. Its manual side is what ranges it in the category of a fine art. Partisans of the Japanese print insist that its excellence surpasses any pictorial art of the western world, and foreign artists who have essayed the process freely admit the need of recourse to Japanese workmen. Unhappily the number of these fit for the labor is small enough even in Japan, where inefficiency has kept pace with industrial evolution. S. Watanabe, a well-known publisher in Tokyo, to whom the color print mainly owes its resuscitation, has been able,



"A WOMAN OF ILL FAME"

BY SHINSUI

however, to solve these difficulties. His enthusiasm for the print has achieved the right morale in a workshop where the old traditions are the inflexible law. The paper employed for impressions is made of mulberry bark, the pigment is native paints mixed with rice paste according to the

ancient custom, while the various cherrywood blocks necessary to a polychrome picture on which the artist's design is cut are carefully tinted by hand under the close supervision of the artist himself. It is only by this intimate *liaison* of artist and artisan that results, commensurate with those of past times, have been made possible of achievement in these days.

Since the premature, much-lamented death of Hashiguchi Goyo, there are two still youthful artists of Tokyo, Hasui and Shinsui, who have reaped the palms in color prints in the

The color reproductions on the next and following pages are

"EVENING SNOW"

by Hasui

and

"PASSING RAIN"

by Shinsui

annual Ueno Park art exhibitions of a city associated with the highest achievements of the Ukiyoye school. Ukiyoye, or "passing world," style of prints is the designation applied to such prints as portray everyday scenes in distinction to those treating aristocratically aloof themes — restrictions from which Hiroshige was a sturdy reactionist. Like Hokusai, Hiroshige raised landscape to an absorption in itself rather than an incidental background to *samurai* stateliness and valor. A prime difference between the two master landscapists was their variance in vision. Hokusai saw nature in her exalted

moods, voicing the pantheism of Japan, a Japan of towering mountain masses, wild waterfalls and majesty of tempest. There is a grand gesture about his most representative landscapes that is best valued through a knowledge of native symbolism. Hiroshige preferred to sound a commoner note,



大正九年
己卯

大正六年五月
三井
水





"NIGHT RAIN AT MII TEMPLE"

BY SHINSUI



"KARAHASI BRIDGE OF SETA"

BY SHINSUI

to give us a Japan of human, gentler guise. There is little need of rubric for these prolific memorials from his pencil. His closer consonance with our western laws of perspective adds to their homely, sometimes half-humorous, appeal to the alien eye. Always a popular model in Japan, it is natural that his influence should be felt in the modern artistic movements there, and both Hasui and Shinsui are frankly his disciples.

Of the two only Shinsui has attempted *genre* work. In this field in Japan precedent still weighs heavily. There are conventions that, often fantastic, like Utamaro's thin, elongated ladies, must be grasped for proper appreciation of the picture. The three-quarter face is one of these conventions in portraiture that have come down in unbroken line of succession. Shinsui here shows his independence in presenting profiles, as instanced by his most talked-of picture, "A Girl Looking at a Mirror," reproduced on the cover of this issue. The charm of this print is the glowing crimson kimono of the kneeling figure contrasted with her dead-black hair and powdered pale face, and the langorous abstraction of the pose. Of his other half-dozen female studies, the semi-nude, called "After Bathing," may be regarded as his radical departure from tradition, for in Japanese art the undraped form has ever been rigidly banned.

It is noticeable in the landscapes of the two—now numbering several score—that that favorite

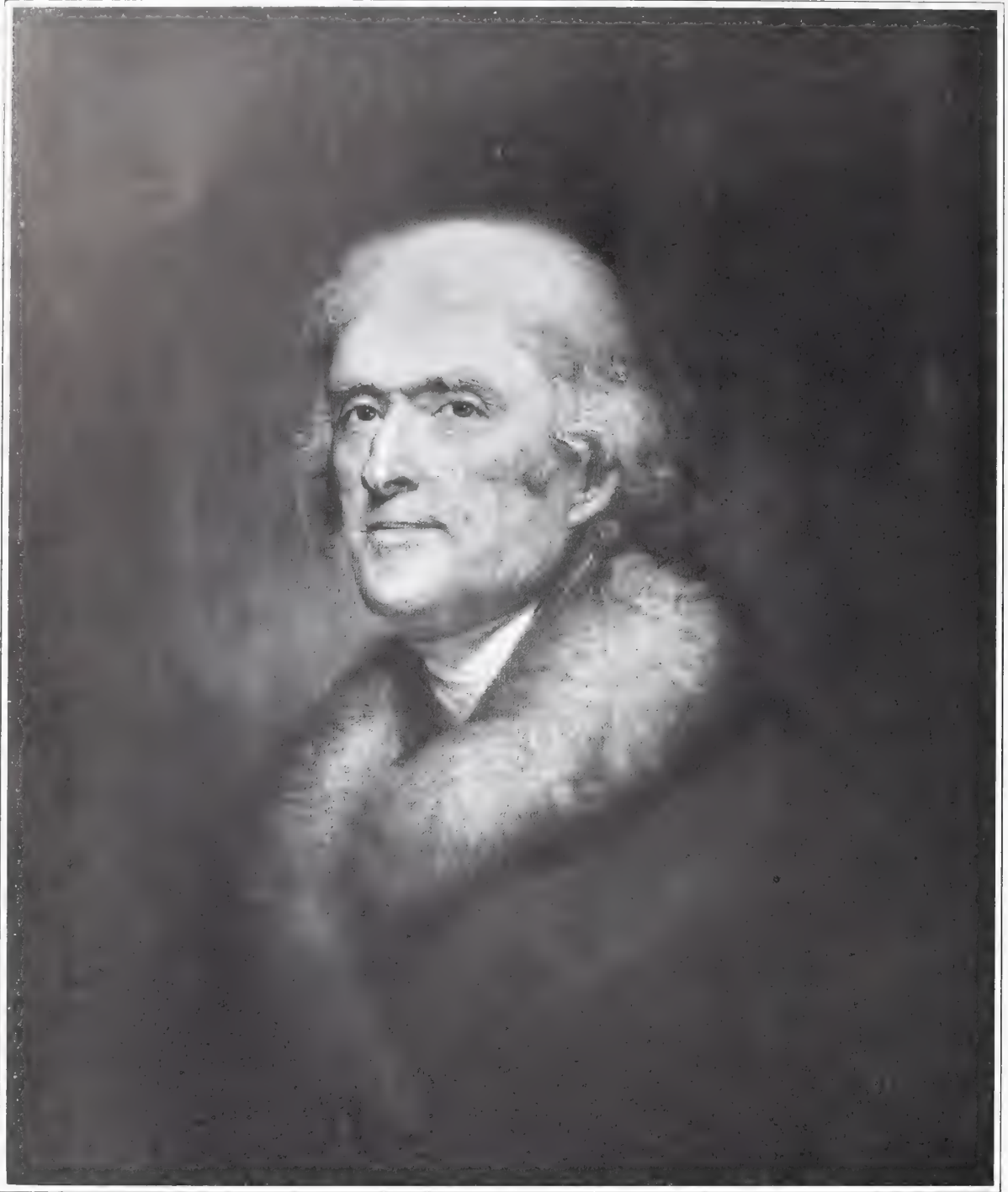
subject of Japanese painters, Fujiama, the sacred mount, never once appears, it may be from reluctance to challenge comparison with Hokusai and Hiroshige or from a sense that it has been over-exploited. Harder to avoid in a clime such as Japan's, are familiar rain and snow storms, and despite Hiroshige's perfection in depicting these, a great proportion of the pictures is studies of the manifold effects of these storms on backgrounds of forest, ruffled lake or nestling village. There are, in fact, few landscapes or sea views where bright sunshine varies an inclination for the wistful and half-melancholy note. In the methods employed in these snowbound or rain-streaked landscapes there is versatility as striking as it is distinctively Japanese. The freshness of many of the views adds to the pleasure in their sensitive color harmonies and capable composition. In this uncommonplace yet intimate Japan that the artists have given us, there is the spirit eager to find beauty everywhere—in the symbols of industrial Osaka with its giant, factory chimneys and canal-fronting go-downs, as well as in glimpses under the moon of magic seashore coigns or old temples wrapped in midnight's spectral blue. Now and then, in work varying in success of experiment, are traces of Western influence; but the best of the work is that which is truest to native inspiration as the medium in which the artists express themselves pertains primarily to Japan.



豊成画
九

"GIRL WITH A RED HEAD DRESS"

BY SHINSUI



PORTRAIT OF THOMAS JEFFERSON

by

Rembrandt Peale

A "Backwater" of AMERICAN ART

FOR one hundred and six years the New York Historical Society has been assembling a collection of American portraits representing an epoch in our native art which is now only beginning to win the favor of collectors and is generally unknown save to a few. This epoch extends, broadly, between the years 1810 and 1860; and while many of the Historical Society's 374 portraits were painted before and after that half century, the greater part of its singularly complete collection falls in this special art period.

In keeping with its title, the society, as John Hill Morgan properly summarizes its purpose in his notes on the collection, "has collected portraits of individuals rather than examples of the work of artists and periods." But it has been the good fortune of the society to acquire, through gifts and purchase, many admirable examples of portrait painters whose art, while marked by the traditions of the British school of the Eighteenth Cen-

tury, is freer from this influence than was the work of the men before or since the period in which the collection is at its best, and it is more purely American in type and character than is the work which preceded or followed it.

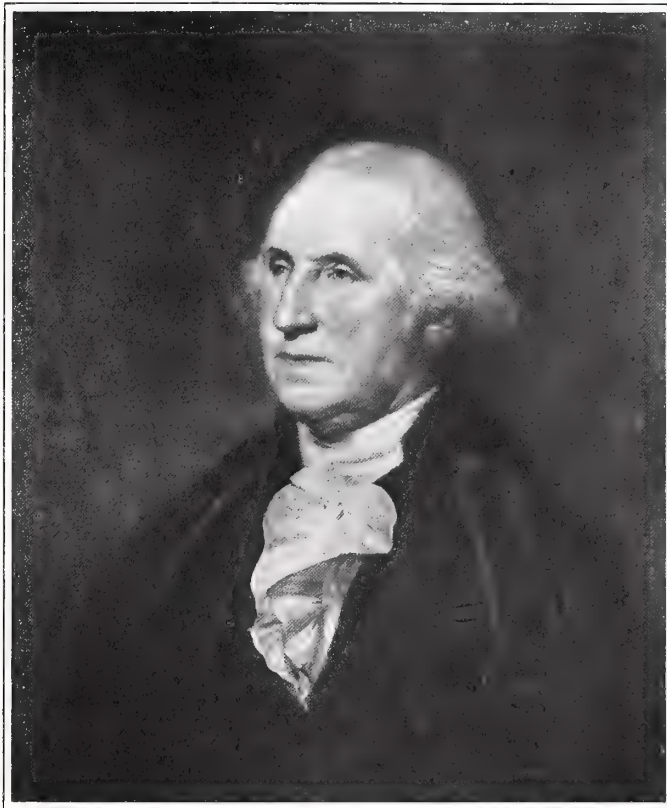
No one, least of all the society, would pretend that the collection is made up of masterpieces of American portraiture. Economic conditions during this particular half century in the United States were not conducive to the highest develop-

New York Historical Society's collection of 374 portraits, an almost unknown treasury . . . by
WM. B. M'GORMICK

ment of art. Social conditions, however, created the types we can see among these serried rows of portraits — types so finely American as to bring a thrill of pride combined with some-

thing deeper than a touch of regret at their passing—and these same conditions produced the artists who painted them. Politically and economically that half century was a time of passion and stress. But nowhere are these tempers reflected in the portraits. On the contrary they reveal the serenity and the quiet power which helped to bring the nation through that troubled time successfully. This serenity and power were shared by the artists and became the dominant characteristics of their work with the brush and palette.

When this particular era began Stuart and Sully were still living, as were the three Peales, and Sharpless was within a year of the end of his life. Except for the portraits by Charles Willson Peale and Rembrandt Peale, it is unprofitable to discuss the work of these older men



PORTRAIT OF GEORGE WASHINGTON
BY CHARLES WILLSON PEALE

since they are much more finely represented elsewhere. But this period carried over John Trumbull, John Vanderlyn, Asher B. Durand, Henry Inman, Samuel Lovett Waldo, Samuel F. B. Morse and John Wesley Jarvis from before the first year of the Nineteenth Century. Before the era closed it produced George P. A. Healy, Daniel Huntington, Charles Cromwell Ingham, Charles L. Elliott, Thomas Hicks, Eastman Johnson, Jacob H. Lazarus, William S. Mount, Samuel S. Osgood,



PORTRAIT OF CHARLES WILLSON PEALE
BY BENJAMIN WEST

William O. Stone, and Cephas G. Thompson.

To many Americans who are familiar with contemporary native art the names of these painters are as unknown as is their work. Both are well worth acquaintance. And this can be made to the height of satisfaction in the collection of the New York Historical Society. The study of it can be pursued under the least disturbing of conditions, for so truly is the Historical Society's building a backwater of American art that only half a dozen visitors a day ruffle its quiet waters. And the sole distractions to the visitor who seeks it out for this particular field of study are its collections of European and Egyptian art that are well worthy of separate visits for their special and unique interests.

By the earliest of these men, Charles Willson Peale, there are seven portraits including a sturdy likeness of John De Peyster, a Peale "Family Group" (begun in 1773 and completed in 1809) and an unusual portrait of George Washington. The adjective may be safely used, for the paint-

ing once was the cause of a dispute in which Benjamin Lossing, the historian, objected to the "pig-like expression" of Washington's eyes, a phrase that precisely describes what Peale saw in them and set down in this canvas with unflattering verity. What a contrast it is to the universally accepted "Athenaeum type" Washington of Gilbert Stuart! Peale himself is the subject of a very romantic portrait by Benjamin West, a picture so downright handsome that the spectator need not concern himself as to what its verities may be.

The Peale family tradition is carried on here in Rembrandt Peale's work with fourteen portraits, one being a head of Gilbert Stuart by both Charles Willson and Rembrandt Peale, the inevitable Washington and a head of Martha Washington, a group of American naval heroes, and, finest of all, a powerfully seen and painted bust

of Thomas Jefferson—the kind of portrait that conveys to the spectator down over a century the splendid character of the original as well as his manly distinction and beauty. British to the last stroke is this painting, a characteristic which does not detract from its fineness in the least degree. If there were nothing else by the younger Peale here, this canvas alone would repay the visitor who wished to see the best of his work.

John Trumbull, who is more widely known for his historical compositions than for his portraits, is represented by a likeness of Robert Benson which John Hill Morgan—who is not given to enthusiasms over this collection—declares to be "the finest Trumbull I ever saw." His white-haired original with blue eyes and a fair complexion still lives in this canvas. Among the eleven other Trumbulls are two views of Niagara, a miniature and portraits of John Pintard, founder of the society, and of the artist Asher B. Durand. The seven canvases by John Vanderlyn include both his portraits—one is a

bust of Aaron Burr—and his figure studies, this last being a copy of Caracci's "Bacchante and Satyr," a painting which shows to the full those qualities in Vanderlyn's work that have carried his name and his art down to us through all these years.

With Asher B. Durand, who was born in 1796 and died in 1886, we come to the first of the more distinctive American painters; the splendid self-portrait shows how individual was his style as well as how purely American he was in type. The collection is singularly rich in his work, for there are forty-five examples, ranging from portraits of seven of our Presidents to landscapes, genre subjects, and drawings, one of these last being an enlarged copy of Vanderlyn's exquisite "Ariadne," enlarged for study. His color was gravely agreeable, his drawing and modeling were superb,

and it is not too much to say that he came as near as any painter could to bearing the title of the first real American artist.

Of the seven portraits by Henry Inman, the one of most interest is his likeness of Fitz-Greene Halleck, whom he painted in 1828 and of whom he made an interesting pencil sketch three years later, which likewise is preserved in the collection. Halleck was a Thackeray sort of person, in Inman's versions of him, and to those who note the changes in men's fashions (and that is truly a part of this historical record) it may be observed that Halleck was the first of the men represented here to wear a stiff-bosomed shirt, as Ingham's portrait of Verplanck—painted about 1830—shows him to be the first wearer of a black stock instead of the white one that had been the convention up to that time. Inman was another distinctly American painter and his portraits are slowly coming into the favor of collectors, where they well deserve to have a place.

Of Waldo, Morse and Jarvis, the last of the men who came from the Eighteenth Century,



PORTRAIT OF JAMES KENT

BY SAMUEL F. B. MORSE

Morse is the outstanding figure, not alone because he was a good portrait painter, a student of Benjamin West, and one of the founders of the National Academy of Design, but also on account of his greater fame as an inventor. In the field with which we are concerned here, Morse is represented by only one portrait, a seated figure of James Kent that is a fair example of his work, the flesh painting and color scheme having the general solidity marking all his artistic efforts. Of the two Waldo examples, that of David Grim stands out for the powerful head and face in which the artist centered his interest with the result of achieving a really distinguished portrait. Painted in 1812, the color is still brilliant, as is, indeed, the effect of the whole canvas. Of the thirteen portraits by Jarvis, two of which are after Stuart, the dominating canvas is the vivid representation of John Randolph, which has the further distinction of being a gift to the society from Washington Irving. That Jarvis was not without merit as a sculptor is shown by his portrait bust of Thomas Paine, presented to the society by the artist in



PORTRAIT OF AARON BURR

BY JOHN VANDERLYN

1817. Although George P. A. Healy is described in a biographical note in the society's catalogue as "one of the best American portrait painters of the French school" there is little to justify the Gallic angle of that opinion in his two portraits here, both gifts from the late J. Pierpont Morgan. These works are singularly felicitous, since they present the international character of the painter, who was one of the earliest of our artists to spend alternately long periods at home and abroad. One is a bust portrait of Daniel Webster, the other a really superb representation of Lord Ashburton (one of the Barings of banking fame), a work much more British than French in color and style of painting. They were done in 1838 when Healy was twenty-nine years old; and though he died at the age of eighty-one, in 1894, he never painted a finer portrait than his Ashburton.

Between 1846, after his second visit to Europe, and 1906, when he died, Daniel Huntington was the "court painter" to the financial and business world of New York. Eight of his por-

traits here are indicative of this peculiar standing, for his subjects were men all prominent in these fields except in the case of Rear Admiral Samuel L. Breese, whose uniform coat and ruddy complexion warmed the artist's vision and palette to a degree not observable in his portraits of business men. One of his figure subjects, a classical theme, "The Sibyl," serves to show his academic training and the influence of his several European journeys.

Although Ingham painted an "immense number of ladies" in the 1850's, he had time to do many portraits of men before he reached the delectable eminence of being what would now-a-days be called a "fashionable" portrait painter. The most interesting of these in the Historical Society's collection is the bust presentment of Gulian C. Verplanck, a handsome, portly man with grayish brown hair, brown eyes and a florid complexion—a canvas that arrests the eye with admiration by its delightful range of color and through

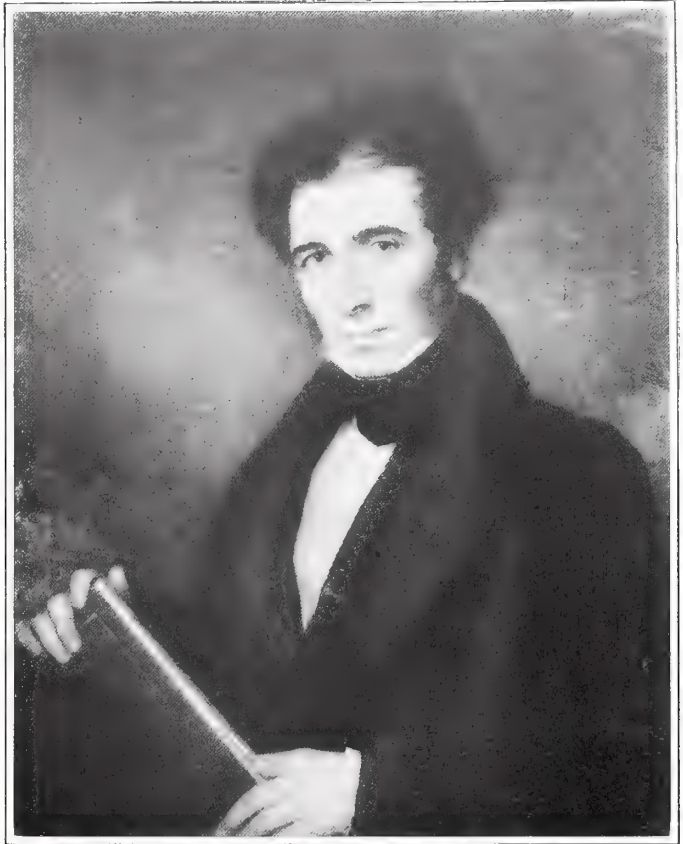


PORTRAIT OF ROBERT BENSON

BY JOHN TRUMBULL

its presentation of character. The head of Lafayette, painted from life by Ingham in 1825, is a less striking performance but it served to win for the painter the commission to paint the full-length portrait of Lafayette that hangs in the State House at Albany.

The eight canvases by Elliott, one of which is a portrait of a woman; another, of Governor Bouck of New York, and still another, of George L. Morris, poet and journalist, are a summary of his ability as a painter, which did not quite touch the first rank. Thomas Hicks is not at his best in the three of his portraits, although his large likeness of Elisha Kane, Arctic explorer, has the interest of the original and a most interesting composition to atone for its lifeless color. No one can look at this portrait without recalling Millais' "Northwest Passage" owing to the many resemblances of subject and accessories. Eastman Johnson bridges this period to the present more than most of these men owing to his many



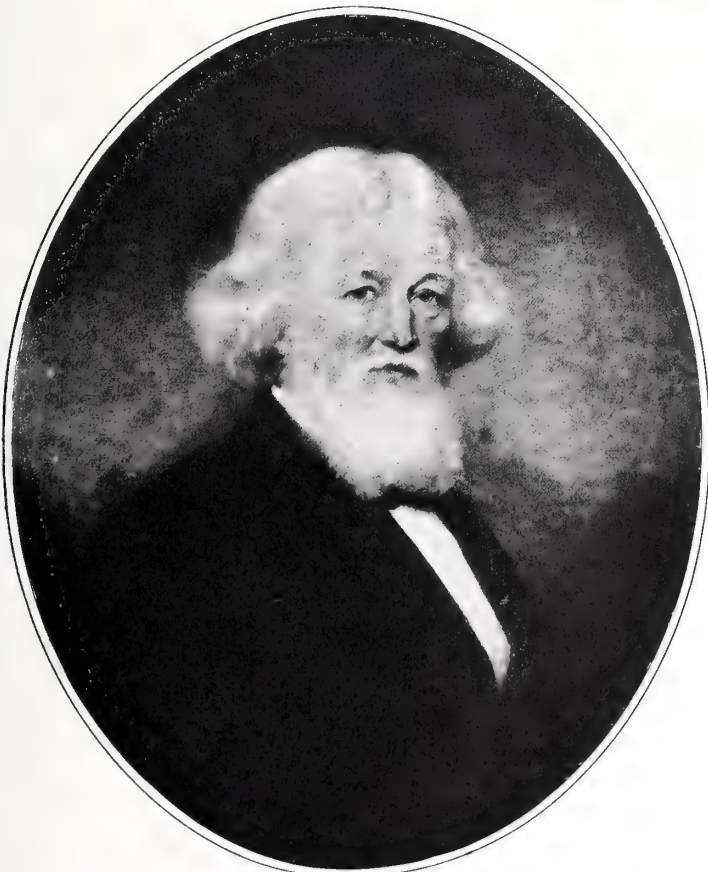
SELF-PORTRAIT

BY ASHER B. DURAND

genre paintings, but here he is only represented by two portraits, one of which is a crayon study of Mrs. Alexander Hamilton, sketched from life by Johnson in the Capitol at Washington in 1846, as the record of it attests.

There was a time when no collection of American paintings was complete without one of William S. Mount's genre subjects, pictures full of kindly humor and keen observation of human nature. He occasionally painted a portrait, but always in an anecdotal vein, as in the case of "The Fortune Teller" in this collection, the two figures being those of Mrs. Amelia Longbotham and Miss Edna Bostwick. For those who see Mount's work here for the first time there are also "The Truant Gamblers" and "Bargaining for a Horse," canvases that make very plain his popularity in the days when the story-telling picture was in its greatest vogue. Mount's style may have originated with Morland, but in his subject he was American to the core.

Of the eleven pictures by S. S. Osgood, two are scenes in the life of



PORTRAIT OF THOMAS J. BRYAN BY WILLIAM O. STONE



PORTRAIT OF LORD ASHBURTON
BY GEORGE A. P. HEALY

Christ, and the remainder portraits, the only one with distinction being that of Henry Clay. William O. Stone, least known of these painters, is preserved to memory here by his very loosely brushed-in head of Thomas J. Bryan, donor of the 381 paintings composing the Bryan collection, which he gave to the Historical Society in 1867 and which includes the first group of Italian primitives ever brought to this country. Stone had a handsome elderly gentleman for his subject and he did not fail to allow the externals to escape his pictorial record of his impression.

The record of individuals may well be closed with the name of Cephas G. Thompson, who, after his return from Rome in 1860, made an impression on New York as a portrait painter, the reason for this being found in his gravely brilliant likeness of Charles Fenno Hoffman, in which are summed up all the substantial merits of the school and period covered by this review. In a study of these American portraits in particular,

the visitor will be hampered by the hanging of the pictures, a condition forced upon the curator by the necessity of showing as many pictures as possible in a space wholly inadequate to their number. In the Hall of Portraits itself, the walls are badly crowded, while in the library reference room on the second floor are seventy-nine portraits hung so high up on the walls as to make any close study impossible. Only in the lecture hall, where twelve of the full length paintings are hung, can it be said that the portraits receive their just due in space and arrangement. It is the hope of the Historical Society to have a proper setting for its old American paintings some day through the erection of additional wings to the present building. But nothing like poverty of hanging space should deter the sincere student of the history of American

painting from examining this remarkable collection illustrative of an important period.

It will be well for such students to keep in mind the fact that in addition to their especial illumination of a decidedly interesting period of the development of art in New York, these portraits have the character of throwing light on our social history, second only in value to the printed records. A lecturer, who had a keen appreciation of this phase of pictures, recently delivered an address on "Gilbert Stuart as an Historian." Not a few of the artists represented in the New York Historical Society collection are worthy of being discussed from this viewpoint, notably such men as Daniel Huntington, Charles Willson Peale, John Trumbull and Asher B. Durand. So many of the portraits they painted are of men who played such leading parts in the making of the United States as to become an inseparable part of its romance and record.

All photographs by courtesy of the New York Historical Society

Ancient City Guards a Treasure

ABSENCE of judicious advertising through the centuries has reduced Ravenna to the condition of a city that should be seen for itself alone, a fact that, in combination with the inconvenience of the journey, would seem to exclude it from a place on the usual itinerary. It is not strange that this should be so. Dante spent the last four years of his life and finished the *Divine Comedy* there; Byron lived, and wrote some of his most beautiful verse, in this city that gave him two years of happiness before his fatal adventure in Greece; recently, the celebration of the Dante memorial has again called attention to this ancient seat of empire. Hardly enough, this, to keep interest in a city alive for twelve hundred years; yet one of the greatest periods in art that the world ever has known has left there its most complete record. The mosaics, laid when Ravenna was the capital of the western world, constitute one of the finest artistic treasures in existence, and a knowledge of them is essential to an understanding of Italian painting.

Unlike Rome, where one must live at least a year to become even casually acquainted with the city, you are admitted to intimacy with Ravenna after your first day. For three hundred years it flourished, and, almost without exception, the important monuments that remain are the relics of that period. It represents the concentrated glory of one great epoch, and as you walk the almost deserted streets, Honorius and Galla

Ravenna, far off the beaten track of travel, preserves a rich memorial of Byzantine art by

FRANCIS F. FULTON

tieth Century, you are reminded on every hand of an ancient glory the traces of which are slowly being swallowed by a modern city, but in Ravenna you live in the Eighth Century—the more recent developments are unimportant details that do not greatly obtrude.

Placida, Theodoric and Justinian, the great figures in its history, seem still to dominate the city. In Rome, as you look back across the ages from the doubtful vantage point of the Twen-

The city owes its first importance to the Roman Emperor Augustus, who, in his wars with the Adriatic pirates, selected its site for a citadel and trading port. It stood then in an estuary, almost entirely cut off from the main land, and possessed an excellent harbor. The forests on the surrounding plains furnished the material for great navies, and Augustus, beside fortifying the island, erected extensive shipyards and built a short canal connecting the harbor with the Po. Later emperors extended the fortifications and constructed many temples and palaces, for the city was then the most flourishing seaport on the Adriatic. Of this early Roman period only a few founda-



"THE EMPTY TOMB." SIXTH CENTURY MOSAIC IN SAN APOLLINARE NUOVO



A CONTEMPORARY PORTRAIT OF THE EMPRESS THEODORA
DETAIL FROM A MOSAIC IN SAN VITALE

tions and fragmentary details, preserved in the museum, remain. In 404 Honorius, fleeing from Rome, brought his court to Ravenna, choosing that as the most secure citadel in Italy, and at that date began its period of greatest glory. It was consecrated capital of the western empire in 476, and until the middle of the Eighth Century,



PILLARS OF RARE MARBLES SUPPORT THE ARCHES WHICH CARRY THE CLERESTORY WALLS OF SAN APOLLINARE NUOVO

The broad band of mosaic above the arches represents a procession of holy women bringing gifts to the Virgin. The ground is gold, the figures are deep color and white. A similar procession of saints adorns the opposite wall. Both date from the Sixth Century.

it remained the principal city in the west.

Of the innumerable churches and palaces that filled Ravenna during this period, few remain. The town of Classis, built as a port when the slow settlements from the river had begun to shut the city from the sea, and itself for a time busy and prosperous, is to-day a deserted, barren plain, from which rises in solitary magnificence the basilica of San Apollinare in Classis. In Ravenna, San Giovanni Evangelistica, struck by a bomb in the war and now in the process of reconstruction, the Baptistry of the Orthodox with its superb mosaics and the Mausoleum of Galla Placidia attest the splendor of that empress' reign. Only a few ruined walls indicate the place where

the palace of Theodoric stood, but this Gothic king, who followed Roman traditions of government and Byzantine traditions of art, left splendid memorials of his rule. Legend has it that part of the hotel in which you stay (there is only one of any size) is built upon the foundations of one of his temples, and in the courtyard behind the hotel are the Baptistry of the Arians and the small church of Spirito Santo, both attributed to him. His crowning glory, however, is the church of San Apollinare Nuovo. Individual mosaics in San Apollinare in Classis or in San Vitale may surpass those of this church, but certainly no other church in Italy can equal the complete beauty of its decorative scheme. The massive Tomb of Theodoric, just outside the city, is the only purely classic monu-

THE BELL TOWER OF SAN APOLLINARE NUOVO, DATING FROM THE ELEVENTH CENTURY, RISES ABOVE THE RUINS OF THE PALACE OF THEODORIC

The campanili were added to the old basilicas when Ravenna was a great monastic center.

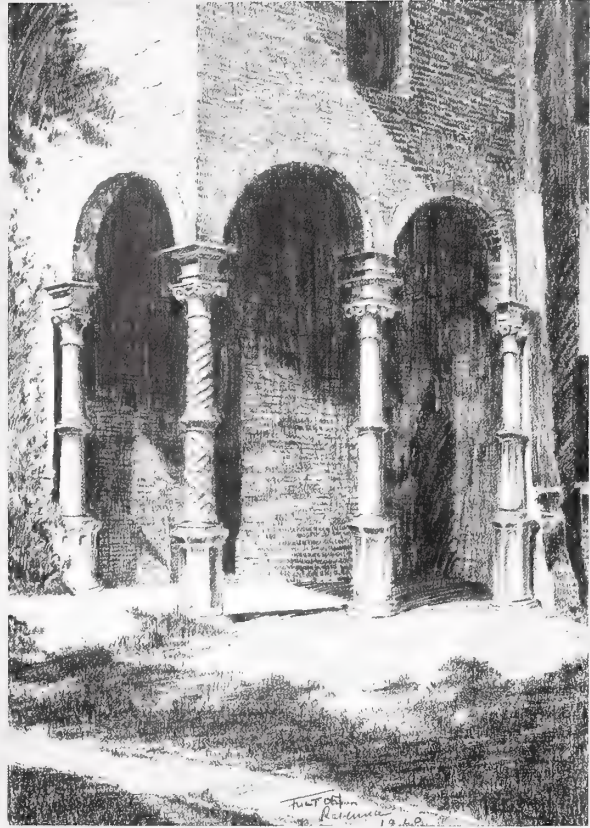


ment at Ravenna. Stripped of its ornament and half buried, it is still impressive. Justinian was the last of the great builders, and to him we owe San Vitale and San Apollinare in Classis. The former, thoroughly Byzantine, a miniature Hagia Sophia, was begun by Theodoric but completed during the rule of the eastern monarch. The two most famous mosaics, those of Justinian, Theodora and their followers, are there. San Apollinare in Classis is the largest and most imposing of the basilicas, and, since the destruction by fire of Saint Paul's Without the Walls at Rome, it is the most complete architectural expression of the early Christian basilica in the world.

If in this brief account of a city whose place in art is very high you have been dismayed by the abundance of superlatives, there is but one explanation to offer. Superlatives were created for the description of superlative things. In other cities there are buildings that are interesting, good, fine,

A FEW SMALL FISHING BOATS USE THE MUDDY CANAL THAT CONNECTS RAVENNA WITH THE SEA

Seven miles of marshy plain separate the city, that was once a great naval base and trading port, from the Adriatic.



PART OF THE CLOISTERS OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY MONASTERY BUILT NEAR THE OLD CHURCH OF SAN VITALE

Only scattered fragments remain of the great monasteries that once filled the city.

finer, even finest; there are degrees and contrasts that come within a moderate scale of expression. There are two churches in Ravenna, San Apollinare in Classis and San Apollinare Nuovo, that, even after long years of vandalism and neglect, reduce San Marco, in Venice, to a pretentious birthday cake; the few remaining fragments of decoration in San Vitale are worth all the mosaics in Torcello.

The modern city is a faded, fly-specked picture of desolation. The streets are deserted and grass grown; only a third of the space included within the ancient walls is inhabited. It is, nevertheless, unique among the Italian cities, for there, as nowhere else, you enter into the spirit of the antique, you find a romantic page of the world's history illumined and vivified. Solitary, deserted, seven miles from the sea that it once dominated, it is still a citadel guarding a priceless treasure of tradition and art.



VOGUE of FIGURINES REVIVES

Two factors are mainly responsible for the revival in England of the vogue of the pottery figurine. One is the economic conditions which have combined with the prevalent

shortage of houses to restrict the size and number of the rooms occupied by the average family; the second is the development among artists of a certain conscience in regard to their output, a conscience which upholds the conviction that art, if it is to fulfil its highest function, must to a great extent cease to be the preserve and prerogative of the few and aim at its own inclusion within the scope of the many. For those who possess neither spacious mansions wherein to display costly bronzes and marbles nor the means wherewith to acquire such articles, the small, decorative figures in colored pottery produced of late by certain of our modern sculptors have worked wonders in the artistic regeneration of the home. No longer restricted to the purchase of factory-made ornaments of negligible merit, the lover of art whose means are moderate is now enabled, through the voluntary change on the part of the artist from a restricted output to one that is elastic, to introduce within his rooms that element of vitality and gaiety that is characteristic of figure-work treated from the decorative viewpoint and to enjoy at comparatively small outlay the contemplation of fine individual achievement where previously he was limited to that of a purely commercial calibre often lacking in

The English middle classes, limited in space and purse, find artistic satisfaction in small colored potteries · by

Mrs. Gordon-Stables

art. The conviction that the sculptor is not justified in limiting himself to media that exclude average buyers, has led Phoebe Stabler, one of England's foremost sculptresses, to turn her attention to the firing of glazed figurines which, in regard to both cost and style, shall be suitable for the beautification of the houses and gardens of that much neglected portion of the community—the middle-class. This feeling of responsibility on the part of the artist toward his public undoubtedly lies at the root of that live quality characteristic of the modern statuette, as compared with the artificiality and saccharine vapidness of work of the Eighteenth Century produced in this connection by factories at Meissen, Dresden, Chelsea

and Bow. The figurines of to-day, executed with all the subtlety and finesse that go to the making of fine sculpture, have little in common with those simpering swains and shepherdesses or with the insipid porcelain Graces of that same earlier period.

The sculptural quality that distinguishes Mrs. Stabler's work is clearly discernible in the appealing little figure that she has named "Shy," in which the tender modeling of the limbs with their shrinking gesture, the treatment of the hair and the massing of the garland are alike worthy of statuary in its more ambitious sense. The exceptionally fine and even quality of the glaze suggests that of early Chinese figures, the artist's ideal of



"THE FLOWER GIRL"
BY PHOEBE STABLER

what glaze in this connection should be. Many of her figurines are carried out in lead as well as in clay. She believes the same, soft type of modeling is appropriate to either medium and demonstrates it with her "Garden Figure," a nude boy throwing a handful of flowers, which in gilt lead adorns the little garden which surprisingly finds itself still extant behind the Bank of England. Considering how, to counteract the shrinkage due to the firing



GARDEN FIGURE IN LEAD

BY PHOEBE STABLER

and the clogging of outlines by the superimposed glaze, the most meticulous calculations must be made, the delicate modeling of the toes, lips and fingers in this little figure is extremely to be admired. Mrs. Stabler holds, too, that far too little is made of the possibilities of the exterior of the ordinary house for decorative effects, and very interesting are many of her experiments in wall plaques, pottery masks and small figures intended for outdoor display. "The Piping Faun" is a circular wall ornament intended to be hung on the side of a porch or between windows where usually all is a monotone. It is carried out in glazes of soft mauves, purples, blues and cream. The figure has that elfin

"THE PIPING FAUN"
BY PHOEBE STABLER



"SHY"

BY PHOEBE STABLER

expression so characteristic of this sculptress' work. In "The Flower Girl" one sees particularly clearly the artist's method of keeping her planes simple and of contrasting, as in the forms of mother and babe, a large mass with a smaller one. It is her feeling for directness that gives her figures their charming sense of spontaneity. In coloring, her work is pure and clear, as "happy" as are her themes of childhood and fairies.

The DRAWINGS of LEONARDO

IF Vasari's description of Leonardo da Vinci failed to convince a questioning mind as to the super-humanity of this master's character and genius; if, even, his paintings might still leave it doubtful, then his drawings should be called in to bear witness, for there is no evidence of an artist's supremacy more infallible. In Leonardo's case, especially, that peculiar "inwardness" distinguishing his finest work—proclaiming its author the arch-type of painter-philosopher—is developed to its highest point in his drawings.

What exactly are the constituent features of drawings as compared with paintings? For the purposes of definition a drawing must be understood to be an achievement, spontaneous and direct, carried out in a given and limited space of time by the author's unaided hand. Its medium is the simplest available, by which I mean a medium which does not in itself absorb the artist's attention. It is usually and chiefly in monochrome, the use of color engaging to diversions of thought.

In the days of Leonardo the silver point took the place of the present-day lead pencil. Used on a specially prepared ground, it is a very responsive tool, more sensitive, as also more regular, than the lead pencil, whose quality varies and the sharpening of which takes time. Moreover, you use one silver point; in the case of the lead pencil, you are tempted to resort to a graduated scale, as with colors on the palette, which may contribute to finish in workmanship but is a hindrance to spontaneity of expression. Leonardo and other masters used, of course, the quill pen and ink or fine brushes dipped in water-diluted color for the outlines and

Executed more rapidly than his paintings, and having changed less, they represent him best by

Muriel GIOLKOWSKA

shades and gouache for the high lights. Last, not least, drawings are made on paper, while paintings are on wood panels, parchment or canvas, and paper affords small resistance to over-much

manipulation and so limits correction of errors.

"Vasari," says Woldemar von Seidlitz in his *Life of Leonardo da Vinci*, "referring to his early drawings, tells us that Leonardo was in the habit of covering his clay casts with a cloth which had been dipped in a clay dilution and painted his drapery studies from these in black and white with a pointed brush on fine, specially prepared canvas or muslin." This description applies, no doubt, to the method employed by the master for the rendering of the drapery in the Louvre which is pictured herewith as an example of his work.

The foregoing remarks may sound trite to those for whom they are familiar, but, instead of being considered in the light of commonplaces, they should be taken as first principles, prone, therefore, to be overlooked. The simplest causes can have big effects, and in art no cause is indif-

ferent. These particulars are necessary to show why their drawings reflect the genius of the old masters more accurately than do their paintings.



DRAWING BY LEONARDO DA VINCI

On the facing page
FACSIMILE
REPRODUCTION
of a drawing by
Leonardo da Vinci

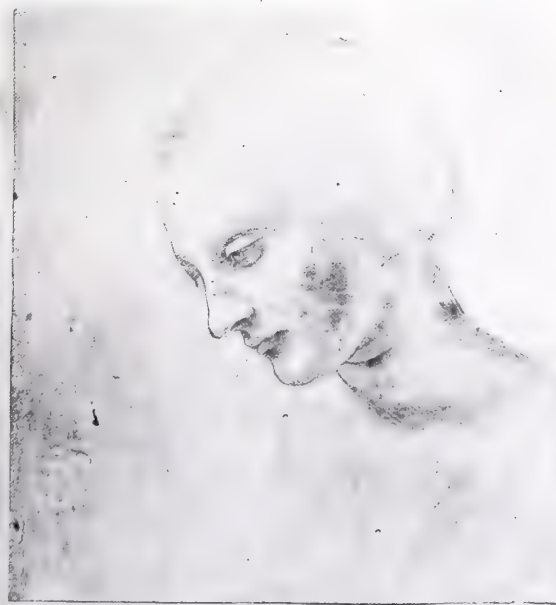
There is scarcely any limit to the time and pains that may be expended on a painting. To start, technically speaking, paint is not a definite, trustworthy medium. It undergoes more or less serious transformations from the moment that the pigment is set to panel or canvas. At certain periods



colors seem to have been of better quality or to have been employed with better chances of enduring than at others, for there are many pictures older than Leonardo's which seem to have suffered no change since they were painted, while Leonardo's certainly have done so. No painter can foresee exactly what his picture will look like in the course of hours, days, years and centuries, but a drawing plays him no tricks. The touch from the silver or the lead point, from charcoal, chalk, crayon, sanguine or gouache is definite, unless it is rubbed out. A drawing by Leonardo is today as nearly like what it was when it was made as it need be. The paper may be a little sere, the wash a little faded, but that makes no material difference. Not so is it with his paintings. Being from a master hand, they are as beautiful in their quintessence as ever, but their exterior aspect has certainly changed. A painting has a life of its own; a drawing has the life that has been given to it. Again, a painting is often built on a transferred drawing. Mechanical intervention, from which a drawing, which is not a copy, an enlargement or a trace, is necessarily and strictly free, therefore has taken place, which at the outset is a violation of the essential principles governing a work of art as such.

Few paintings have been carried out in an uninterrupted space of time. Now, no man is the same on two consecutive days. Quite apart from the con-

DRAWING BY LEONARDO
DA VINCI
In the Louvre
Photograph by Lemare



DRAWING ATTRIBUTED TO LEONARDO DA VINCI
Courtesy M. Masson *Photograph by Lemare*

sideration that many pictures by old masters are not the work of one and the same hand—often they were entirely carried out by pupils—they announce a superimposition of moods, a slowing down of enthusiasm and inspiration, which, in a minor sense, may be compared with a superimposition of authorships. This is not conspicuous in the work of the old masters, because they seem to have been mysteriously and superiorly



"HEAD OF A WOMAN"

A drawing by Leonardo Da Vinci

In the Louvre

gifted with a synthetic grasp and a capacity for sustained effort denied to the moderns and for the want of which these, consciously or subconsciously—the cause is immaterial—substitute a method of haste which finds some justification in this reason.

It is all-important to make a distinction between drawings and sketches. A drawing is not necessarily a sketch, although a sketch may be, and generally is, a drawing. The word "sketch" implies incompleteness. The circumstance that the drapery by Leonardo herewith reproduced does not include the whole figure of the model is

no reason for classing it as a sketch. As it happens, it is one of the most highly finished of Leonardo's drawings. Sketches by old masters prior to the Eighteenth Century are rare. No doubt they were made, but few have been handed down to us, probably because they were not considered valuable. By Leonardo there is, at the Louvre, the sketch of "The Adoration of the Wise Men"; at Windsor there are those for the monument to Francisco Sforza and several caricatures. A drawing, also at Windsor, illustrating the casting of a cannon with the detail of the appliances used in



TWO DRAWINGS BY LEONARDO DA VINCI

the operation is partly a study, partly a sketch. Most of the other drawings are complete in themselves. Among the most accomplished drawings in the world are the portraits by Holbein and by Clouet and his school. Specimens from this period when portraiture and draughtsmanship together reached their highest degree of perfection are numerous, but no sketches associated with this era suggest themselves to the memory. In the Eighteenth Century in France, when portraiture was handled more superficially, the sketch was much practised. Watteau, Boucher, Fragonard were assiduous sketchers.

Returning to Leonardo, attention should be given to the peculiar affinity between the drawings and the paintings of this master, of whom more than any other it may be truly said that his drawings apprehend

all the elements of his paintings and his paintings preserve all the purity of his drawings. In some cases the drawings seem more nearly to express his purpose, which appears to have been a negation of materiality in the physical and an affirmation of substance in the spiritual forms. The absence of

all trace of labor in either the paintings or the drawings, of—I should say—manual intervention, has also its peculiar significance. A good example for comparison is the little-known study at Chantilly museum for the famous painting of Mona Lisa at the Louvre. Although of slighter texture, some will think it reaches further than the picture in oils. In the drawing, the feeling dominates the subject; in the painting, it underlies it. The almost monochrome impression in his pictures corroborates the theory that Leonardo



"MADONNA" DRAWING BY LEONARDO DA VINCI
In the Museum of Vienna



STUDY FOR HEAD OF THE INFANT JESUS IN THE PAINTING
"MADONNA OF THE ROCKS"

In the Louvre

Photograph by Lemare

thought in terms of drawing; that is, of form, or light and shade. The primary colors were perhaps elements far too positive for Leonardo, than whose art none is more allusive and elusive. But, as has already been said, where pigment is concerned, opinion must make allowances for transformations, whereas when we are dealing with line and form we can be quite positive that not only sharp angles and abrupt transitions are not to be found in Leonardo's work but that the very feature distinguishing his hand at a glance from other authorships consists in their negation. In this sense there



STUDY OF DRAPERY

BY LEONARDO DA VINCI

In the Louvre

Photograph by Lemare

is no pictorial art so nearly approaching sculpture, and that the drawings of Leonardo, who was primarily a painter, are plastically superior to those of Michaelangelo, who was primarily a sculptor, was easily ascertained by comparisons made possible by their juxtaposition in a special display made of these and those at the Louvre.

Leonardo's drawings were not only an expression of his own art; they were a powerful influence on the Italian art of his day and of the period which immediately followed him. They were taken by his students as subjects for compositions, and that Raphael gave close consideration to them



DRAWING

BY LEONARDO DA VINCI

In the Louvre

Photograph by Lemare

is asserted by Vasari, a fact to which Raphael's works themselves testify. From Leonardo's hand, too, came a drawing of himself that is the only undisputed portrait of him, one done in red chalk and now in the Royal library in Turin. His powers of visualization seem to have corresponded with the wonderful breadth of his interests and his knowledge, and his skill in transcription was commensurate with his visualization.

Drawings by Leonardo are in the following galleries of Europe: British Museum, Windsor, Louvre, Uffizi, Venice Academy, Royal Library of Turin, Museum of Budapest, University Galleries and Christ Church Library at Oxford.



WOMAN WITH BASKET

HEN AND CHICKENS

MONKEY AND BASKET

Chelsea Porcelain Perfume Bottles, Louis XVI Period, from the Houbigant Collection

DUAL ART *for* TWO SENSES

ALTHOUGH the use of perfumes goes back to remote antiquity, as does the custom or art of fashioning small vessels to contain them, there never was a time in the recorded

history of manners and luxury when these delicately odoriferous liquids were imprisoned in such artistic bottles of so many various, exquisite and costly materials as in the period of Louis XVI. The splendor of Italian life that sprang up with the Renaissance had a long and gradually increasing influence in France, first with imported articles made of Italian materials by Italian artists and craftsmen and later with native products of that French artistic genius which flowered into its most superb, and gorgeous beauty in the latter half of the Eighteenth

Confining of perfumes in bottles of exquisite and costly materials, a vogue in luxurious France by

William B. M'GORMICK

furnishing of those buildings, in painting, sculpture and craftsmanship, the vehicles of the nobility and the gentry and also in their very costumes.

It is in closer relation to this last detail of personal life than to any other that the perfume bottle and its accessories take their place for no element of personal luxury or elegance was overlooked in this period. The accessories must be mentioned in connection with these special bottles for the



STRAW PERFUME SET OF THE PERIOD OF LOUIS XVI, SHOWN IN THE HOUBIGANT COLLECTION OF SEVENTEENTH AND EIGHTEENTH CENTURY PERFUME CONTAINERS AT THE ART CENTER



TOOTH-PICK BOX OF IVORY WITH GOLD
INLAY AND PEARL MEDALLION

A MOTHER OF PEARL CASE, PERIOD OF LOUIS XVI, CONTAINING TWO
BOTTLES WITH GOLD STOPPERS

Both from the Houbigant collection

reason that a ritual grew up in connection with the use of the liquids requiring certain implements to be almost invariably associated with the bottle or bottles used by the dandies and ladies of those times. Thus there was a "blending funnel," with which perfume users mixed essential oils in such proportions as they preferred to obtain an odor to their individual liking. There was a miniature spoon attached to many of the bottles, the belief being that the ladies of the day dipped a drop of perfume with this spoon and applied it directly to the clothing or skin. With the cases holding the perfume bottles there also came small brushes and tiny combs for the eyebrows, a large needle through which ribbon was threaded to be passed through fashionable periwigs—the needles for men implied a masculine lack of handiness in their use by having larger eyes—and a rake-edged tool to scrape the tongue and make its color vivid, a vanity of the era of Louis XVI. Some of the more

elaborate perfume sets also contained ivory memoranda tablets, tweezers, pencils and knives used for smoothing rouge. These accessories take their place in the story of the perfume bottle as curious revelations of the fopperies of the time. It is, however, in the forms of these bottles and in the decorations of them and of the cases containing them and in the materials used in their fashioning that artistic interest lies. These materials were of rare value and beauty, among them being gold, silver, agate, onyx, mother-of-pearl, Chelsea porcelain, Wedgwood, cameo, Boule work, leather, fish skin, lacquer, *paté tendre* and even tin, which, when it was used for the stoppers of perfume bottles in the time of Louis XIII, was a valuable novelty.

The beauty of the bottles and their accessories has led to the collection of these objects, there being a group of the Chelsea bottles in the British Museum. The most extensive and the finest assemblage of perfume bottles known, however, is the Houbigant col-

PERFUME BOTTLE
WITH BATTERSEA
ENAMEL ON BOTH SIDES.
GOLD STOPPER IN THE
FORM OF A BIRD



WEDGWOOD PERFUME
BOTTLE WITH A SILVER
CAP AND CHAIN.
PERIOD OF LOUIS XVI.
ABOUT TWO INCHES HIGH

Houbigant collection



VANITY CASE WITH WALLS OF AGATE AND
DECORATIONS OF GOLD

PATCH BOX OF IVORY AND GOLD. THE TOP OF THE
COVER BEARS A MEDALLION

Both from the Houbigant collection

lection in Paris, a portion of which, numbering one hundred and ten pieces, was brought to this country and exhibited in the Art Center in New York through the courtesy of Fernand Javal, of Paris. In point of time the Houbigant collection covers a wider range than any other group of these souvenirs of personal vanity and the changing art of three hundred years, which comprehensive feature adds much to its historical and artistic importance. The comparative simplicity of luxurious life in the period of Louis XIII is reflected in two of the pieces of this time in the collection, a small leather case and a double bottle. The only ornamentation on the case consists of nails hammered into it, the decorative idea evidently being taken from the chests of that time. Within the case are two crudely shaped crystal bottles, the stoppers being of wood capped with the then very rare tin, and the case having a space for a blinding funnel. The double bottle is ornamented with gilt by what is known as the *pomponne* treatment, and attached to the stopper is a miniature spoon.

Although the period of Louis XVI is not so numerously represented in the collection, the pieces of this time are interesting in that they reflect an effort to develop glass bottles in novel forms and various colors. There is a red glass bottle with a particularly graceful, open, gold

stopper; one of green glass with a silver cap, and one of plain glass, the charming form of which is enhanced by its decoration of Chinese characters in red, the first use of a Chinese motive observed in the decorations of the bottles. With the bottles and cases of the time of Louis XV comes a marked development in the craftsmanship employed and in the costliness of materials, together with the introduction of the covering for the cases of Galuchat, a process of treating the skin of a fish so that it assumed a rich, green color while retaining the natural design of the scales. This material bore the name of its originator. His precise art has been lost, although from 1715 until the beginning of the Nineteenth Century marvelous effects were produced with it, one example being a Louis XVI miniature bottle with a sheath of this fabric.

With the age of Louis XVI, the height of splendor of materials and forms was reached. In this section of the collection the eye is charmed and dazzled by such combinations as mother-of-pearl with silver gilt, cameos set in gold, agate and gold boxes, cases with Vernis Martin finish, of Boule work, marquetry, lacquer and its imitation.

In point of time, the Houbigant collection ends in the first quarter of the Nineteenth Century with a porcelain Directoire perfume burner and an ivory urn enclosing a miniature cut glass bottle.

A Masterpiece from OLD PERSIA

EARLY in the year 1879, on my way from Teheran to Ispahan, it was my good fortune to see for the first time the famous Persian mihrab, or prayer niche indicating the direction of Mecca, which was the glory of the Masjed-e-'amadi, or Mosque of Kashan's Market Square. At that time the magnificent mihrab was intact in every particular, although Mme. Dieulafoy, when visiting it *in situ* several years later, found that already a few of the side tiles had been abstracted. These thefts, in spite of the expenditure of both life and money involved in the efforts of the authorities of the mosque to frustrate them, continued for some time, and it no doubt was due to the fact that their efforts were fruitless that the authorities finally were influenced to part with the mihrab to my old friend and colleague, the late J. R. Preece, British consul-general at Kashan and collector of Persian antiquities and curios. Thus it was that he was enabled to add to his already important assemblage this marvel of Persian lustre pottery of the Thirteenth Century, a specimen which combines in a single object the finest traits of the most superb epoch of the Persian potter's art. I am glad to be able to record that in the course of my residence in Kashan I was instrumental in tracing and recovering for Mr. Preece several of the missing tiles, so that at a somewhat later period it became possible to restore the prayer niche to almost its pristine beauty. For the few tiles which could not be recovered, there have been substituted, under my supervision, reproductions made with the aid of a skilful calligrapher of Teheran and that of an equally skilled worker in glazed pottery in London, a pupil of the late William de Morgan. They have been so fashioned as to avoid all suggestion of "fake," frankly proclaiming themselves as inserted for the purpose of demonstrating the character of the mihrab in its original form. The mihrab is nine feet four inches high and six feet wide.

This mihrab and one from Veramin are, so far as is known, the only two important examples now extant of Persian architectural lustre-glazed pottery. The Kashan specimen is perfect in its make-up, but the Veramin mihrab lacks certain portions entirely while other places in it have been filled with pieces which obviously are substitutes and originally had no connection with the mihrab. This defect is most apparent in connection with

Mihrab from the mosque at Kashan is a superb example of Thirteenth Century glazed pottery by
B. W. STAINTON

the lower and inner doorway within the larger one. The original piece evidently having been lost, it is represented by a Persian lustre-glazed tombstone similar to one now in the possession of

Vincent Robinson & Co., Ltd., of London. This is a lamp-bearing tombstone taken from a mosque at Kum and bearing the date 663 of the Hegira, or 1265 of the Christian era. This stone once was in the Preece collection. It measures five feet by two feet three inches. Naturally the substitution of such a stone for the original tiles, representative of a gateway, removed the suggestion of the door-within-a-door which, in Moslem symbolism, is highly important in religious significance.

In the Kashan mihrab the Koranic inscriptions are expressed in Carmathian, Kufic and Nashki lettering of peculiar delicacy and decorative effect. In the Veramin mihrab, the date-bearing slab is incongruous. Its script differs in style from that of the remainder, and moreover its date, 663 A. H., is in numerals and not in script, as is the date on the mihrab from Kashan. This latter fact at once proclaims the stone as foreign to the Veramin niche, since as late as 1500 it was the Persian custom to express such dates in words, not in figures. The date 623 of the Hegira, to be found in script at the base of the broad border on the left of the Kashan example, is coupled with the name of the maker, Hassan, son of Arab-Shah. Further, whereas in the Kashan mihrab, two borders of script, Carmathian and Nashki, surmount the inner doorway, these are missing from the Veramin example, the empty space produced at the base by the raising of the lower tiles having apparently been filled by the date-bearing slab mentioned. This rearrangement at once destroys the proportions and the sense of the inscription.

Experts agree that while the Kashan mihrab is forty years older than that from Veramin—1226 A. D., as compared with 1265, assuming for argument's sake that the date 663 A. H. is authentic—it contains, with the exception of those portions acknowledged to have been reproduced after the original models, no single tile which does not belong to the same period or, in fact, to the same mihrab. It is, in short, as it stands in the galleries of Messrs. Robinson & Co., the sole example of a mihrab in perfect form that remains to us from that architectural lustre work that was the glory of Persia in the Twelfth and Thirteenth Centuries.



PERSIAN LUSTRE-GLAZE TOMBSTONE
FROM A MOSQUE AT KUM

Dated 653 A.H. (1265 A.D.)

Owned by Messrs. Vincent Robinson & Co., Ltd., London



A MIRHAB of LUSTRED TILES, from the MASJED-E-MAIDAN, KASHAN

Dated 623 A.H. (1226 A.D.)

Owned by Messrs. Vincent Robinson & Co., Ltd., London

TAPESTRIES of Five Centuries

VIII. The Domestic Genre of Spain

THE king, his deeds and his interests, or his mistress and her affections inspired the tapestry styles of France in the late Seventeenth and the Eighteenth Centuries, and

After borrowing ideas from Flanders and France, Spanish designers developed a national style . . . by

PHYLLIS AGKERMAN

the master weavers of Flanders took the hint and for the most part did their clumsy best in servile imitation. Meanwhile, however, there was a minor but steady production of a class of designs independent of the French mode and truer to the spirit of Flanders. These depicted the daily life of the common people. The simple domestic scene had appealed to the artists of the Low Countries almost from the beginning of their history as a local school of painting. There are quick, informal sketches of familiar episodes as early as the Twelfth Century on a manuscript, the old *Account Book of Audenarde*, now in the Royal Library in Brussels, and miniatures of the Fourteenth Century not only show characteristic episodes such as various types of hunting but illustrate even specific events, such as the plague at Tournai in the *Chronicle of Gilles de Moysis*, also in the library in Brussels. So strong was this instinct for domestic intimacy that in the Fifteenth Century many of the Biblical episodes became invested with it, the Annunciation and the Nativity being depicted in a friendly, family spirit quite untouched by mysticism or even by reverence at the hands of the designers.

The genre was brought to its most vividly national expression by Peter Brueghel the Elder in the Sixteenth Century. He recorded with brutal directness not only manners but also types, individuals characteristic in stature and gesture as well as in physiognomy. It was in the common people that he found the racial quality most concentrated and most unmistakably revealed, and so he drew and painted the peasant and the underworld with no concession to prettiness or even to decency, and with no idealization.

In the Seventeenth Century David Teniers carried on this national tradition, and it was he who provided the material for the tapestry weavers that diverted them to some extent from their heavy-fingered copies of the French styles. True to the Flemish habit, he looked at life about him and its ordinary facts and set it down straight and unassuming. He was honest, quick to see and

competent to record. He had not the savagery that makes Brueghel often seem satirical, nor did he have the penetration into individuals that made the latter by far the greater artist.

Nevertheless he did have the open eye, the sympathetic heart and the conscientious hand that make the successful illustrator. Nor was his sympathy limited to his human subjects. He had the same keen observation and appreciative feeling for trees and fields. There is, as a result, something of the modern in his landscape. It is convincing because here, too, he recorded with a respect for the fact, illuminated by a really sensitive response to its beauty and its local quality. He was not, moreover, merely a hard-working, human camera. If at times in his large output his work did degenerate into this class, at many other times he assembled his reality into a truly decorative design, spotting his innumerable little human figures into nice patterns and catching them into the wider pattern of the background so that the whole composition swings with a pleasant and fitting rhythm.

These abilities of sharp observation, of meticulous drawing and of sympathetic portrayal of his fellow beings and his native land and of rhythmical composition were Teniers' contribution to the tapestry designing of his time, and it was no mean contribution. True, both the subject and the treatment of the compositions were more fitted to painting than to weaving, but that error can be charged, not to him, but to his time, and indeed many of his pieces, with their rich foliage and their warm, full designs of busy scenes, were more adapted to the looms than the work of most of his contemporaries. The least appropriate Teniers tapestries, moreover, were never originally intended for that medium but were copied from paintings by misguided enthusiasts, and most of the bad designs in his manner, of which, unfortunately, there are many, should be blamed to amateur imitators who copied the typical squat figures from his drawings and paintings and reassembled them in new sets without being aware of the problems of spacing which their master had handled so skilfully in the originals.

Teniers was thus on the whole a wholesome influence in the history of the art of tapestry, and



SANCHO TOSSED IN A BLANKET, AFTER TENIERS, FLEMISH, SEVENTEENTH OR EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

The Spanish story is made an excuse for a typical Flemish peasant scene. The robust vitality of the sturdy figures is in sharp contrast to the sensitive delicacy of the landscape.

Courtesy of P. W. French & Co.

he was an influence that touched several points. His own designs and designs adapted from his work were woven not only on many looms in his own country but they also were sold to other shops, forming an important asset of the Mortlake works in England and of the royal looms in Spain. Strangely enough in England his example bore no fruit. His own designs were repeated often enough, but no native painters followed his models with interpretations of local life and characters. In Spain, on the contrary, he was soon supplanted by a long sequence of Spanish painters who at first rendered Spanish subjects in his manner, and then, Spanish subjects in a Spanish style. It was natural that at first the Spanish looms should take over intact the Flemish designs, for they were founded and run by Flemish weavers. Philip V in 1720 called Jacob Van der Goten and his three sons to establish the industry at the capital. It is really surprising that the output ever became as truly Spanish in character as it did, for this one family kept the direction of the shop sixty-six years, and when a subordinate loom was set up in Andalusia in 1730 the Van der Gotens were called to supervise it. Moreover, even after the death of the youngest son the direction did not pass into the hands of a citizen but, in spite of

passionate protests, another Fleming, Livinio Stuick, nephew of the youngest and last of the Van der Gotens, was put into the position. The local character, however, came in through the cartoons, Spanish painters being commissioned to provide all of these after the first few years.

The first to use Teniers' style for a Spanish subject was Andrea Procaccini, an Italian long domiciled in Spain and an official court painter. He took the story of *Don Quixote* and turned it into a long series. Teniers already had illustrated this same tale, but Procaccini was no mere copyist. Although he certainly had Teniers' style in his eye and although, when he came to the border, he took over intact a conventional Flemish pattern, nevertheless in the details of the episodes he used his familiarity with Spanish manners and Spanish types, so, instead of turning Sancho into a square Fleming, he modeled him and most of the other characters after very real and racy natives.

At the same time that Teniers' cartoons were taken into Spain, designs by Wouwerman were imported for the looms. These also were *genre* subjects, but Wouwerman was by no means so consistently Flemish as was his fellow countryman. He took the actual incident and dressed it up in an affectation of the careless grace and frivolous

sophistication of the French. Thus there was introduced into the designs of the royal looms the slightly theatrical French *genre* manner, and thereafter it was a question which would survive and determine their style. In the end the truly Spanish cartoons that culminated in the spirited series of

natural, therefore, for the Eighteenth Century once more to borrow from the Low Countries. The Spanish had taken up the Flemish styles as a matter of course, not only because of the political relations of the two countries but more especially because of a fundamental similarity in spirit.



BREAKFAST AT THE INN, AFTER FRANCISCO BAYEU, MADRID, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

The scene is a direct record of fact but it is handled with a grace and lightness of touch that give it charming decorative quality.

In the Escorial Palace

Francisco Bayeu and Goya were wrought out of a conflict and compromise between the two. The trend veered first to one side and then to the other, but at last the Flemish homely realism and the French fashionable frivolity were blended and transmuted into a real local idiom.

Spanish tradition and temperament were all on the side of the Flemish and the realistic. For three hundred years Spanish painters had at intervals helped themselves liberally to Flemish inspiration. Most of the Spanish painting of the Fifteenth Century should be counted as a minor branch of the movement that followed the Van Eycks. Largely because of political ties between the two countries, many hundreds of paintings from Flanders were taken into Spain and were copied and adapted by local craftsmen. Again in the Sixteenth Century the competent and productive school of portrait painters of the reigns of Philip II and Philip III was derived from Antonio Moor, a Hollander working in Spain. It was easy and

Both had a wholesome respect for objective truth and a genuine interest in simple actuality. If the Flemish primitive has often a certain severe plainness, the Spanish is more often ugly, and if the Flemish portrait is frank, the Spanish is cruel. The factual-mindedness of Teniers recommended him to Spain and made it more probable that his cartoons would found a school there.

The competing French, on the other hand, had the counterbalancing weight of the prevailing fashion and of royal preference. France was the social and artistic arbiter of all Europe in the Eighteenth Century. The brilliance and power of her court overwhelmed local taste from end to end of the continent. To meet the resulting demand for the French style, inferior painters trained in the French schools scattered through all the countries and set themselves to producing decorations in impersonal imitation of the noted masters. Conspicuous among these foreign artisans in Madrid was a group of pupils of the school of

Watteau. Had the French *genre* that reached Spain been that of Chardin, there would have been no fundamental opposition of influences between the Flemish and the French. He, like the northerners, was interested in truth and fact, and he set down the simple acts of the day with a sincerity enriched by his own full feelings and undeflected by any mannerisms or concessions to the mode. But just because he had this unyielding honesty he was not fashionable and was not spread broadcast by the imitative foreign courts. Watteau, on the other hand, could give the *chic* turn to his decorative illustrations that adapted them to the prevailing style and spirit. To be sure, Watteau himself went deeper than this, often investing his iridescent puppets with intensely feeling souls, masking in his fresh colors and exquisite patterns satire and even tragedy. But his imitators saw only the cleverness and the charm, and so it was this specialized Watteau who was introduced into Spain to be an influence in her art.

The Spanish kings, anxious that their country keep abreast of its neighbors, patronized this smart and trivial French manner in every possible way. French fashions in dress were not merely *de rigueur* but were actually made the subject of law, the picturesque native masculine costume of full cape and wide slouching hat being forbidden by a statute of 1783 and the close cut military suit and *tricorne* of the French being prescribed instead. French customs determined court etiquette and bad imitations of Louis XV furniture were marketed in quantities. So the two opposed styles of *genre*, the realistic and the decorative, were balanced with perhaps a little heavier set of weights in favor of the latter and it was an open question how they would be combined in the developing national style.

That a Spanish *genre* would be formulated was now inevitable. Domestic illustration was, as a matter of fact, part of the Spanish tradition. Their sincere respect for facts naturally lead the Spaniards to record the episodes that fell under their eyes as Velasquez, for example, did in his famous *bodegones*. But hitherto such subjects had been only a minor preoccupation of the great men, who reserved their real efforts for religion and portraiture. Now, however, they were to become a major theme. All conditions at that moment were ideal for the development of this type of art. In the first place, the passionate religiosity that hitherto had absorbed or influenced most of the painters was now on the wane. The deadly fear of the Inquisition that had made the secular minded keep their thoughts to themselves was gone, and in reaction from the centuries of strain much of

Spain became not merely profane but ribald. In the second place, the whole country was enjoying a return of energy and health. The Seventeenth Century had dragged the country down a rough road of deterioration with repeated humiliations. The long wars had drained her strength and her resources and had so preoccupied her leaders that they had quite neglected internal improvements. Now she was at peace again and was gradually regaining energy and prosperity, all of which she could focus on her own development. The relief and regeneration were expressed in a revival of social and intellectual life from which painting, also, profited in both manner and spirit.

Moreover, Spain could now concentrate this new energy wholly on herself, for she was at last shorn of the imperial responsibilities that had been so distracting. The Low Lands were gone, most of the colonies had been cut loose, even Portugal was severed, so that Spain was left a relatively small country easily centralized. As she shrank, her national consciousness became more intense, her national spirit turned in upon itself, stronger and more productive. The political centralization of the country was being completed, too, by the centering of all power in the hands of the king and the unification of the laws throughout the provinces. Where, previously, each district had been a law unto itself under its own lord and many of the higher nobility had had in their own domains the power of life and death, the king now had unchallenged supremacy everywhere and no noble had the strength to defy him. Finally there was a growing democracy in this most aristocratic and caste-ridden of all the European nations. The equalization of subjects was a deliberate policy of the crown, for it helped to keep the nobles in hand and at the same time tended to encourage industry, an essential to the prosperity of the country. To be sure, sentiment did not always keep pace with legislation, so that even after it had been decreed in 1783, for example, that artisans were eligible to municipal offices and on occasion to the rank of *bidalgo*, there was still a great deal of snobbery and discrimination. Nevertheless such laws did express a tendency to respect the common people and in turn hastened the growth of that respect in the various social classes.

Thus all conditions were ripe for the production of a *genre* art. The spirit of the artists was no longer fixed on the mysticism and introspection of religion. There was a revival of national consciousness and energy that was sharply focused within the country itself, and the great mass of the people was being admitted into the recognized ranks of society and regarded as of interest and value.



SANCHO TOSSED IN A BLANKET, AFTER PROCACCINI

MADRID, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

*Though in the Teniers spirit, the actors in this illustration are unmistakably Spanish
In the Escorial Palace*

The only problem was, would that *genre* stay close to the national spirit and the Flemish influence and register the real world or would it be made trivial by the French fashion and an excuse for sentimentality and affectation.

The tapestry cartoons provided in the first period of prosperity of the royal looms, between 1720 and 1734, were entirely in the Flemish trend. They were full of boisterous energy and rude, good health. Thereafter the activities of the looms almost completely lapsed, and with their revival in 1774 the pendulum had swung the other way. Antonio Velasquez Gonzalez, Salvador Maella, Andres de Aguirre, José del Castillo and others were making designs. All had been trained in Italy or in the studios of other Spaniards, especially Gonzalez, who also had had the Italian education. None the less most of them aped the French. The cartoons of Castillo were nothing but bastard Watteau-Fragonard inventions without any savor of national individuality. Had all the designers continued in this course, their work would scarcely merit mention, but one Aragonese turned the tide.

Francisco Bayeu jumped into the midst of the colorful Spanish life and dashed it on his canvases with all the truthfulness of the Flemish combined with much of the grace of the French, and from the amalgamation of the two he evolved a representation that was entirely national. He had the verve, the boldness of Aragon and the gayety and sentiment for the picturesque of the more polished capital and he set down the episodes and the persons of the romantic, care-free life of festivity and casual business with convincing dash and a happy feeling for decoration.

Goya but followed Bayeu, who was his predecessor, his senior and, incidentally, his brother-in-law. If he improved upon him, as he sometimes did, it was because fundamentally he was the greater artist. But for the most part Goya's greatness is by no means revealed in the tapestry cartoons. Much of the merit of the forty-five pieces that he did came from the sheer accident of the commercial conditions of their productions. The preposterous haste with which he slapped them out gave them a lightness of touch and a



THE PICNIC, AFTER GOYA

MADRID, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

*Goya remained close to the model of Bayeu but there was more masculine strength in his treatment
In the Prado Palace*

careless breadth that creates the illusion of strength. The satire of his later years only glints through them now and then, giving an added pungency. But the respect for fact and the directness that are his basic qualities are all there and save from insipidity even the designs in which he made the greatest concessions to the French. His series, with that of Bayeu, made a full and fascinating record of the life of the most romantic of the western civilizations. Although the cartoons are apparently guilty of theatricality and exaggerated picturesqueness, the work is nevertheless true domestic *genre*, for the stagey and pictorial quality is an attribute of the life itself, not of the interpretation given to it by the designers.

As tapestries, however, they are somewhat less successful. Aside from any defects of workmanship, for at one time the dyes used at the royal looms were impossibly harsh, most of the designs are too small in scale and too broken in interest and spacing to be ideal wall decorations. Yet in spite of this defect, inherent in the subject, they do have the illustrative frankness and fullness and the decorative grace and charm that entitle them to be ranked in the history of important tapestries—the last, small effort of the art before its death.

As a result, however, of the introduction of the tapicer's art, Spain is one of the richest countries in Europe in tapestries. In the palace in Madrid alone are more than a thousand examples.

Fair Weather and Foul on Canvas

A young American painter catches the spirit of nature's varying moods



"FLEETING CLOUDS"

BY WILLIAM H. CROSSMAN

WILLIAM H. CROSSMAN is a young American landscape painter who, in his first exhibition, showed these two pictures which possess unusual power for an artist to display at the outset of his career. "Fleeting Clouds," which one would believe the work of a more experienced hand, was painted in Vermont. "Approaching Storm" is a Bermuda subject. The former treats of a summer day when the clear atmosphere imparts a brilliance to foliage and sky. Low, drifting clouds brush the tops of the hills and leave a pattern of smoky blue on the paler blue of the hillside. The thin vapor of the clouds,

barely cobering, is painted with a light, assured touch, while the hills have strength and massive weight, a contrast in substance to which is due much of the fascination of the picture. In "Approaching Storm" the fury of a tropical hurricane is the theme; all is movement, as opposed to the stability which is the keynote of the New England scene. The clouds back of the swaying palms are greenish gray; the sea has not yet taken on leaden hues but, under the patch of light, retains its almost gem-like blue.

Mr. Crossman, who has studied with Robert Henri, Charles W. Hawthorne, Jonas Lie, George Elmer Browne and other American masters, is represented by a mural painting, "Brig," in the Harvey School in New York City, and exhibited at the Babcock Galleries in New York last March.



"APPROACHING STORM"

BY WILLIAM H. CROSSMAN

Photographs used by courtesy of the
Babcock Galleries



"CLOUDS" BY MAYNARD DIXON

Courtesy of the Macbeth Gallery, New York

GAMEOS

by

MARY PLOWDEN KERNAN

When one is lying on the grass
It is a joy to watch clouds pass,

There is an island silver white
To dwell upon in sheer delight.

Then just above in pink rimmed line
A maiden profile—clear and fine.

Deep underneath gray cities lie
All walled for war; and jutting high

Their ragged spears red warriors sway—
And fade in search of recessed prey.

Now racing clouds, their blackened tips
Like smoke escaping funneled ships—

Sweep on to meet the cool white rain
Until she beats them back again.

A break—a change—look now go past
Long graceful deerhounds flying fast!

In narrow fleet—and one by one
Come mauve and rose tufts tinged by sun.

There drift along the after-glow
An arrow and a gilded bow.

As waning twilight travels on,
And varying clouds go sailing on

Their zephyr floats; they carve for me
Clear cut cameos—fancy free.



"LED THROUGH MEADOWS" by GEORGE FULLER

Owned by Mr. Ralph Cudney Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

This is one of the larger paintings in the George Fuller Centennial Exhibition held by the Metropolitan Museum from April 9 to May 20, 1923. Pictures have been lent from public and private collections all over the country, this painting being sent by Ralph Cudney of Chicago, who also owns two other pictures in the exhibition, "The Bird Catcher" and "The Gatherer of Simples," which was reproduced by International Studio last July. "Led Through Meadows" was painted in 1883, a year before the artist's death. While the influence of the two masters to whom Fuller acknowledged himself indebted, Corot and Millet, is disclosed to some extent, an imaginative quality is evident which is particularly Fuller's own.

Prizes, National Academy of Design



"THE EXPULSION" by Eugene Francis Savage. Thomas B. Glarke Prize, Saltus Medal



*"FLEMISH TAPESTRY"
by Dines Carlsen, A.N.A.*

*Hallgarten Two Hundred
Dollar Prize*

Prizes, National Academy of Design



"BLUE AND SILVER"

by Jean McLane

*Isaac N. Maynard
One Hundred Dollar Prize*

Below: "BY THE UPPER LOGK"

by John F. Folinsbee, A. N. A.

Hallgarten Three Hundred Dollar Prize



Prizes, National Academy of Design

"A NATURALIST"

by Fred Nagler

*Hallgarten One Hundred
Dollar Prize*



Below: "SNOW AND GOLDER"

by G. Glenn Newell, A. N. A.

Speyer Memorial Prize



Prizes, National Academy of Design



"EARLY WINTER" by Paul King, A.N.A.

Altman One Thousand Dollar Prize for Landscape



*"MID-WINTER" by
Hobart Nichols, N.A.*

*Altman Five Hun-
dred Dollar Prize
for Landscape*



PART OF MRS. HINMAN'S COLLECTION OF HISTORICAL STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERY

AMERICAN HISTORY *on* CHINA

ALL HISTORY is not in books nor in the heads of college professors, nor does history consist entirely of the names and dates of battles and of heroes, martial or political.

One important part of the past of the United States is recorded pictorially, but none the less authoritatively and informatively, on the Staffordshire china which was the tableware of the great middle class of the country a century ago. Wherever one can find a collection of this pottery, there he may study American history and find it no lingual skeleton that rattles dryly at its articulations but a human document palpitant with the very spirit of the men, the women and the institutions of that highly important period.

The finest collection of this old china in the West, and one of the greatest in the whole country, is now on permanent exhibition in the Museum of History, Science and Art in Los Angeles, California, to

Early days of the republic recorded pictorially by potters of Staffordshire, as Hinman collection shows · by

Henriette Boeckmann

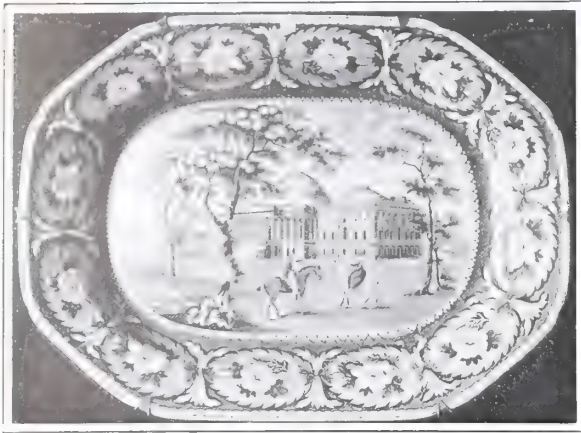
which it was given for public benefit by Mrs. William May Garland, long a resident of that city and wife of one of the municipality's leading business men. It came to her as a bequest

from her mother, Mrs. M. L. Hinman, formerly of Dunkirk, New York. It consists of 1,250 pieces collected at a time when the assembling of old china had not yet become a hobby in the United States. Many of the pieces have no duplicates, so far as is known, and among them are individual specimens valued at more than a thousand dollars each.

To layman and artist alike, one of the most important features of a collection of this ware is that beneath the glaze of certain pieces are pictures of structures memorable in Revolutionary times which have not been preserved elsewhere, making these specimens of inestimable value. It was a

MRS. M. L. HINMAN, WHOSE COLLECTION OF STAFFORDSHIRE POTTERY, NOW IN LOS ANGELES, IS ONE OF THE FINEST IN AMERICA



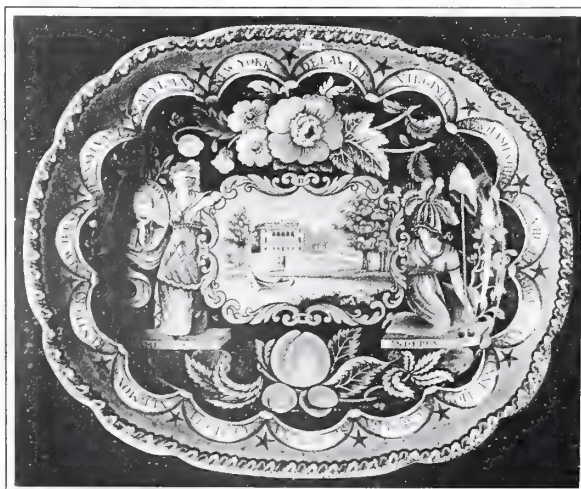


THE CAPITOL AT WASHINGTON AS IT ORIGINALLY APPEARED.
PLATTER BY RIDGWAY

strange trick of fate that these dishes and prints should have been made by the very nation from which the sturdy colonists not many decades earlier had wrested their independence. The mother nation, however, had with her maternal instincts those of a successful business man and, repressing her ire, she sought first the heart and then the purse strings of her rebellious offspring, already happily and prosperously ensconced across the Atlantic. She sent to the new nation artists and photographers equipped with the camera obscura or camera lucida, the predecessor of the camera of the present, and they took back delineations of those incidents and scenes which they believed would have an appeal to the emotions of the growing nation. Then her potters, especially those of Staffordshire, busied themselves with manufacturing china bedecked with these pictures. And what a hurrying and scurrying there was among Colonial housewives to purchase this decorated tableware to grace their boards!

In the Hinman collection of this china are

THE FAMOUS "STATES PLATE" WHICH EMBODIES A WHOLE
NATIONAL HISTORY. PLATTER BY CLEWS



more than a hundred great platters, most of them in the much-sought, deep, delphinium blue, while others are in mulberry, pink and brown. To this part of the collection, displayed with inviting conspicuousness on one long wall of the museum, the eye turns with delight to ramble from one glossy surface to another, lingering here and there on some especially quaint scene of the days when crinoline and periwig were the vogue, or on the lines of some noble edifice. One of the most interesting as well as historically important platters is that showing the Massachusetts State House and the Boston Common as they appeared a hundred years ago. The Common, according to the records, was laid out for use as "a training field and for the feeding of cattle," with the condition that all residents of Boston were to have "equal rights of commonage; others, not unless they inherit it." On the platter appear "milch



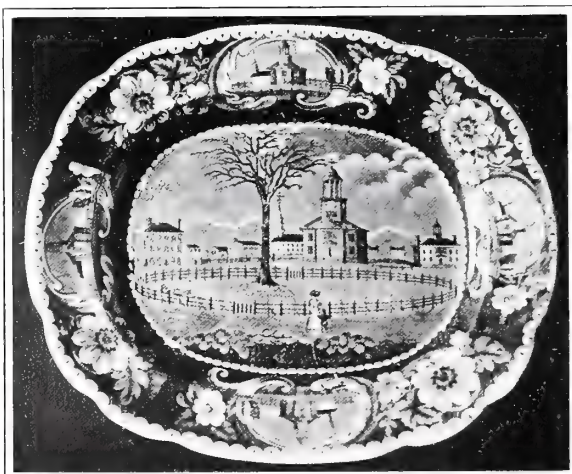
A RARE VIEW OF EARLY BALTIMORE
PLATTER BY T. GODWIN

cows" which were allowed on the Common to the number of seventy. Until 1830 grazing on the Common was continued. Then indignant citizens, resenting being "gored and tossed" when crossing public property, made successful protests against the presence of the kine. John Hancock's cows were among those which were pastured there, and it is said that on one occasion when a large party arrived unexpectedly at his home, making the question of edible supplies a problem, the servants went out and milked not only the cows of the Hancock establishment but also all others on the Common, so providing at least sufficient milk for all the guests. Among the historic buildings shown on the platter is the house which was rented in 1825 for the use of General Lafayette and his suite. It is interesting to note in connection with this piece of china that Oliver Wendell Holmes in his *Autocrat of the Breakfast-table* declared that "Boston State House is the hub of the solar

system. You couldn't pry that out of a Boston man if you had the tire of all creation straightened out for a crowbar."

Reminiscent of the Revolutionary War is another platter portraying West Point as it appeared about 1780, when Benedict Arnold had command of the old fortress on the Hudson. On it may be seen the very spot where, under cover of a September night, Major André came ashore to meet the traitor and received the papers which were found on his person and which sent him to his death and Arnold to England.

Another valuable record of young America is a platter decorated with a view of the Upper Ferry bridge over the Schuylkill River in Pennsylvania, known in Colonial times as the State of Bridges. This bridge, erected in 1813, had great fame for its single-arch span of 325 feet. The once notable Harding tavern is at the right-hand entrance of



THE PITTSFIELD CHURCH, FAMOUS IN REVOLUTIONARY DAYS.
PLATTER BY CLEWS

The admiration which foreign artists had for the pioneers for the establishment of so fine an educational institution is evident from the many different sketches of Harvard which they made to be reproduced by the English potters.

The remark that the first flag of stars and stripes "embodied a whole national history" might well be applied to the "States Plate" in the collection. About the central scene, showing the President's house in Washington as well as the Goddess of Liberty and a blindfolded Justice, is a festooning of ribbon, each loop of which bears the name of one of the fifteen states of the Union which existed at the time when the platter was designed. Another ceramic of historic value is the platter used in the Harrison political campaign, which pictures the famous log cabin and beside it the cider barrel which loomed so large as a subject of oratory in the campaign.

Less than a dozen views of early Baltimore are preserved on china, but one in the Hinman collection represents the harbor of that city of six

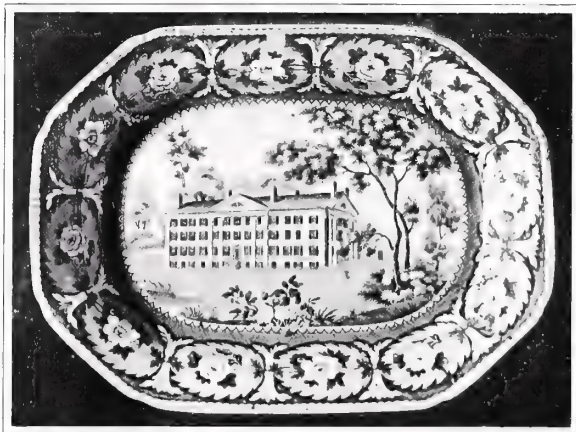


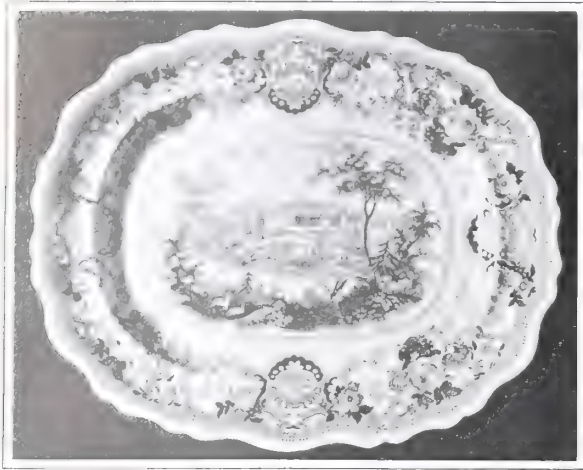
A PLATTER USED IN THE HARRISON POLITICAL CAMPAIGN.
POTTER UNKNOWN

the covered structure, and a hooded wagon drawn by a half dozen horses occupies the foreground. Among the buildings described in *The Beauties of America* was the almshouse at Bellevue, erected on the bank of the East river in New York in 1816. Some time later, "the poor in pocket" were moved to Blackwell's island and the almshouse became Bellevue hospital, a municipal institution.

After a plot of ground on the Potomac river had been selected as being "as near as possible to the center of wealth, of population, and of territory" of the then new republic, President Washington was chosen to designate a site and to arrange for the building of a national capitol. This materialized as we see it on the face of another old blue platter. The Washington elm, planted by the Father of His Country, is shown in the foreground. Truly beautiful is a soft brown-toned platter showing Harvard College as it was in the days when most of America was still a wilderness.

THE HARTFORD DEAF AND DUMB ASYLUM, THE FIRST INSTITUTION OF ITS KIND IN AMERICA. PLATTER BY RIDGWAY





WEST POINT AS IT APPEARED DURING THE REVOLUTION.
PLATTER BY ADAMS

thousand inhabitants which Lafayette declared to be among the handsomest in the Union, many of its buildings having been designed by French architects on lines quite familiar to him.

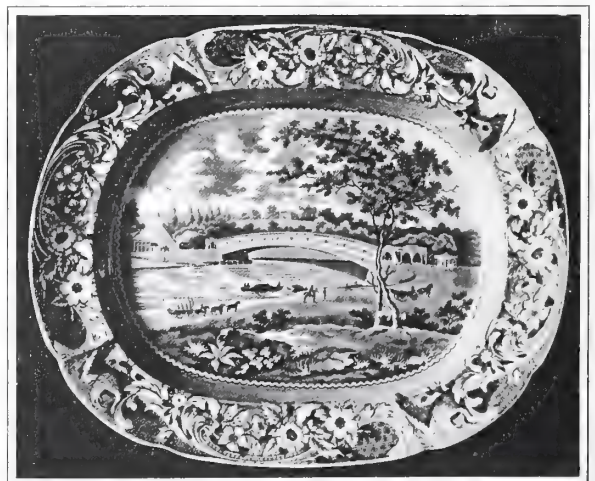
A noteworthy view of Revolutionary times is given by the "Pittsfield Elm" platter. The minister of the meeting house shown was an ardent patriot, and one Sunday he entered the pulpit wearing a long cloak. In the course of his sermon, his consuming patriotism overcame his desire for conservatism, and throwing aside his cloak he displayed himself in the Continental uniform. Calling upon the men of his congregation, he led them forth and under the elm standing before the church he organized a military company. A fence was put around the elm in 1825, and this in the picture is evidence that the platter is of a little later date, since up to that time the neighboring farmers had used the tree for a hitching post, as many iron staples driven into the tree testified. It was too late to save the tree, however, and in the early sixties it fell, and its wood was made into cups and bowls and treasured as souvenirs.

The Deaf and Dumb asylum at Hartford, Connecticut, the first institution of its kind to be erected in America, is recorded on another platter in the collection. The Pennsylvania hospital, looked upon as one of the handsomest of public edifices in Colonial times, is also accurately portrayed. Two priceless pieces show New York as seen from Brooklyn Heights and from Weehawken. Both are startlingly significant of the growth of the metropolis. Classed with these plates are one depicting the Baltimore Exchange, erected in 1820; one portraying the headwaters of the Juniata River in Pennsylvania, and one showing the Scudder Museum in the Quaker City, to which those who first raised our flag flocked to gaze upon the curiosities assembled from afar.

Washington's tomb and the "grand canal," whose completion was celebrated in 1825 when skeptics said, "The big ditch will be filled with the tears of posterity," were both duly commemorated on china. Striking, too, are such plates as those portraying the Battery in New York with its historical flagstaff pavilion, the Park Theatre there, built in 1798 and for more than half a century the city's leading playhouse; Sable Rock, Niagara Falls, of which design entire dinner sets were sent to this country, and Philadelphia's dam and water works with a side-wheel steamboat upon the water. Among the hundreds of other pieces few are stranger than that illustrating the first train with its diminutive cars resembling stage coaches and the stumpy little locomotives, all of which were said to have been designed by Peter Cooper, inventor and philanthropist.

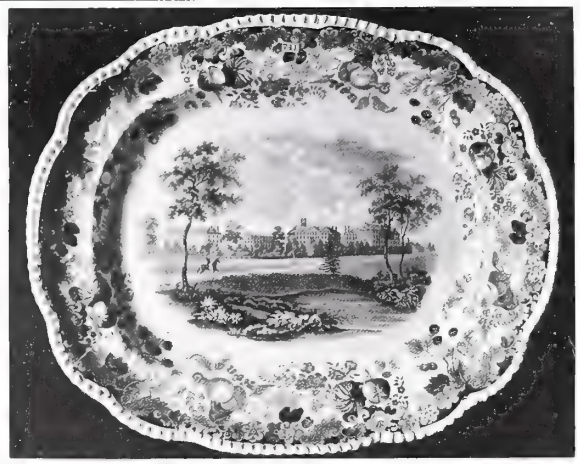
The long series of plates illustrating the escapades of the redoubtable Dr. Syntax occupies a large part of the display. The subjects were taken from those quaint books illustrated by Thomas Rowlandson and for which Dr. William Combe, for forty-three years an inmate of the King's Bench debtor's prison, wrote the verses. The first volume was printed by Ackerman in book form in 1815 and was called *Doctor Syntax in Search of the Picturesque*. Its success was so great that it was followed by the *Second Tour of Dr. Syntax in search of Consolation*, published in 1820, and in 1821 by the *Third Tour of Dr. Syntax in Search of a Wife*. The quaintness and humor of this series of Staffordshire plates illustrative of the volumes is such that every collector of old china is ever ready to snap them up where he can find them. It was in 1888 that Mrs. Hinman started to make her great collection, procuring her first pieces at Nantucket, but it was not until around

THE UPPER FERRY BRIDGE OVER THE SCHUYLKILL RIVER
PENNSYLVANIA, ONE OF THE FEW RIVER BRIDGES OF
COLONIAL DAYS. PLATTER BY WOOD





THE BOSTON STATE HOUSE AND COMMON IN 1800
PLATTER BY STUBBS



HAVARD UNIVERSITY IN THE SAME PERIOD.
PLATTER BY WOOD

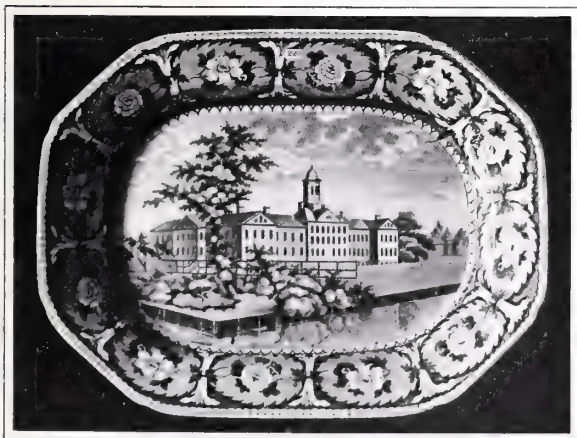
1900 that this gentlewoman of delicate health but active spirit undertook collecting Staffordshire ware in earnest and had built, to share with her husband in his hobby for collecting firearms, a little museum adjoining the bowling alley and conservatory of their home in Dunkirk. So fast did her collection grow that it became necessary to add a second structure of special design to house the china alone. The walls in both these little museums were finished in glossy black around the base and with dull red burlap above. The effect of the lustrous china against such a background was striking indeed. Three catalogues were made by Mrs. Hinman: the first in 1902, the second, called *Description of Contents of Two Curio Rooms*, in 1904, and the third in 1906. Having gone, subsequent to the death of her husband, to be with her daughter in Los Angeles, Mrs. Hinman continued to collect Staffordshire ware until 1907, when she died at the age of sixty-three years. Her family was as historic as the china which she so zealously guarded and of whose individual meanings and makers she was thor-

oughly cognizant. A Daughter of the American Revolution and of Dutch descent, she was, on the maternal side of her house, of the fourth generation of the family that sold Ellis Island, the immigrant gateway to the United States at New York, to the government for one hundred and twenty-five dollars. Proud of her mother's collecting, Mrs. Garland has volume after volume containing references to it or describing it.

There seems to be doubt as to the reason for the choice of dark, rich blue as the color for this ware, but the fact remains that all the Staffordshire potters used it. Washington liked it and ordered "not less than six or eight dozen, and a proportionate number of deep and other plates, butter boats and tureens" for his table.

Not all the potters put their names on their products in Stoke-on-Trent, Hanley, Cobridge, Etruria, Burslem, Fenton, Tunstall, Longport, Shelton and Lane End, which compose the pottery district of Staffordshire. Even when they did so, the glaze often filled the spaces of the letters and practically obliterated the names. Fortunately, however, it was the custom of each potter to use one or two borders which were expressly his own, and these serve to identify his products. Enoch Wood, who set up his business in 1783, used sea shells in two arrangements. Joseph Stubbs used an eagle and scroll border for the ware that he sent to this country. On some of the output of the Clews Brothers appear flower borders, often including birds, although the firm did not limit itself to these forms. Charles Meigh had a border design of fine mosses and chickweed. Another maker used a border of forget-me-nots and roses. And so it went among those who contributed to the production of a pictorial history of the United States which grows in value as the period which it preserves recedes into the past.

THE ALMSHOUSE AT BELLEVUE, NEW YORK, 1816
PLATTER BY RIDGWAY



GHIMNEYS of COLONIAL DAYS

ORDINARILY a chimney is a most prosaic object, but chimneys as a feature of Colonial architecture possess no little fascination for the student of history or of the art and science of building. Around them the social life of the New World developed. With fireplaces equipped for cooking, they were the centres of domestic activity, and as households increased in size they became literally the centres of the homes.

Geographically, interest in Colonial chimneys divides into two sections, one concerning itself with those of New England; the other, with those of Virginia. Those of the northern colony customarily were strictly utilitarian, plain, severe; patterned, it seems, after the characters of those who made them and who fashioned their families in a theoretically similar mold. The chimneys of the southern colony expressed in their way with equal clarity a different character and temperament, the views of a different migration in regard to life, an addiction to the ornamental as well as a devotion to the essentially useful. In line and proportion, in location and in material they were planned to impart artistic qualities to the houses of which they were a part. There are evidences, however, of occasional efforts in New England to obtain decorative effects in the fireplaces by the use of firebacks or figured tiles according to the Dutch custom of approximately the same period. There were, too, in Connecticut a few examples of Dutch influence in the placing of a chimney outside the house for architectural elaboration, and in a few of the costly habitations in Massachusetts the chimneys

Primarily utilitarian, they became architectural features of the homes of early Americans . . . by

EDWARD B. ALLEN

themselves were treated decoratively by architects.

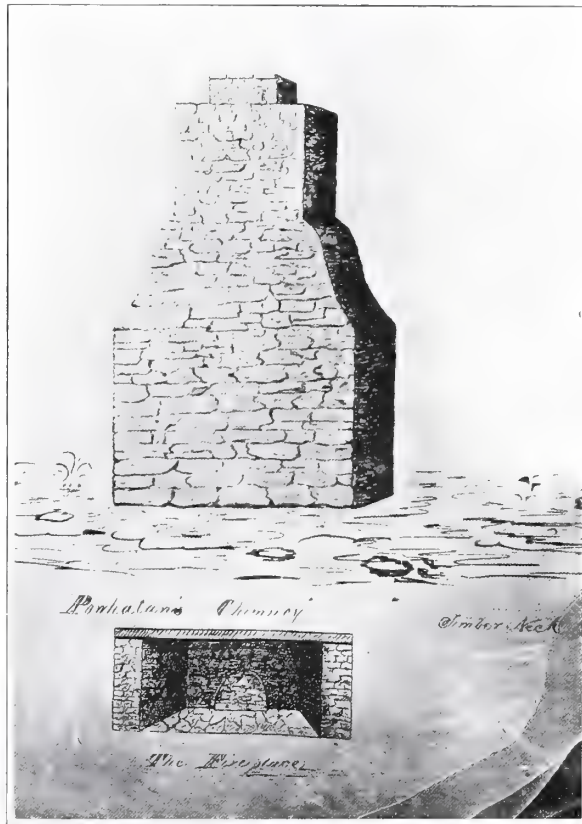
When the first settlements were established in New England, the chimneys, like the houses, were made of notched logs or

posts bound together upright. They were attached to the outside of the houses and heavily daubed with clay to protect them from the fire that burned below. In 1638, Samuel Symonds, of Ipswich, Massachusetts, gave the following instructions concerning

the chimneys of his house (*History of the Whipple House*): "I would have wood chimneys at each end, the frames of the chimneys to be stronger than ordinary to beare good heavy load of clay for security against fire. You may let the chimneys be all the breadth of the house if you think good." This kind of chimney, however, proved to be dangerous, for the clay baked and cracked and fell from the logs, leaving spaces through which sparks and flames reached the wood, causing such losses and conflagrations that laws soon were passed forbidding the construction of chim-

neys of any material but brick or stone. These later chimneys were huge and comparatively costly. They were built on massive foundations, sometimes twelve feet square, with flues so large that a person could climb through them to the top. The flue in the Paul Revere house in Boston is twelve inches deep by thirty inches wide.

Although chimneys at first were built at one end of the log houses, they became the centers as wings were added on the other side of them. When the frame house came into fashion later, the chimney continued to be in the center, with a fire-



POWHATAN'S CHIMNEY, ERECTED BY CAPTAIN JOHN SMITH,
AT ROSEWELL, VIRGINIA



THE RANDOLPH MANSION, A FRAME HOUSE, BUILT ABOUT 1730, AT TUCKAHOE, VIRGINIA



ANOTHER WOODEN HOUSE, BUILT ABOUT 1770, AT PROVIDENCE FORGE, VIRGINIA

place on either side. Some of these fireplaces were seven and a half feet wide and four and a half feet high. These early chimneys had only one flue each because they served only one fireplace, but as upper stories were built, necessitating extra fireplaces, additional flues were built in the chimneys with thin partition walls of stone or brick, a separate one for each fireplace, so that in time the chimney was an upright bundle of tubes held together by its outer walls. When several fireplaces had their outlets into one chimney, the flues seldom were straight, but branched to right or left, some with curves, others with sharp angles, while others extended even to fireplaces in detached rooms.



THOROGOOD HOUSE, BUILT IN 1635

Of such internal capacity as has been mentioned, the old chimneys at times were used as

hiding places, and it required no great stretch of the imagination in the childhood of the day

to picture a rotund Santa Claus popping out of the roomy fireplace at Christmastide. Fugitives eluded pursuers in cavernous flues in the days of witchcraft and during the Revolution, evading one jeopardy to face another. Secret closets at times were constructed in the space on either side of the chimney, reached by stairways through movable panels in the wainscot. Such a closet in the House of the Seven Gables in Salem, Massachusetts, was recently restored.

Our oldest chimney, the grandfather of all of Colonial structures of the kind, is the Powhatan chimney, part of which remains after three centuries. It stands on a commanding bluff at Timber Neck, near Rosewell Mansion, Gloucester county, Virginia, unique in form and romantic in story, interwoven, as it is, with the history of Jamestown, Captain John Smith and Pocahontas. It is said to have been built by the doughty captain on a requisition from the Indian chief Powhatan, who wanted a house with a chimney like the chimneys of the white men. It was made of marl, which abounds on the banks of the York river. Marl



WESTOVER MANSION, VIRGINIA, BUILT ABOUT 1730



CARTER'S CREEK MANSION, BUILT BEFORE 1692



OLD HOUSE NEAR WILLIAMSBURG, VIRGINIA

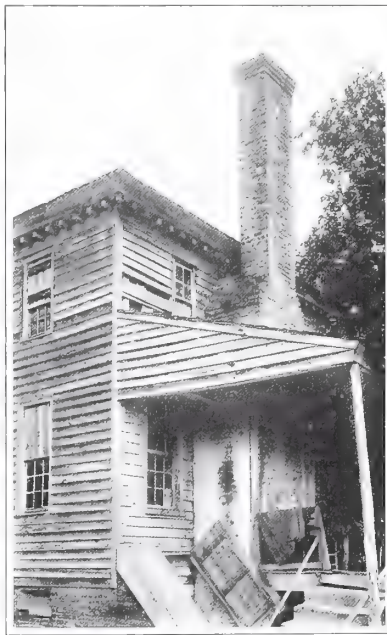
presumably was used because there were no bricks in the colony and because it dried to the hardness of stone. The chimney has several sections, the one above the great rectangular base being reduced nearly one half in width by an offset of curved outline, from which rises the straight shaft to a low narrow top, each section seemingly drawn out of the one below it, like a telescope. The fireplace itself measures about eight feet four inches in width, four feet in depth and more than six feet in height, "so that a tall man could stand upright in it and several could sit within it around the fire," as Bishop Meade wrote. Many houses, one after another, have been built against this ancient chimney, each in turn falling to decay, while the chimney itself endures like a monument to commemorate the first settlement in Virginia and its heroic struggle for existence.

From this time, chimneys began to change in mass, in outline and in position in the house. In Virginia the early ones were built out from an end wall, beginning with a large base at the ground floor and diminishing in width to the top, like the buttresses of Gothic churches. The Thoro-

good house, built in 1635, is a good example of this style. An example from New England of the

same period is the Craddock house in Medford, Massachusetts (1632-5). It has a single chimney at either end, forming the apex of the gable of the high pitch roof, but built on the inside of the wall.

In the South, where many Tudor mansions were built, there are survivals of that picturesque style. Their chimneys, standing outside at either end, have huge foundations in the cellars, where also were large fireplaces, before which in cold weather the servants could work comfortably by day and sleep by night. At Carter's Creek, Gloucester county, is a mansion with chimneys of this character, although built inside the walls.



HOUSE IN CAROLINE COUNTY, VIRGINIA



BIRTHPLACE OF GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE, BUILT ABOUT 1730

The large chimneys, placed at the ends of the wings, cut through the roof several feet above the eaves and continue as a solid mass to a point a little above the roof line, where they separate into a row of three slender chimney-pots, the trio capped by a molding that joins them. The other chimneys, placed at the center and end of the roof of the great hall, have but two pots about half the height of the others, making a skyline of pleasing variation. Near Williamsburg, Virginia, is a house of the late Seventeenth or early Eighteenth Century whose chimneys form part of the end walls but are very different at the top, where they resemble two chimneys placed side by side, the inner section being smaller and flatter than the main one.

An old house in Surry county, Virginia, has another interesting style of chimney, typical of that period in that colony. It is an end chimney, built outside the wall, and is composed of two tall, slender shafts joined by a connecting wall from the base to the top of the first story, thus forming a huge foundation with an archway at the center, the archway closed by a door. Another excellent example of this type in the same state is in the old building known as the Providence Forge, iron work having been done there at an early date although the house was not built until about 1770. Here are the same twin chimneys joined and having an arched doorway and also a window above. There are three widths to each shaft, the greatest extending to the eaves. There the chimney is reduced nearly one-half, while a few feet higher, after allowing for another fireplace, it is again reduced. The top is finished with a narrow molding. Another unusual chimney is in a house of the Eighteenth Century in Caroline

county, Virginia. It is an outside chimney with a wide, lower section which, before reaching the cornice, narrows from each side to form the upper shaft, which is only half as deep as the lower one.

This arrangement throws the chimney away from the roof. A side view gives the impression of a huge bass viol placed upright against the house, the narrow shaft answering for the neck of the instrument.

General Robert E. Lee's birthplace at Stratford, Virginia, built about 1730, undoubtedly has the largest and most unusual chimneys of the Colonial period. The

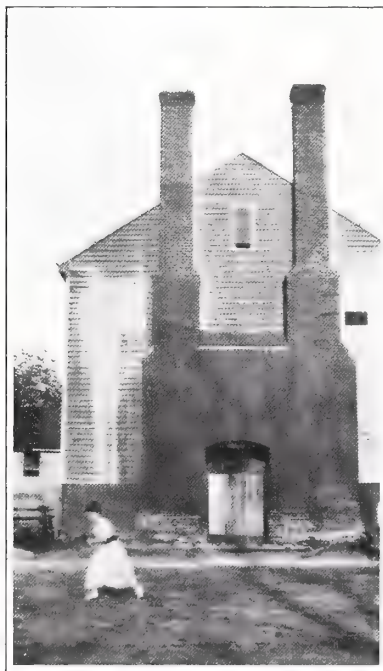
mansion stands in the form of an H, two long sections connected at their middle points by a short one. Where this connecting section joins the

sides of the H stand the chimney stacks, each composed of four separate chimneys which form the corners of a square, all widely separated but connected at their tops by slender arches of brick. Each chimney, as well as each connecting arch, has a flaring molding capped with beveled stone. Between the four flues of each stack is space for a small room. The chimneys are decorated on all sides with glazed brick in vertical lines of checkerwork, as is the lower section of the building. A secret chamber about eight feet square was built between the walls of the chimney. It was entered from above through a sliding panel in the floor, so carefully made that, once forgotten, it was discovered only by accident. For

what purpose it was used remains a mystery. It is described in *Historic Virginia Homes and Churches*. At Tuckahoe, Virginia, the Randolph mansion, built in the same year and also like an H, had one chimney for each main section, while the Westover house, of the same period, had one at each of its four corners.

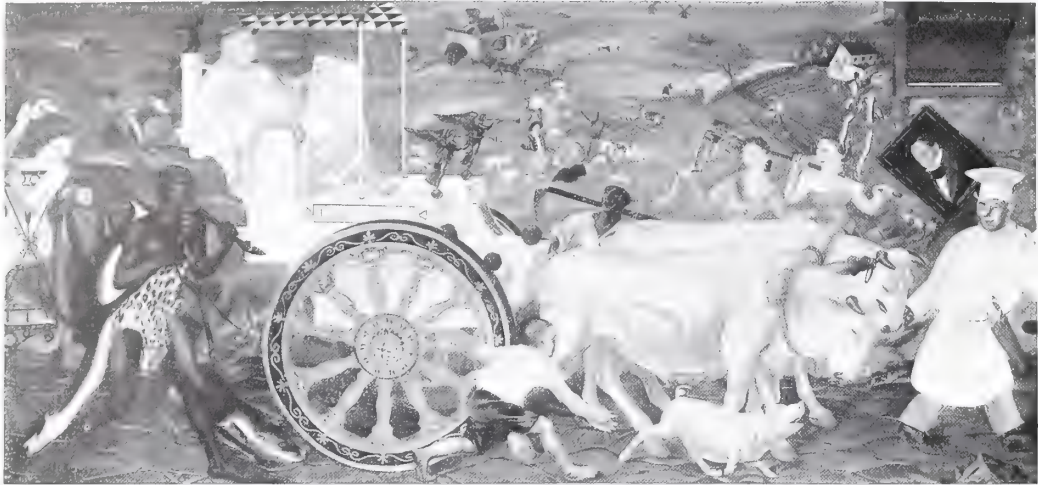


CRADDOCK HOUSE, MEDFORD, MASSACHUSETTS, 1632



OLD HOUSE IN SURRY COUNTY, VIRGINIA

IAGOVLEFF'S *Pictorial Ballad*



THE DEMI-GODS OF COOKERY PARADE IN REGAL SPLENDOR



A MODERN ROMEO AND JULIET IN A REVISED BALCONY SCENE

*Y*OUR true genius is never solemn. He considers nothing beneath him, for he raises things to his own level. With an enthusiasm and an earnestness not inferior to Michaelangelo's when he decorated the Sistine Chapel, Alexander Iacovleff painted the walls of a small Paris restaurant. He painted with all his power, all his fancy, all his fun, without using models, any preconceived plan or even the



THE DINERS AT "À LA BICHE" SEEM TO BE BOTH INTERESTED IN, AND APPRECIATIVE OF, THE CURIOUS ACTIVITIES OF "MINE HOST"



THE CARVED OAKENSIGN OF THE ORIGINAL "LA BICHE"

THE MAYOR AND CORPORATION RECEIVING TRIBUTES

THE XVIIITH CENTURY PANEL IN A XXTH CENTURY FRAME

Mural Paintings in "À LA BICHE"



AN ALLEGORY OF BACCHUS ALLIED TO REALISM—IN MONTMARTRE



IACOVLEFF'S SATIRICAL CONCEPTION OF THE LIFE, UNDREAMED OF BY THE DINER, BEHIND THE SCENES IN A PARISIAN RESTAURANT

faintest sketch. His only mechanical aids were the nail and piece of string which he used as a compass in drawing the wheels for the regal chariots of Lucullus and Bacchus. He drew this pictorial ballad straight out of his mind, on the spur of the moment. These frescoes are in tempora.

—MURIEL CIOLKOWSKA



FRESCO OF RUSTIC REVELS DEPICTING THE SIMPLE JOYS OF COUNTRY LIFE



COUNTRY LIFE THROUGHOUT THE AGES

IACOVLEFF, SELF PORTRAYED AS THE GOD PAN, PIPES A TUNE FOR THE CHARACTERS IN HIS FESTIVE RURAL SCENE

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS FROM THE FRESCOES BY ALEXANDER IACOVLEFF ON THE WALLS OF "À LA BICHE," PARIS

Oriental RUGS as FINE ART

VII. The Prayer Rugs of Asia Minor

TURKISH prayer rugs were the first rugs to be collected seriously in America, where for a long time, particularly in the nineties, the best of them were held to be the most

precious and important of Oriental rugs. Public interest in them has never slackened, for the somewhat provincial and sentimental American finds the appurtenances of a foreign religion curiously fascinating. These witnesses of another, rather pleasantly shocking religion, these substantial evidences of a peculiar people, of distant lands, strange practices and beliefs provide something of the exhilaration of travel, while the broadminded have found in them an agreeable argument for and a confirmation of their tolerance of the Turk in racial and religious affairs.

Rather more nonsense has been written and talked about prayer rugs than concerning any other type. Their supposed mystery has been industriously and insincerely exploited, and many fantastic speculations have been attached to them. They have been absurdly antedated and in many cases over-valued, while the concentration of attention and admiration on them for a long time led in this country to a neglect of types artistically more important. Victimized by intemperate and ignorant admiration as well as by irresponsible fancies, they have, none the less, deserved a better fate, for the sober facts about them are interesting and important enough. Aside from the obvious beauty of the best of them, they represent a peculiarly vital form of religious art and their origin and development is one of the most significant chapters in the history of rugs.

Although prayer rugs are used all over the Mohammedan world and are made by practically all rug weavers, the prayer rugs of Asia Minor are the most important in number, and, with the exception of a few Sixteenth-Century Persians, the best in quality. It is the Turks, most relentless and faithful of the adherents of Mohammed, who have made the most of the prayer rug, and it is in the Ottoman empire that the Mohammedan church has exercised the greatest control over its members and been of most use to them. It is natural that in this region we should find religious conditions controlling rug designs to a far greater

The origin of their design, the religious purposes served, and a description of important types by

Arthur Upham POPE

extent than elsewhere, and a reasonable survey of the types fabricated here should suffice for all classes and should bring to light things known that are more interesting than things imagined.

It is difficult for the western world to appreciate how central in the life of Mohammedan peoples, prayer is. It is far more important with them than the daily paper is with us. Most Mohammedans go to a mosque to pray once a day; many, five times. Throughout vast lands and for millions of persons the muezzin's call is the one categorical imperative which all obey. Praying is a concerted enterprise in which even the humblest more or less vividly feels himself to be a member of a vast communion whence cometh his strength. As a support to national morale, as a constantly renewing force in racial unity, the potency of prayer with Mohammedan peoples is just beginning to be realized by statesmen who habitually underestimate the imponderables. Perfunctory and meaningless much of it may be, just as with the rituals of other religions, but it is none the less a fundamental and powerful and persistent force. "Be thou steadfast in prayer," is the constant injunction of the Koran. Prayer is the second of the five foundation stones of Mohammedanism. Five times daily—at early morning, noon, afternoon, evening and night—each devout Mohammedan must recite prayers. Prayers erase sins, unless they be mortal sins, and five daily prayers are like five daily washings in a brook, as the Prophet himself said. Children are taught to pray at the age of seven years, and at the age of ten, prayers are obligatory. Prayers may be said privately, but those said in a mosque are more meritorious. According to a Mohammedan tradition, God originally ordered fifty prayers a day, but Moses warned Mohammed that this was an impossible task, that he had tried much praying with the Children of Israel and that they had been unable to bear it. On Moses' advice, Mohammed begged God to reduce the number until finally, after repeated importunities, God reduced the number to five. Even then Moses was dubious and predicted failure, saying that even five had been too many for the Israelites, but Mohammed was ashamed to ask God for any further remissions

and so bent great efforts to assure the faithful performance of the allotted five.

These prayers consist of verses from the Koran. Many of them are prescribed but some are voluntarily chosen, and one may add as many verses as he chooses, for it is the Mohammedan belief that one can not pray too much or too often. One of the prescribed prayers is the first chapter of the Koran:

"Praise be to God,—Lord of all the world;

"The Compassionate, the Merciful;

"King of the day of reckoning.

"Thee only do we worship and to Thee
only do we cry for help.

"Guide Thou us in the straight path,

"The path of those to whom Thou
hast been gracious,

"With whom Thou are not angry

"And who go not astray."

There are many ritualistic requirements in the performance of these prayers. There are detailed injunctions for cleanliness and the various positions—standing, kneeling, bowing are all prescribed. The worshipper must face in the direction of Mecca and use some sort of specially designated mat to pray on. This mat, as everyone knows, should have some point or apex which is to be turned in the direction of the Holy City. These prayer mats may be of any kind, size or condition. The conventional prayer rugs which we see in the West are rather elaborate and often costly affairs, and we are far from the facts if we imagine each Mohammedan lugging one of these rugs about with him constantly as we might carry a handkerchief. The Kazak prayer rugs often contain fifty square feet and may weigh forty pounds. To be tied to one of these ponderous affairs would be too much like being hampered with a ball and chain for even the most fanatic Mohammedan unless he was doing penance. As a matter of fact, the ordinary pile-woven prayer rug is a part of the permanent furniture of the household and is not carried about often. The Prophet in enjoining prayers nowhere commands beautiful or elaborate rugs, and so for daily use the simplest contrivances satisfy both the spirit and the letter of the law. One finds mats of cotton felt with a little silk embroidery, or even tiny embroidered silk pieces as light as paper and as easily carried in a pocket. Prayers will travel as far and be heard as quickly from a plain piece of cloth whose apex is marked with charcoal as from some elaborate fabrication that may have consumed years in the making and visibly depleted a prince's treasury. The beauty

of prayer rugs is a testimony of man's unquenchable esthetic thirst and a mark of his reverence for a religion which he wishes to honor through beauty. It is natural enough that all Mohammedans who can afford it should have the best prayer rugs obtainable, and it is true that the high standard of workmanship was maintained in the making of prayer rugs long after the ordinary utility rug was vulgarized and debauched by western commercialism operating on Asiatic poverty.

In the most beautiful of these Turkish prayer rugs, we find a central panel in the shape of a pointed arch, sustained in the early pieces by delicately drawn columns that are quite architectural in character. From the center of the arch there often depends a well-drawn mosque lamp, which often in later pieces gives place to a flower spray or a ewer. Now, this architectural device is a direct reproduction of the mihrab, a recessed arch, often gorgeously elaborated, that is placed in every mosque in the center of the main wall on the side toward Mecca. The congregation, when praying, faces this arch, which for centuries has been a most sacred object for Mohammedans.

The mihrab, with its use in the Mohammedan religion, has a long and interesting history. In the Prophet's mosque in Medina during his lifetime there was a large black stone, called the Ka'aba, subsequently moved to Mecca, which stood against the wall facing Jerusalem, and in the first years of his mission all his followers prayed toward that holy city. A few years later, Mohammed quarreled with the Jews, and thenceforth all Mohammedans prayed in the direction of Mecca, which was then the religious capital. It was not an easy problem to devise a sacred symbol for the new religion, one which should be safe from idolatrous worship, which was particularly abhorred by Mohammed, yet it was almost as difficult to expand the religion and to solidify its adherents without the help of some object to concentrate their attention and to symbolize the faith. The prayer arch was a happy solution, both simple and practical. The interest and energy of its contour does hold the attention and yet it does not represent any living form that could be easily hypostatized. It permits of any degree of elaboration, such as we find in the Thirteenth-Century Kalaun mosque in Cairo, while at the same time its outline is so utterly simple that even the humblest representation of it has essential efficacy. Moreover, the pointed, recessed arch already had a sanctification since it had been brought forcibly and at the beginning to the attention of the Mohammedan world. While it is true that occasional pointed arches can be found in Egypt and Asia Minor that

long antedate the founding of Mohammedanism, these arches were more or less accidental. They had no special significance, and the arch did not become a religious or cultural factor in the Mohammedan world until the Eighth Century at the earliest, perhaps not until later. In India, however, the pointed arch was well known and had a precious religious significance. Originally it was probably merely indicative of Buddha, but soon it was employed widely as a shrine and, still later, as a niche containing a figural representation of Buddha. The arch in India, like the arch of the Mohammedan mosque, was frequently set against the wall. It follows two forms; one, a rounded arch, derived from the lotus, which for centuries had been the focus of religious associations; the other, a compound pointed arch derived from the leaf of the sacred pipal or bodhi-tree, under which Buddha received his supreme enlightenment.

It was easy for the Arabs to know these things. They were in contact with India from the very beginning of the Mohammedan era. It must not be forgotten that the Arabs went down to the sea in ships and were frequent visitors to the west coast of India where they established colonies and proselyted among the natives during the early years of the Mohammedan expansion. There was an Indian ambassador at the court of Harun al-Rashid in the Ninth Century, and in the early Eleventh Century, Alberuni, an Arab historian, visited India and was astounded by the beauties and magnificence of the architecture that he saw there. By this time the arched recess as a shrine for the Buddha was widely established. It had been used in the cave numbered nineteen at Ajanta, which some authorities place well before the Seventh Century. Indian architecture had extended up through the Gandhara and Gazhni regions, and Indian builders were imported by Omayyad and Abbasid caliphs to work on their mosques as early as the Ninth Century. It is well known that Indian journeyman architects traveled far and wide in search of commissions, and as Mohammedanism expanded and the Moslem world acquired greater wealth there must have been many opportunities for the introduction of Indian ideas and styles. If given opportunities to decorate or elaborate the main wall of a mosque, which probably was early marked with some emblem indicating the direction of Mecca, the Indian workman would be likely to employ the pointed arch of Indian religion and architecture, the most beautiful and sacred form that he knew.*

*The arguments for the Indian origin of the Mohammedan mihrab have been most forcibly and persuasively stated by E. B. Hazel, particularly in his "Indian Art and Architecture." See also Ernst Diez's "Die Kunst der islamischer Völker."

The exact origin of the prayer rug is still a matter of conjecture, nor do we know just when it came into general use. Mohammedanism, like every other religion, assimilated many practices and beliefs that were common when it was first promulgated. One of these was that the moment of prayer was a dangerous time, at which one was particularly exposed to the assaults of various evil spirits. The early injunctions regarding prayer seem to defer to this common belief. Purification was one form of protection, and it was further felt desirable to warn all who prayed to keep themselves well clothed, women in particular being commanded to remain thoroughly covered, exposing only hands and face. Mohammed himself never mentions a prayer rug, but he does direct all worshippers to thrust a staff into the ground before them while they pray, or, if the ground be hard, to lay it flat, pointing away from them. The elaborate and costly prayer rugs of the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries are but a development from such crude beginnings. As any practice develops, new motives arise to confirm and extend it. After the arch had been adopted as the symbol of the Holy City, its reproduction on the praying cloth was natural and sensible. Perhaps the old fear of evil spirits became less and the desire for a visible symbol of the religion grew. Then the prayer rug, in a way, brought the mosque to the individual in a beautiful and impressive manner. There was the same sacred arch before which he prostrated himself in the holy edifice, and if he were ill or on a journey or not living near a mosque, it was an acceptable substitute.

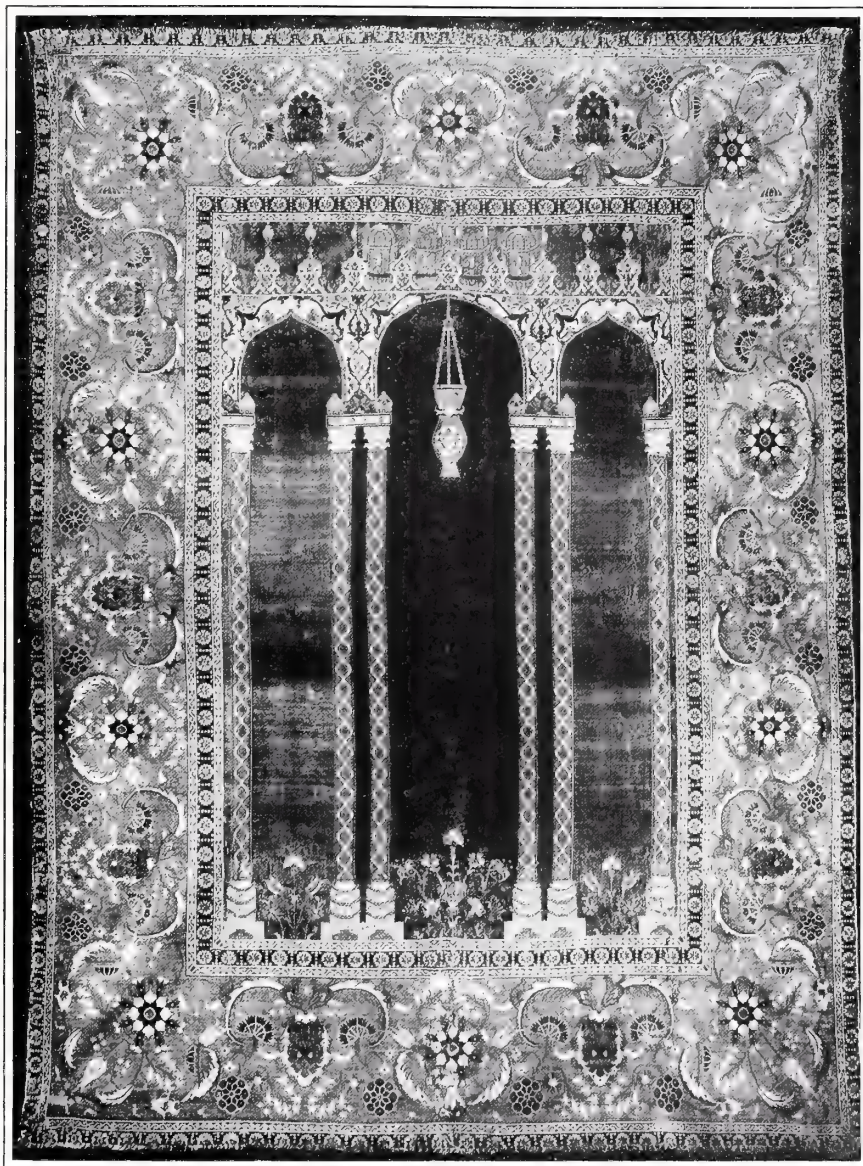
What the earliest prayer rugs looked like, we can only guess as there is now none in existence which we can place before the beginning of the Sixteenth Century. The oldest one of all is in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum in Berlin.* Judging from the peculiar drawing of the arabesque leaves, it probably was made in Ladik. It represents the architectural mihrab only in the most general way. The main design is formed of two huge parallel cloudbands of Chinese and Persian derivation, the main loop of each of which serves as an apex. This piece has an heroic grandeur that we never again find in Asia Minor rugs. It is unique. The looms in the vicinity of Oushak that turned out so many imposing carpets in the Sixteenth Century also produced large numbers of small prayer rugs, almost always with a niche at each end. That the prayer mihrab was intended and not merely a double-pointed panel is shown by the fact that from each apex there often depends a well-drawn

*Illustrated in color, frontispiece to Bode's "Antique Rugs from the Near East," translation by Riefstahl.

mosque candelabra. These rugs are superb. The patterns are strong and vigorous and well balanced; the colors, almost unmatched in their purity, depths and lustre. Such glowing reds,

Delightful as these pieces are, they cannot stand comparison with the finest of the earlier type.

The peak of perfection in the making of prayer rugs was reached in the so-called Damascus rugs



SO-CALLED DAMASCUS PRAYER RUG

SECOND HALF OF SIXTEENTH CENTURY

This rug, woven on the imperial Ottoman looms, represents the highest achievement in the whole range of prayer rugs. The center panel of pure green, side panels of deep red, and blue, green and yellow in the borders make a color combination that is both rich and daring. The drawing is clean and accurate, the spacing ample and dignified, the border patterns of exquisite grace and strong rhythms. The numerous technical difficulties are carried off with easy mastery. These rugs set a standard which later weavers strove in vain to reach.

Collection of James F. Ballard, St. Louis

blues and greens are hardly anywhere found outside the finest old stained glass. These rugs do not seem to have been made to any extent after the Sixteenth Century. Their place was taken by rugs quite similar in design and color that probably are from the looms in the vicinity of Bergamo.

made for the Ottoman court in the second half of the Sixteenth Century. Only a few of these pieces remain. Some of them are a little over-ornate, too obviously vying with the intricate floral richness of Persian weavings of the time, but the best of them, such as the one in the Ballard collection,

set a standard of dignity, elegance and exquisite beauty that never has been even approached since their time. Perhaps in no other rugs have accuracy and grace of so great perfection been combined by the weavers of any race.

While these early pieces, particularly the Oushaks and the Bergamos, could be bought for hundreds of dollars, American collectors were paying thousands for Ghiordes and Kulah prayer rugs that artistically are markedly inferior. These are the most famous of all prayer rugs and they have been produced actually by the thousands. The great inspiration had passed with the Sixteenth Century, taste and knowledge had declined to such an extent that really great achievements like the Berlin prayer rug or the Ballard-Damascus piece were out of the question. The earlier pieces from Ghiordes and Kulah show the influence of the court pieces of the Damascus type; we find the same rich red center, the same floral profusion in the border, now grown rather rigid and crowded, and often the columns supporting the prayer arch, but the spacing, the subtle relation of the parts, the breadth and nobility of the earlier pieces are wanting. But if it was not an heroic age, it could still be devout and industrious. Every great period of creation, whether in art, science or philosophy, is followed by a period of elaboration and refinement, and in Ghiordes weavings we find the prayer rug carried to an almost excessive degree of delicate detail. Nothing in the whole range of rug weaving can compare with the crisp and exquisite daintiness of the best of these pieces. The knots often number more than two hundred to an inch, and the rug is clipped so close, to permit of exact definition in the drawing, that it seems to be no thicker than a piece of parchment. The Kulah rugs always were bolder and coarser. Many of the early pieces had gorgeous red panels that gave them great richness and power, but gradually the colors faded and in the later pieces the predominant tones are tan and blue and more rarely pale green. While often altogether charming and admirably suited to certain decorative necessities of modern interiors, the rugs no longer had that intrinsic contagious energy which is the soul of fine art everywhere and always. The Ghiordes rugs also suffered a marked decline in vigor and understanding. The deep reds gave way to a musty pinkish or blueish tone that is sometimes quite disagreeable; the gorgeous old blues, deeper than the sapphire and always transparent, however deep, gradually gave place to paler tones with blackish opaque admixtures that robbed the whole rug of its quality. The delicious freshness of the early pieces has vanished. The weavers of

the later pieces rarely were able to turn the corners of the borders and at the same time keep their patterns intact; the patterns, once so dainty and lacelike, were jammed together, rigid, clumsy and confused, and meaningless innovations were introduced. In place of the old mosque lamp or a decorative spray of flowers, we find a coffee pot upside down, solid columns supported by a flower or issuing from fragile looking ewers—shocking incongruities to which the designers seem to have been quite oblivious. The Ottoman empire had started on its long decline; the expanding pressure of European civilization restricted its growth and insinuated commercial methods that worked destructively and progressively, while misgovernment and corruption contributed their quota of poverty and insecurity. Conditions now no longer favored the creation of works of art, and another great craft was slowly exterminated.

It is not easy to assign an exact date to the best of the Ghiordes rugs. There is an interesting and important rug in the Ballard collection which several times has been published as a Ghiordes dated 1604 or 1614, and from this piece writers have dated others. It has been very difficult to decipher the exact date of this rug, one of the finest of the Ghiordes, but it has recently been established that the correct date is 1613. A Ghiordes dated 1631 appeared in an auction in New York recently, but as the date had been cut out of another rug and sewed into the one in question and as the rug had been otherwise tampered with, it also proved to be a weak reed. Whenever it was that the type reached perfection, it certainly was not the Sixteenth Century, as most dealers used to assert. The Sixteenth Century rugs of Asia Minor are well known through the medium of contemporary European paintings, but nothing approaching a Ghiordes appears in any of these or even in those of the Seventeenth Century. Although many of them undoubtedly date from the Seventeenth Century, the majority of the Ghiordes and Kulah rugs are an Eighteenth Century production. Indeed Heinrich Jacoby, one of the best equipped men in the whole field of rug study and perhaps more than anyone else entitled to the last word on some of these matters, thinks the type is even later and that the majority of these pieces were woven in the Nineteenth Century.*

The most important of the prayer rugs, roughly contemporary with the Ghiordes and Kulah types, are the Ladiks. These are superbly handsome pieces, with something of the older strength of color and pattern. The difficult task of verbal

*Cf. Heinrich Jacoby, "Eine Sammlung orientalische Teppiche," Berlin, 1923.



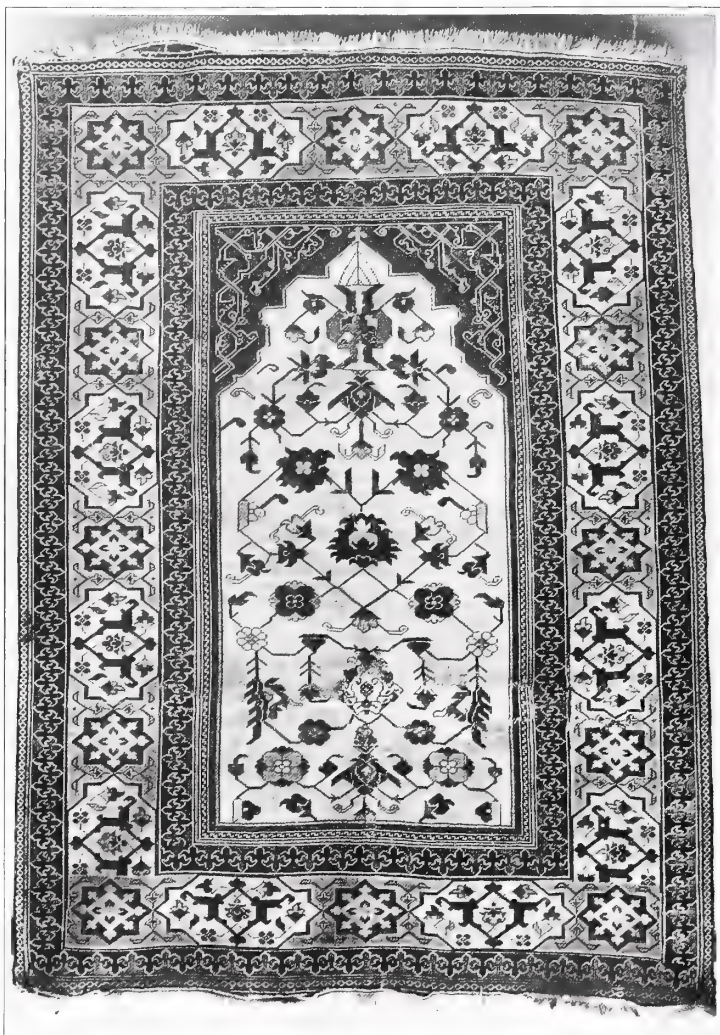
*RUG WOVEN in the MOUNTAINOUS DISTRICT
of ARMENIA, Early Eighteenth Century*

*This piece, which is generally known as a Kuba carpet, was formerly in
the Kasaroff collection in Constantinople*

Courtesy of B. Altman & Company

description of their rather unusual design is unnecessary; the type is too well known and is illustrated in almost every rug book. The Ladiks also have been absurdly antedated. Four museum catalogues issued in this country in the last four years place them in the Seventeenth Century. There is relatively little development shown in them, and the good pieces probably all belong within fifty years of one another. But up to date there never has been a single piece of solid evidence adduced for placing these before the end of the Eighteenth Century. One of the Ladiks in the Ballard collection has repeatedly been published as dated 1699, but the simple facts of the case, cited by both Hasnebalg and Jacoby and confirmed by an examination of the rug itself, is that the date has been falsified by a hundred years by the simple device of taking out the knots that mark the prong of the Arabic "two," the second letter of the date, thus turning it into a "one," and making the date read one hundred years earlier. The actual date in our calendar should read 1794. If this splendid piece is really of the end of the Eighteenth Century, a great deal of evidence is necessary to warrant placing the poorer pieces any earlier. Another Ladik is known which carries the date 1797 which, in the absence of any counter evidence, ought to be enough to settle the matter.

Beautiful prayer rugs were woven in many other places in Asia Minor, probably from early Mohammedan times, but there are in existence today few pieces which we can with any confidence date earlier than the beginning of the Nineteenth Century, and the discussion of these rugs without numerous illustrations is too blind for comfort. The principal types were produced in the various districts around Melas, Bergamo, Konia, Tuzla, Nigde, Akscher, Mudjar, Kirsheir and Karaman. These rugs and those woven by the nomads of the eastern part of the peninsula never attained the artistic heights of the early pieces of the west coast, but none the less they are honest and straightforward, they exhibit many novel and interesting color schemes that some times rise to real heights and command unstinted admiration.



BERGAMO PRAYER RUG

SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

A type that was particularly popular with the Seventeenth-Century Dutch painters on account of the dignity and simplicity of its design and the purity of its color

Collection James F. Ballard, St. Louis

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

They maintained their own standards with desperate loyalty until after the middle of the Nineteenth Century. Now they too have succumbed.

The prayer rug and its use are in some degree the Mohammedan answer to the persistent villification of the Prophet and his religion that has been the un-Christian habit with the Christians of the western world for five hundred years. The Turk is not an adept at argument and he can not draw our attention to what merits he has unless it be unawares. What could we reply if, not knowing our religion any better than we know his, he said that our wedding-cake altars, our realistic and barbarous crucifixes and bleeding hearts were lacking in taste and spirituality, that our evangelical services were bleak and egotistical and that he found in the simplicity, dignity and beauty of the common Mohammedan prayer rug something nearer to the spirit of true religion?

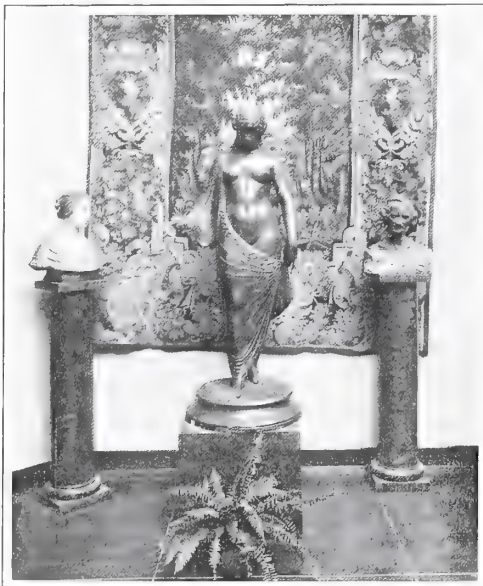


ONE WALL OF THE SCULPTURE GALLERIES IN THE GRAND CENTRAL GALLERIES

SELLING *for* LIVING ARTISTS

THE irresistible impulse of the artist to create, a force that can not be denied so long as he remains an artist, brings in its train an output too extensive to be absorbed by art buyers of all classes during the average artist's lifetime. There has been the rare exception to this rule, it is true, but the number of works left by almost any artist at his death is proof of the operation of this law of over-production in relation to demand. It was recognition of this law and the belief that it could be modified by a different approach in the matter of selling works of art that led a group of artists in New York two years ago to enlist the aid of a business man—himself an amateur painter—in seeking a solu-

Painters, sculptors and business men unite in galleries in New York's Grand Central Terminal . . . by
BERNARD TEEVAN



DETAIL IN THE SCULPTURE GALLERY

tion of their problem, which also is the problem of the whole class. This is: How are we to convert our inactive capital, in the form of pictures or sculptures, into liquid capital in the form of cash received from their sale in a reasonable time?

The business man's answer to that question is now in operation, having taken the form of such an art sales gallery as has not quite its equal in the world. Its situation, its size, its assured subsidy make it unique among such undertakings. Moreover, whatever profits may accrue from its operation will go to the artist members of the corporation controlling it. Nor does the form of this organization revive the role of "art patron," with its inevitable suggestion of charity or



RUGS AND TAPESTRIES LEND WARMTH TO THE SCULPTURE GALLERIES

dependency. On the contrary, the artist member pays his way, as does the lay member. As a matter of fact, the lay members of the organization are more certain of their rewards than are the artist members owing to the element of the problematical as to profits in any business.

The exhibition sales rooms of the Painters and Sculptors Gallery Association are situated on the top floor of the Grand Central Terminal in New York City, and for the first time in history an art gallery has been established in a railway station. At present, the gallery comprises eight rooms, but by September, it is expected, the entire series of twenty rooms in the original plan will be ready for use and the Grand Central Galleries will then be the largest painting and sculpture sales rooms in the world. The society directing the galleries is co-

operative in its nature, the membership consisting of one hundred lay members, eighty-nine painter members and thirty sculptor members, the artist membership list to be increased when the additional galleries afford room to adequately show more paintings and sculptures. It is also planned to devote one of the new rooms solely to the exhibition of black-and-whites and another to mural paintings. At present such large canvases can not be shown properly in any regular gallery in New York outside of the Fine Arts Building.

According to the plan of organization worked out by Walter L. Clark, who developed the idea of the Gallery Association and the Grand Central Galleries, each of the one hundred lay members has pledged an annual subscription of \$600 for three years, providing for that period a subsidy of \$60,000 a year. Each



NICHE IN THE SCULPTURE GALLERIES



THE DECORATIVE FOUNTAIN IN THE SCULPTURE GALLERY OF THE GRAND CENTRAL GALLERIES

artist member presents to the society, as his membership fee, one of his works annually for three years, this period having been agreed upon as of proper duration to test the practicability of the whole scheme. At the end of each year, the lay members have the privilege of receiving one of the works presented by the artist members. The galleries are managed solely by the business men of the organization, the artists having nothing to do with this part, thus eliminating "art politics," on the shoals of which many a co-operative art sales

scheme has gone to wreck. Professional art salesmen of high standing are in direct charge of the galleries, Erwin S. Barrie being head of the Department of Painting, and W. Frank Purdy, of the Department of Sculpture. Delano and Aldrich, architects, designed the plan of the galleries.

Views of the various rooms in the Grand Central Galleries, reproduced herewith, give an excellent impression of the visual effect created by the arrangement of the sculptures and paintings in the various rooms. Most of the one hundred and

seventy plastic works in the first exhibition, which was opened with a Varnishing Day reception on March 21, are in the large entrance room, a gallery of handsome proportions, superbly lighted and made additionally attractive by a pool in the center, this affording a proper setting for the practical showing of fountain sculpture. The attractiveness of the room is further increased by



CORRIDOR IN THE GRAND CENTRAL GALLERIES

large decorative panels by Edwin H. Blashfield, Robert W. Chanler and D. Putnam Brinley, and by several antique French verdure landscape tapestries and by furniture of harmonious designs from the Arden Galleries. Photographs of the three painting galleries, in which one hundred and four pictures were shown, make plain the remarkable lighting system, the graceful harmony with which the pictures are hung and their relief with sculptures where such works may be properly shown. Rugs relieve the floors from the cold appearance of the usual public museum art gallery.

The artist membership was completely represented in the opening exhibition, which was one of the finest groups of American painting and sculpture shown in New York in years. It is a part of the general selling plan of the organization to take large collections of the works shown in the Grand Central Galleries to other cities in the West and East where they will be exhibited as for sale, this system to be inaugurated in the autumn, the traveling shows to be under the direct supervision of Mr. Barrie. This feature alone distinguishes the Painters and Sculptors Gallery Association from

any other existing art society in the United States and is one of the many signs of the intensive selling methods that the business men in the lay membership are applying to the artists' problem of converting their product into income.

Both the artists and the public have shown an extraordinary interest in the plan of the Grand Central Galleries and its fruition. From the beginning of the work to form the Painters and Sculptors Gallery Association the artists of the United States have been deeply concerned with its inception and success, and since the galleries have been opened to the public they have attracted a larger daily attendance than was expected by the managers who naturally felt that it might take a little time for lovers of art to become familiar with their situation.

THE PAINTING GALLERIES ARE EXCELLENTLY LIGHTED AND ARRANGED



PIZZELLA and his PASTELS

GRANTED that the delineation of beauty is the chief purpose of art; that feminine pulchritude is, of all manifestations of beauty, the most delightful; that, of the qualities of pictured beauty, permanency is one of the most desirable; that in this quality, no medium excels pastel, and the conclusion is irresistible that pastel is pre-eminently suitable for portraiture of women. Add to this quality those of "charm, subtlety, softness, exquisite depths of tone, unsurpassable harmonies and

Medium most effective for expressing grace and elegance of women subjects, says Italian portraitist

unique freshness of color, sweetness, delicacy, mystery," and, granted also the mind and the hand of the real artist, the ideal is attained. All this is pertinent

to Edmond Pizzella and his work in portraiture.

Nothing new may be written about pastel as a medium; probably nothing new can be done with it, since in the last three and a half centuries such masters as Thiele, Vernerin, Carriera, Schmidt, Nattier, Boucher, Watteau, Cotes and de la Tour have realized its capacities wonderfully, but always



PORTRAIT OF MRS. LEWIS LATHAM CLARKE

BY EDMOND PIZZELLA

there are new subjects for it, and so the interest in it is eternal. It is as though it were for art and artists that it was decreed that "variety is the spice of life" and as if this had been promulgated as a law before the creation of the universe. So, of his medium and of the eternal variety of "the eternal feminine" Pizzella says:

"I paint in pastel because I find it much more effective for women. With it I can catch those qualities that I wish to paint—their elegance, their



PORTRAIT OF MRS. WILLIAM C. DURANT
BY EDMOND PIZZELLA



PORTRAIT OF MISS FLORENCE KIP CLARKE
BY EDMOND PIZZELLA

gracefulness. Nothing else can so portray the delicate flesh tones, the intensity of life."

It is two hundred years since Rosalba Carriera, then at the height of her career, went from her native Italy to Paris and placed pastel on the plane of fashion. From the same country came Pizzella to America a little more than a decade ago to practice the same art. He was born in Naples and had his first training at the Institute of Fine Arts in that city. Later he studied at the academy of Sant' Luca in Rome. Still later he followed the footsteps of his illustrious compatriot and went to Paris, where at the age of twenty-three years he



PORTRAIT OF LEWIS LATHAM CLARKE, PRESIDENT OF THE
AMERICAN EXCHANGE NATIONAL BANK
BY EDMOND PIZZELLA



PORTRAIT OF MISS LOIS QUAIN TAIN CLARKE
BY EDMOND PIZZELLA

had his first conspicuous success at the *Salon*. Later he won three prizes in the French capital, beginning at the Universal Exposition in 1900.



PORTRAIT OF MME. HULDA LASHANSKA
BY EDMOND PIZZELLA

At the time of the exposition Pizzella painted a portrait of Claus A. Spreckels, of San Francisco, and this was the beginning of his connection with America. Mr. Spreckels made him known to other Americans and they gave him commissions. Then in 1911 Mr. Spreckels induced him to go to San Francisco. There the artist spent the next six years, painting ninety of the leading men and women of California. In 1917 he came to New York, and in the East he has duplicated the success



PORTRAIT OF CLARENCE H. MACKAY, PRESIDENT OF THE
COMMERCIAL CABLE COMPANY
BY EDMOND PIZZELLA

he had in the West. A recent exhibition in the Kingore Galleries revealed some of the things which he has accomplished in that time and the reason for his international successes. In it were portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis L. Clarke and their daughters, the Misses Florence Kip and Lois Quaintain Clarke; of Mrs. William C. Durant, Mrs. Andrew Talbot, Mme. Hulda Lashanska, Mrs. Lyttleton Fox and Miss Genevieve Fox, Clarence H. Mackay, Alexander Lambert and others to the number of twenty-eight. The exhibition was held under the auspices of Mr. and Mrs. Clarke, who were the first in New York to recognize Mr. Pizzella's genius.

Photographs by courtesy of the Kingore Galleries.



*Portrait of Miss
KATHLEEN
SINGLAIR
Daughter of
Mr. and Mrs.
E. W. Sinclair
by
Louis Betts*

*Courtesy of
Howard Young Galleries*



ART BY THE WAY

Guy Pène
du BOIS

A JOURNALISTIC critic once asserted that it was impossible for any man to write more than five hundred words, without padding, on the work of any painter. He was, to be sure, of a literal turn of mind, and although he did not entirely coincide with the trend of the time in which he said this—about fifteen years ago—he still thought, in this agreeing with the opinion of the time, that shoemakers and painters had much in common; this particularly in that their best work was done to the accompaniment of song. Sargent was swaying the world into a belief in brushwork. Craft had put the soul to bed for a while. I am convinced, however, that, although my critic's model shoemaker was Hans Sachs, he bought his shoes from someone else. He had a literal turn of mind. It is certain that he could not have accepted a pinching shoe merely because it stood as a symbol of happy craftsmanship.

I am also certain that he considered the process of making a picture a simple matter of laying brush marks end to end until the canvas was covered. Finished, any picture became, to him, a more or less correct or efficient reproduction of a fact in life. The deficiencies were want of training, of dexterity, of nimbleness in the painter's hands. Indeed, it was difficult for him to believe that much else could come of a singing painter. He had a literal turn of mind and became terribly discursive in anger over the critics who wrote of painters as if they were politicians or poets; who could, writing of a landscape, use the jargon of philosophy or psychology. There must be something to be said about his acquaintance among painters. It is safe to conjecture that the majority of those whom he knew talked to him of technical problems, of sauces and paints and preparations. Almost all painters do that. Almost all painters are simple craftsmen aiming, as old John Yeats once said in a lecture, to imitate a thing seen and admired by them. This goes, in any case, for the majority of those painting fifteen years ago. Today there is less love of craft in certain extensive quarters of the painter camp and far more love of fashion. Perhaps the kind of craft employed in this quarter is itself fashionable. It has an amateurish turn. One could dig out of this that the manners of gentlemen are now preferred to those of workmen.

Professionalism has undoubtedly been shelved by the smarter faddists. The desire to appear blasé fills their collections with bizarre manifesta-

tions in bad drawing and blatant color. They belong to a priggish caste in which anything short of ultra-sophistication becomes stupidity. Five hundred words might be spread over a dozen of their loves without being thinned beyond the power to express them. The briefness, however, of the art student's method—as good an example as any for this place—will not do. His “rotten” or “great” is insufficient. Criticism is personal opinion, if you will, but it is personal opinion backed by data, comparison, argument. The critic in doubt or wanting the faculty, probably imaginative, required in any fecund research, can always go to his subject armed with a theory, like a tailor with his tape measure. Freud's system probably will do for this poor chap as well as any other. However, the man who can arrive at free deductions from encountered facts will go further. Any *a priori* theory is misleading. We find that which we seek. There are painters who, having borrowed the great Impressionist's glasses, see Monets in every turn of the road. There is at least one other who goes through life meeting the same slab of golden hillside at any season and any turn.

George Moore accomplished a great piece of critical work when, having just left a country of slim handed pre-Raphaelites, he discovered the large, square hand of Manet. That was a portentous symbol which might have slipped past him, or been wilfully neglected, had he been a less free investigator. As it was, he discovered the symbol of a revolution in painting, the first real entrance, the first unaffected, unhypocritical, brave entrance of the *bourgeoisie* into art. It may be that the hand in this case was enough. Fill it with an enormous brush, and it becomes possible to visualize the flat, broad painting of Edouard Manet, unhurried, calm, almost placid in its assurance. What a slap that hand gave to a school of empty poseurs! Moore had left frailties of intellectual estheticism—running wild here just now—and come upon the strength and health of a reality. But no reality is without forbears, no son without a father. It is possible that without this hand Manet would have missed the potentialities in the realism of Goya, and that with a slimmer one the influence might have carried more of the Spaniard's fire with it. These things may be worth mooting. Manet's hatred of Spanish food, mentioned by Duret, who met him in a restaurant in Madrid, was stronger than the pull of Goya. He fled from Paris to Spain to avoid the notoriety that an

exhibited picture of his had given him. He returned after three days, braving everything to get something to eat. Perhaps Moore might have looked further and found the comfortable width at the opening of his idol's collar. But it is foolhardy to write trivialities in the presence of the most honest of the *bourgeois* artists. The point is that five hundred words may be enough to place a craftsman but are a scant amount to do with an artist with an appreciable degree of fairness.



There is something akin to Moore's reading of signs in Ivan Narodny's book on Robert Winthrop Chanler. He has gone a long way beyond my friend the critic's binding five hundred words. He has put the man in his setting and balanced one against the other. He has made a delightful resumé of decorative art, of its history, epochal tendencies, symbols. The book is divided into the following chapters: "The Symbolism of Robert Winthrop Chanler," "Potentiality of Aesthetic Symbols," "The Magic Origin of Decorative Art," "The Story of the Screen," "Creative Genius and Majority Rule," "Soil and Soul of Creation." The last chapter, labeled "An Eastern Point of View," is the work of an eminent Chinese critic, Dr. Lao Chin. The introduction is by Christian Brinton. The book contains more than ninety illustrations, of which fourteen are reproductions in full color. It is a fine example of printing.

As a mystic, Narodny is eminently fitted to make a record of the many-sided work of the most individual of American decorators. A Russian, originally a music critic, he is quick to decipher the potential realistic meaning of abstract forms; to see, in the rhythm of a movement, the significance of its creator. His eye carries him behind or through a superficial, objective manifestation. To the western mind, he might be living in a world of dreams or be an animator of the dead. We may think of him as a clairvoyant. Perhaps he is. He can read signs. He shows that the most abstract of Chanler's designs reveals the nature of the man as surely as his walking gait and the timbre of his voice. It would appear that he does not need the confirmation of the man himself. He is used little, if at all, in the book. The art suffices. It does not matter that few friends are in closer contact with Robert Chanler, that in private life he is one of the most picturesque of New Yorkers. The deductions are made from the art alone. That may be a safer way to sum up an art. I do not know. The total absence of descent to familiarity in this case makes it a delightful example in restraint. Still, when the man is himself a giant, one may be per-

mitted the childish regret that he does not pass through the pages of a book on his art.



A day in the galleries in March this season, to one unaccustomed to this kind of philandering, was pleasant. It was possible to encounter almost as many men as pictures on a particularly spring-like afternoon. A clear sun readily pulled them out of studios, and, conscience for the job, into galleries where they might continue a semblance of deserted investigations—this last, if the studio is really a laboratory.

The De Zayas collection, exhibited at Anderson's before its sale there, pointed directly to a little collection of decorative paintings at Wanamaker's, under the chaperonage of that nice young modern, Louis Bouché. The latter exhibition was a fashionable reflection of the former. There could have been no wider jump than the one from the Marin water colors at Montross' to the paintings and water colors by Thomas Eakins at the Brummer Gallery. Gifford Beal was at Kraushaar's; Harrington Mann, at Knoedler's. Beal was alone; Mann, surrounded by such betters as Winslow Homer, George Fuller, Wyant, Martin and Chase. There is a lot of weakness in the Chase portraits but some charm also, a painter charm, the man's delight in his tools and medium. At Wildenstein's and Sterner's were flower pieces, nice things for those who like in art a definite avoidance of life, although Nan Watson is not trivial, even with flowers. There were Monets at Durand-Ruel's. One got to them through a gallery in which a pastel, two almost effaced ladies by Renoir, reminded of the work of the later-day Kenneth Hayes Miller student. The Academy exhibition was got together, probably, to try the patience of braver men than I am. However, I heard nothing of it as I passed from gallery to gallery. Are its detractors tired and its admirers ashamed?

The De Zayas collection was a social event for the modernists who cannot stay away from African art. Stieglitz, Walt Kuhn, Zorack, Laurent, O'Keefe, Walkowitz were present at the same moment. Stieglitz was as much at home as at 291, the chapel where he used to preach on his own reactions to the incomprehensible. He spoke, here, of his detestation of Chinese art, to Duncan Phillips, collector, and seemed, although he denied it, to be trying to win a convert to a thing of forms and ugly color. It was not so easy to see the pictures, the scratchings of famous men. One wondered how the wardheeler was making out—modernist stand by modernists. Should we really prefer the Egyptian thing to the Chinese thing?

I wondered whether the answer to this question was worth waiting for. There was so much to go through. The goal was so distant. A few nights previously I had heard a discussion on procedure, on etiquette or form, at a meeting of the New Society of Artists. That seemed to wrap a lot of time into a small and worthless bundle.

Zorach, at Anderson's, thought there was too much talk about art anyway. Perhaps he is right. Young men now-a-days—there's an immortal word—are ticker-machines turning out an endless paper ribbon all marked with quotations which leave no room for pictures. But then you go from years of Russian talk to a Russian revolution. There must be some wind to fan a flame and therefore some credit must be given to it. However, there may be too few subjects of conversation. The same ones are continually popping up out of a past where one, in visionless moments, had thought them buried. For example, I heard again that there was none and would never be a woman artist. Apparently I was to accept woman as one of those transformers which make toy trains move without being able to move themselves. This man believed that woman suffrage never would come. His conviction must be broken by the fact now. Still, I can not see how one may come to a true or a definite conviction on a subject, like the one of women in art, which involves so many side issues. Gallantry, old fashioned as it undoubtedly is, remains one of these. There is something to be said for it at the present time and place. If it does nothing else, it does lend its possessor a delightfully Quixotic air.

Conviction is a static manifestation and, with Evolution and Dynamic as the cocks of the walk, decidedly unfashionable. Faith is for fogies, old ones, whose ideas are crystalizing with their bones. This conclusion was easily reached at the Wanamaker Gallery. Most of the young men in this show were so busy with art as to be, of necessity, blind to life. Life, even in liquid form, could scarcely be contained in the moulds they make. But their effort is in another direction. So many generations before them have seen life that they have become bored by it. Perhaps the Eighteenth Century in France is the model they follow, a model rather spirituelle than spiritual. They might be placing wit above humor. They own a tremendous fear of seriousness. Frowns must be armed with kinks to give them an air of inconsequentiality. Compare with the pictures in the Wanamaker collection any one of the oils by Eakins, the ponderously meticulous Philadelphian. Remember, too, that Eakins belonged to a period when life rather than art was taken seriously.

The painter was conscientious. He wondered whether in doing away with a fact in life, the wrinkle in a shirt as an example, he was not shirking his job. He hoped to arrive at art through life. He was humble. But about his sincerity there was violence, a kind of hard headedness. Perhaps he was simple minded. Today's modern likes to deal in complexities, to give an air of sophistication to his naiveté, to lend an air that his knowledge of life is one of those foregone conclusions about which he is himself unable to stifle a smile. He plays at being young with the gestures of an old bear. I am thinking especially of the decorative group at Wanamaker's. A few of the older men represented there do not belong in this criticism, men like Chanler, Diederich, Charles Prendergast and, of course, Frederick Dana Marsh.

John Marin is a more serious modern. He has all the seriousness of Eakins although the manner of the resemblance is far fetched for he blows on his paper things that Eakins, with his positive hammer, would have nailed there. But too many Marins adorned the Montross walls. There was room for the suspicion, as is so often the case, that the artist took himself more seriously than his work. In the collection of the latter there was no suggestion of weeding. Paper went up in a frame for no other reason than that it had been swabbed by a little of his colored water. "His," this fact of itself would seem to have been enough. The master flicks his brush and the masterpiece is born. At best this method is haphazard and should be treated with the spirit of the gambler. It is a method which will produce two kinds of pictures: one of these great, and the other empty. Perforce the man employing it must watch the product, acknowledge his losses, so that he will not hang the empty pictures, doubling their emptiness, alongside the great ones. This premise is one that collectors might more rigorously consider. Their fault, like Marin's, is due to a blind adoration of a name and a reputation. In the De Zayas collection, as an example, there were many little bits important only because of their makers' names.

However, I suppose that Utopia will be fully realized when pictures will be bought and admired for themselves alone. That realization is not very near. Here and there, however, we find an American collector who is also a connoisseur. This is hopeful. We may now begin looking for one whose interest in his country will demand, of him, a glorification of it. This man will go through the galleries choosing the good things done by his countrymen and be unable to see or to feel or to be moved by the importance or the renown or the popularity of the names attached to them.

A SHELF of NEW ART BOOKS

THE ART OF ROBERT WINTHROP CHANLER, by *Ivan Narodny*. *William Helburn, Inc.*; New York.

The Art of
Robert Winthrop Chanler



No mere biographical sketch is this, interlarded with adulatory phrases to accompany reproductions of the artist's pictures, of which fourteen are in full color. It is a book filled with profound observations on sociology, religion and art which make it valuable to the student of these inter-related subjects. The strength and beauty of the style are a fitting accompaniment to the handsome illustrations. Says the author at one point in the volume:

"Democracy with its machines, money and majority rule has exterminated all the metaphysical, the poetic and romantic from our mental horizon, and substituted for them a rationalistic *Realpolitik*" which would "level the individual imaginative faculties to the gutter stratum of the mass taste."

Chanler's art, however, Mr. Narodny asserts, rises above the taste of the masses. His "pictorial symbols contain the cosmic tinge. . . . His credo is a miracle-phenomenon with its kaleidoscopic manifestations, not the *Realpolitik* of the gregarian class. . . . It is the majority spirit rather than majority taste or majority rule that concerns an artist in his creative aspirations." Thus Chanler's "flowers, birds, fish, animals, are not realistic copies, but reflexes that have passed through the brain of a genius. For Chanler, a rose can have tulip leaves and a pine tree bear oranges. Flowers may have ears and eyes and animals grow on palm trees."

The sensuous elements of Chanler's symbolism in his screens, panels and other decorative work are so conspicuous, the author further opines, that "we cannot overlook the role they have played throughout the ages. The Oriental masters maintained that art in its ultimate end is nothing but an unconscious spiritual refining process of our love emotions, the psychic sifter of the future survivors. Its anthropological meaning is the awakening of a higher love and the development of a more perfect race."

ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF FURNITURE, by *Frederick Litchfield*. *The Medici Society of America, Boston*.

SINCE its first publication in England in 1892 the *Illustrated History of Furniture* has been regarded as the most complete and authoritative single volume on the subject. Having so limited a space, the author has given a brief account of the work prior to the fall of Rome and has let his chapter relating to the Middle Ages serve as an introduction to a thorough study of the Renaissance and later epochs in Europe and Asia. He has traced carefully the changes in social and political conditions that introduced new styles and methods of wood-working, and has presented furniture as an expression of the character-

istics of those who used it. It is this point of view which leads him to feel that furniture, to be good, must be personal, and to see little hope for a furniture that will rank with that of the past as an expression of life until the interiors and furnishings of buildings, as well as their structures, are designed by architects and built by competent craftsmen.

Additions have been made to the chapters dealing with the times of Queen Anne and William and Mary and with the individual craftsmen of the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries. The author has added also a brief chapter on "Colonial Furniture in America."

Four hundred reproductions of well chosen photographs of early bas reliefs and wall paintings, pieces of furniture and restored or existing rooms supplement the text. The appendix, with a list of Europe's master cabinet makers from the Fourteenth to the Twentieth Century, with a brief comment on each, is extremely valuable.

VINCENT VAN GOGH, by *Julius Meier-Graefe*. *Medici Society, Boston*. Two Volumes.

MORE and more sharply Vincent Van Gogh stands out as one of the great masters in art. The comparative obscurity of his life, the tragic circumstances of his career created a prejudice against him which his tremendous genius has been slow in overcoming. In 1891, the year after Van Gogh's death, Émile Bernard published a short biographical note, and later printed other comments on the life and work of his friend, but in 1911, when Ambrose Vollard brought out in a single volume all that Bernard had written and the complete "Letters," Van Gogh was still unappreciated generally, was still scorned by many as a madman.

Bernard lived too close to his subject; he was unable to fill in the gaps which the letters, one of the most remarkable series of correspondence in print, left in the complete understanding of Vincent's character. It is there that Meier-Graefe has succeeded. Given for his theme one of the most dramatic figures in the history of art, he has told his story simply and well with a sympathetic insight into the great spiritual quality of Van Gogh. In his book, Vincent, the man of doubts, the artist straining for realization, the tortured soul, the simple, hard working painter, lives. The work is one of the finest contributions to the literature of art of recent times.

MODERN COLOR, by *Carl Gordon Cutler and Stephen C. Pepper*. *Harvard University Press, Cambridge*.

THIS book, if read with an open mind and with a will to make the experiments suggested, will help every painter who is interested in creating the illusion of form in space and that of light. Its message is based on the

VINCENT VAN GOGH

A BIOGRAPHICAL STUDY BY
JULIUS MEIER-GRAEFE
WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY
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theory that every painter of representation must consider in terms of colored light everything that he does. When a painter sketches, he tries to set down in their right relations the tones that he sees—most paintings are sketches—but he who works by Cutler's technique does not sketch; he does not hit or miss; he hits because he makes his tones in their relation to one another as they are made in nature.

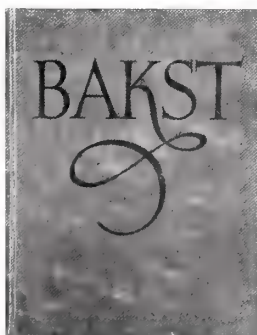
To those painters who have worked with a set palette, the practice suggested in this book will not seem strange. To those who paint only from feeling and in confidence that they can imitate that which they think they see, it will seem perhaps to propose a mechanical process far removed from what they consider to be art. Let them, however, make the experiments and study, so to speak, the anatomy of color, and they may not long need to use the mechanical means of study suggested. Are not the tones of light and shade in most paintings, a sort of "short hand"? They "stand" for light and shade. The onlooker reads them as such and charitably accepts them as the modeling of form. Real modeling of form in real objects gives one only the sense of form; the light tones and dark tones are hardly seen. A painter using light and dark tones to describe form fails if he does not relate those tones so perfectly that they are lost to sight in the illusion of form vividly expressed.

THE STORY OF LÉON BAKST'S LIFE, by
André Levinson. Dr. Selle & Co., A.G., Berlin;
Brentano's, New York. Price, \$60.

THIS extraordinarily handsome book presents the complete Bakst, the copious text being richly interspersed with reproductions in color of the work of the artist. Its appearance makes it thoroughly worthy of an artist who is a specialist in decoration. Its sixty-eight full-page color plates and countless smaller illustrations are executed with veracity. Further than this, its binding of vellum and its excellent typography combine to attract the connoisseur. The American edition has been limited to two hundred and fifty copies.

Levinson is exuberant in his praise of Bakst, but his more than two hundred pages are not all panegyric. They tell, what is most interesting to western readers, the story of Bakst before the success of "Scheherazade" in 1910 made him something of a cosmopolitan character. "As a compatriot and contemporary of the master, I have, on the whole, breathed the same atmosphere," says Levinson. "I have been an eye-witness of those earlier creations of his that mark an epoch in the history of Russian painting and of the Russian theater."

Beginning with his childhood in the "dull and mediocre home of the well-to-do middle class" in Petrograd, Levinson traces the development of his hero through his student days in the Russian Imperial Academy to his part in the "Mir Iskousstva," a Russian art society that included also Alexander Benois and Serge Diaghileff. While the very name of Bakst conjures up images of the Oriental, there was in his career a Greek period in which he designed the settings for "Hippolytus," and Sophocles' "Antigone." After the fifteen years of the Russian Ballet



in Paris, Bakst returned to an interest in things Russian with his "Lâcheté," produced in Petrograd in 1922. With the account of all this, the writer rounds out the artist's life and gives him his place among his contemporaries.

HONORÉ DAUMIER. APPRECIATION OF HIS LIFE AND WORKS. Phillips Publications, Number Two. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Price, \$6.

SECOND in the series of "Phillips Publications," issued by Duncan Phillips as part of the educational work of the Phillips Memorial Gallery in Washington, comes this monograph on the great French caricaturist and painter. The text comprises four "appreciations" of Daumier, written by Mr. Phillips, Frank Jewett Mather, Jr.; Guy Pène du Bois and Mahonri Young, while the illustrations include a "Portrait of Daumier as a Young Man," painted by Corot in 1836 and now in the Petit Palace, Paris, and forty-six reproductions of Daumier's work in various mediums.

In view of the fact that the Phillips Publications are intended to be educational, the pictorial section of this book falls short of that end. It is to be noticed also that although Mr. Phillips mentions by indirection the date of Daumier's death, there is no reference anywhere in the text to the year or the place of his birth. The most informative of the four articles is that by Mr. Mather, and out of it those coming newly to Daumier will gain some definite ideas of his methods of working and his preparation for making his amazing number of caricatures, the work through which he is chiefly remembered.

JOHN RUSKIN'S LETTERS TO WILLIAM WARD. Assembled by William C. Ward. Marshall Jones Company, Boston. Price \$2.50.

RUSKIN, philosopher, critic and teacher of art, as revealed in these letters, was at times almost savagely satirical and at other times deeply pessimistic. Ward was a copyist of Turner and some of his drawings were shown at the Royal Academy, but no one regarded him as much of an artist and Ruskin told him frankly that he was no genius. He was assistant drawing master of the Workmen's College, which Ruskin founded in London in 1854, and Ruskin's letters to him are concerned largely with principles of drawing and details of the school. It is occasional departures from these themes that make the letters of interest now. The letters were assembled by William C. Ward, son of their recipient.

"If I thought you could be a successful artist, I would not let you copy," Ruskin wrote his assistant in 1867. "But I think your art gifts are very like mine: perfect sense of color, great fineness of general perception, and hardly any invention. You might succeed in catching the public with some mean fineness of imitation and live a useless, though pecuniarily successful, life; but even that would be little likely. Whereas in rendering Turner, you will live a useful life; and, I think very probably, a highly prosperous one."



"AN EXPERIENCE of five years in French schools left me thoroughly dissatisfied with academic theory. In search for something more vital I began a comparative study of the art of all nations and epochs." This quotation from the late Arthur Wesley Dow, director of the department of fine arts of Teachers College, Columbia University, whose memory is cherished by thousands of alumni of that institution, reveals how he became a great art teacher. The leading article in the June number of *INTERNATIONAL STUDIO* will be devoted to Professor Dow's art and to his theories, which have brought the methods of the Orient to bear on Occidental expression. It is written by a close associate, George J. Cox. The way was pointed to Arthur Wesley Dow by Professor Fenollosa, and the basic truth as taught by him and practised by him is contained in the discovery by Professor Fenollosa that "the tentative effort of art expression in childhood and in primitive races has been in all ages and lands practically the same, and its keynote is *spacing*." The article is illustrated with several reproductions of Professor Dow's works, two of them, "Bright Angel Cañon of Arizona," a painting, and "Rain in May," a block print, in color.

"SIMPLE in habits, disdaining favors, working in stone because he loves it, and welcoming contacts with candid and positive individuals—such is the robust little man, bronze-cheeked and grey-bearded, modest yet affable, who will accompany you around his atelier to show you what he is trying to do." This is a part of Walter Agard's description of Bourdelle, who, since the death of Rodin, is unquestionably France's biggest figure in sculpture. Some of those who read this article in the June number may go even farther than Mr. Agard in his conclusions, and make up their minds that Bourdelle is greater than Rodin. The illustrations make the article doubly notable. There is a humanism, a flesh-and-blood sympathy, an absence of rain-water pose, about Bourdelle's work that reacts most benignly on those who somehow feel as if they can not accept Rodin as an expression of his age or of the finest in art.

THE ARTIST who creates a pleasing decoration which adds to the beauty of a room adds to the enjoyment of life as well. Maud Earl has accomplished this with her unique panels painted in the Oriental manner on silk overlaid with silver or gold. An account of her recent work since coming to New York from her native England as well as of the earlier part of her career when she won a wide reputation with her portraits of dogs will appear in the June number.

ONE of the most important art collections in America, that of the late William Salomon, Esq., has recently been sold. The illustrated catalogue of the sale is in itself a rare treasure for collectors, but some of the finest works of art in Mr. Salomon's collection were purchased prior to the auction and therefore did not appear. Among these were ten splendid examples of Fifteenth Century Italian painting, including works by Bellini, Pollajuolo, Palma il Vecchio and Pintoricchio, acquired by Duveen Brothers. *INTERNATIONAL STUDIO* is the only publication that will be privileged to reproduce photographs of these great paintings which constitute so remarkable an exposition of the

art of that period. They will appear as full-page illustrations in a special section of the June number. This is the first of an unusually interesting series of features on great American collections and their makers that will be printed from time to time in this magazine.

FOR THE LAST quarter of a century Irving R. Wiles has been one of the leading portrait painters of America. A portraitist's career he took up permanently after winning a place for himself as an illustrator and a "figure man," his pictures in this last named vein having won for him a place of esteem in Isham's *History of American Painting*. But when, in 1901, he delighted New York with his full-length seated figure of Julia Marlowe, the art world recognized it had in Wiles a portrait painter whose career must be watched. That career is narrated and some of his paintings are illustrated in an article on "The Portraits of Irving Wiles" by William B. McCormick in the June issue of *INTERNATIONAL STUDIO*. That Mr. Wiles has also painted marine subjects is known to admirers of the sea and ships, and this phase of his artistic activities is also touched on.

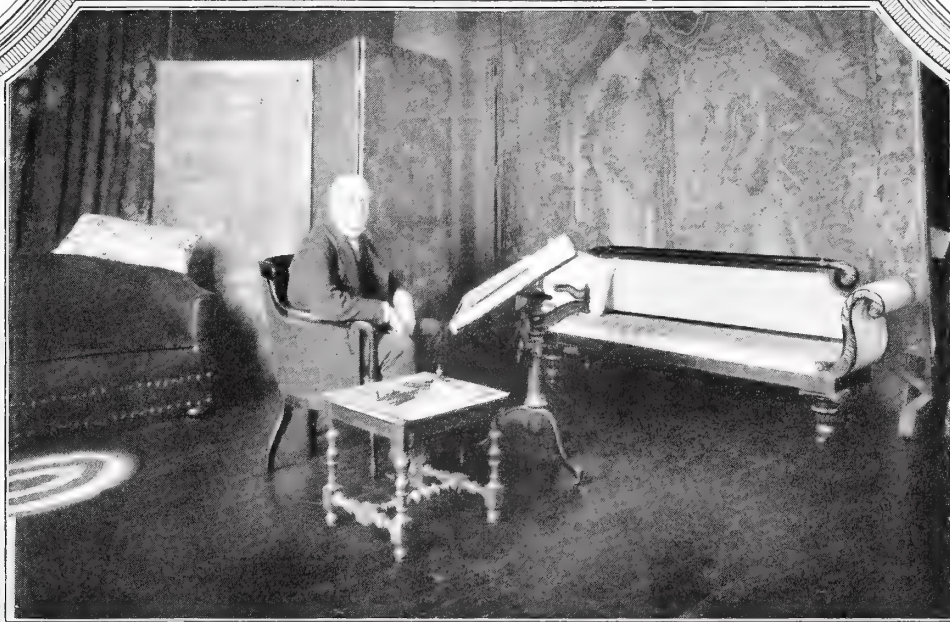
THE REFRESHING quality of Gifford Beal's art is in the enthusiasm which he brings to a variety of subjects. He has painted the circus with a zest for its pomp and glitter, and he has portrayed the garden fêtes of the *beau monde*. Landscapes, riders in the park, and, lastly, marines have claimed his attention. An account of Beal's career by Helen Comstock in next month's number is introduced by a color plate of his "Flight at Dawn."

THERE ARE few questions in art more controversial than that of the existence of actual portraits of Christ and the Apostles. Dr. Gustavus A. Eisen, a noted authority on ancient art, believes that actual portraits of Saint Peter and Saint Paul are included in the sculptured figures on the famous Antioch chalice, and his reasons for this belief, together with excellent illustrations of the figures on the chalice, will be presented in *INTERNATIONAL STUDIO* for June.

THE ARTICLE on Chinese red lacquer by Mrs. Gordon-Stables announced for this issue was unavoidably delayed and could not be prepared in time to be included. It will, however, be one of the features of *INTERNATIONAL STUDIO* for June. The illustrations, four of them in color, are of some of the finest examples of Eighteenth Century cinnabar lacquer known, and Mrs. Gordon-Stables' text is an interesting and illuminating commentary on this rare and beautiful expression of Chinese art.

THE PAINTING "Leah" by Robert Vonnoh, which the artist considers one of his most important works and which will be reproduced in color in the June number, will be used with the artist's permission through the courtesy of the Ainslie Galleries where he recently held a retrospective exhibition. There will also be a review of his work.

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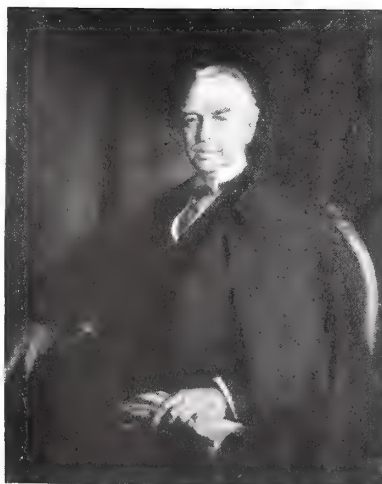
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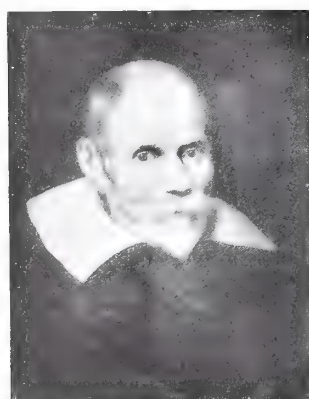
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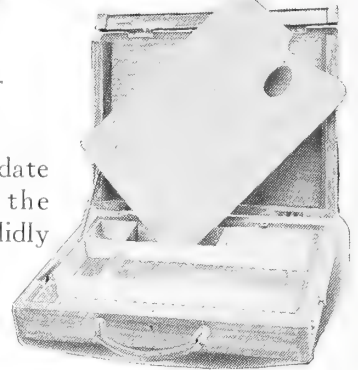
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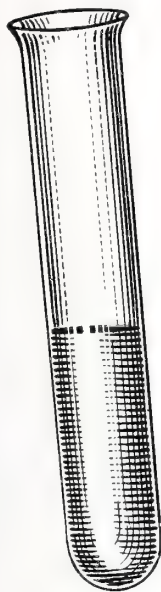
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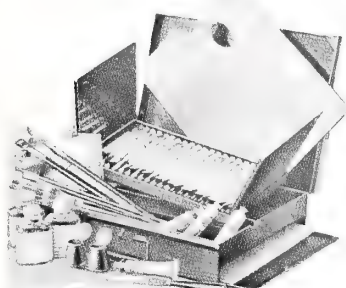
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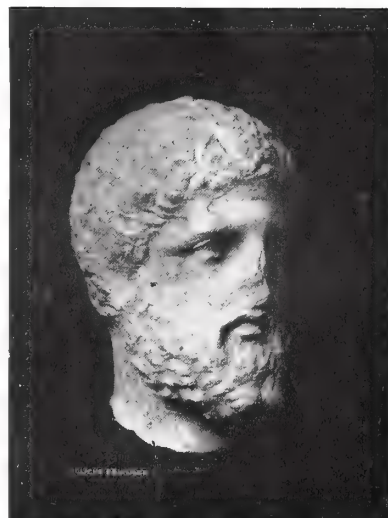
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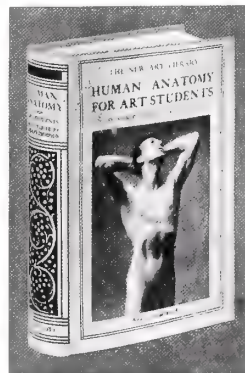
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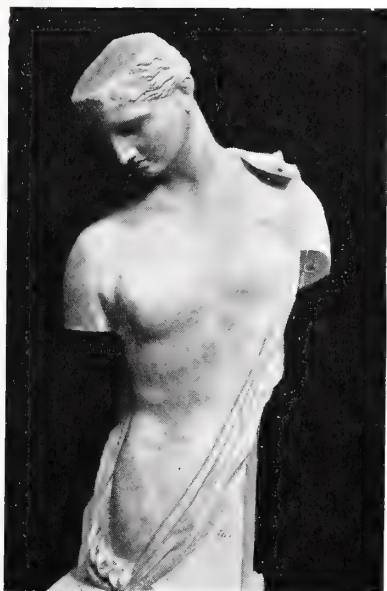
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JUNE

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NUMBER 313

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Articles are solicited by the editor on subjects that are interesting and significant in all branches of the fine and applied arts. No responsibility is assumed for the safe custody or return of manuscripts, but due care will be exercised

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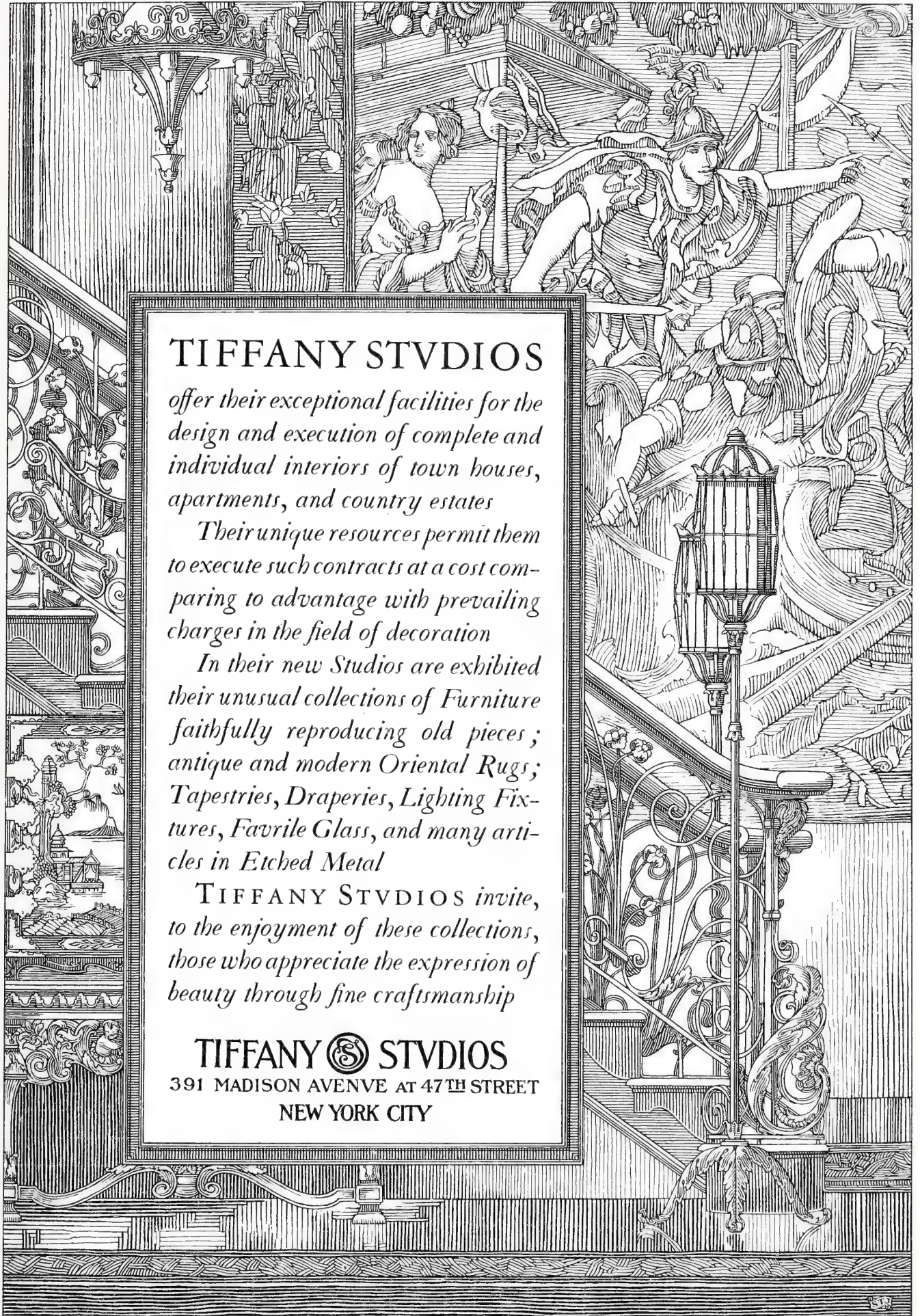
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"RAIN IN MAY"

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Arthur Wesley Dow

"BRIGIT
ANGEL
CAÑON,
Grand
Cañon of
Arizona"

by
Arthur
Wesley
Dow



Courtesy of the
Metropolitan
Museum of
Art

The HORIZON of A. W. DOW

To Arthur Wesley Dow belongs the honorable distinction of the pioneer, for he it was who cleared a path through the jungle of academic theories that hampered the progress

of art at the end of the Nineteenth Century. It is in great measure owing to his enterprise that the new world of Oriental art has been brought within the comprehension of the Occidental art student, while his methods of teaching have revolutionized, and also humanized, instruction in art throughout America. To this rare quality of pioneer in esthetics were added the attributes of a fine artist and scholar. What wonder then, with

Rebellion of this artist and teacher against academicism brought the ideas of the East to American art . . . by

GEORGE J. GOX

his distinguished personality and his loveable nature, that as an apostle of art appreciation he had no peer among painters.

That such an encomium is not the empty phrasing of

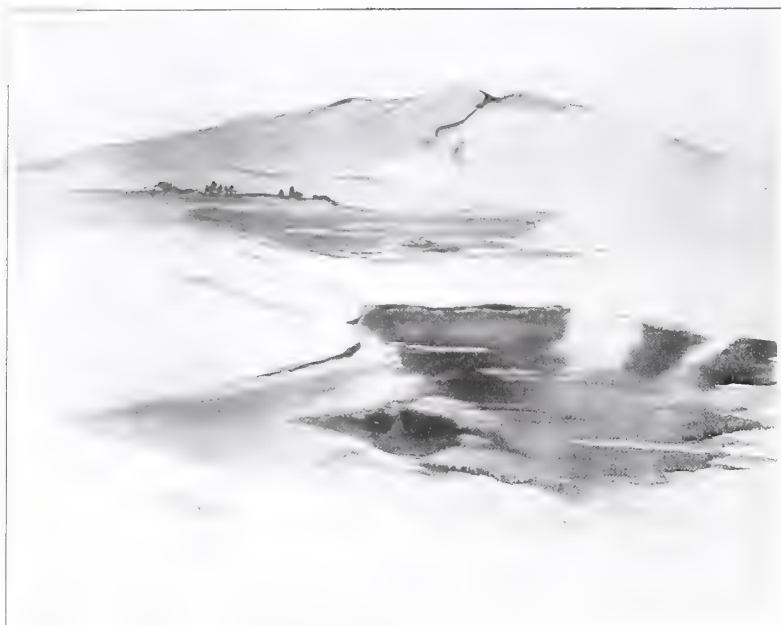
an obituary, thousands of his students will emphatically attest. To all those pupils who are today practising and disseminating his tenets throughout America, and as far afield as China and Japan, his name has something of the potency of a talisman; to them it means quickened perceptions, widened interests and invigorated ideals.

Born at Ipswich, Massachusetts, in 1857, of one of the oldest families in that historic state, he

"ENCHANTED MESA"

BY ARTHUR W. DOW





"JUPITER TERRACE, YELLOWSTONE PARK"

BY ARTHUR W. DOW

received his early education in one of those New England schools where Latin and Greek still supplied a lasting foundation for future culture. These formative years, spent amid the varied and beautiful scenery around Ipswich, left an indelible impress upon his youthful imagination. He always returned to the home country with zest and was never happier than when transferring to canvas one or another of its fascinating aspects or variable moods. In the eighties he studied in Paris, exhibiting regularly at the *Salon* and obtaining awards. A photograph taken at Pont Aven in '87 shows him, in a group that includes Gauguin, as a tall and distinguished looking young man, much more noticeable, if much less mannered, than the majority of his Bohemian contemporaries. Happy and care-free days they were, of which he had many a pleasant memory that centered about some fellow student now also known to fame. But, to quote his own words, "an experience of five years in French schools left me thoroughly dissatisfied with academic theory. In search for something more vital I began a comparative study of the art of all nations and epochs."

It was in the course of this investigation at the Museum of Fine Arts at Boston that Dow met that brilliant Orientalist, the late Professor Ernest F. Fenollosa, to whose memory he

pays tribute in his book. We can not do better than quote the reference to that meeting which will be found in the preface to Fenollosa's great work *Epochs of Japanese and Chinese Art*, which reads: "A new and very precious friendship was formed. This was with Mr. Arthur Wesley Dow, of Ipswich, a young artist who had just returned from Paris. Literally from the first moment in which he met Professor Fenollosa and was shown some of the great examples of Japanese art, these two influences became the chief factors in his life. On the other hand, Professor Fenollosa found in this ardent and receptive young spirit the inspiration and

encouragement for which he had been longing." This sympathetic cooperation persisted right up to the time of Professor Fenollosa's death. To quote again from the same authority: "If the name, the methods and the vital truths imparted to American art by Professor Fenollosa are to persist in the consciousness of the American people, it will be due chiefly to the untiring efforts and splendid loyalty of Arthur Wesley Dow."

Together they worked out a progressive series of synthetic exercises which were tried out at their studios in Boston. The success of this work was such that to Professor Dow was offered a larger opportunity at the Pratt Institute in Brooklyn. In 1904 he became head of the Fine Arts Depart-

"THE PAINTED CLIFF"

BY ARTHUR W. DOW





"THE SAND DUNES, IPSWICH BEACH"

BY ARTHUR W. DOW

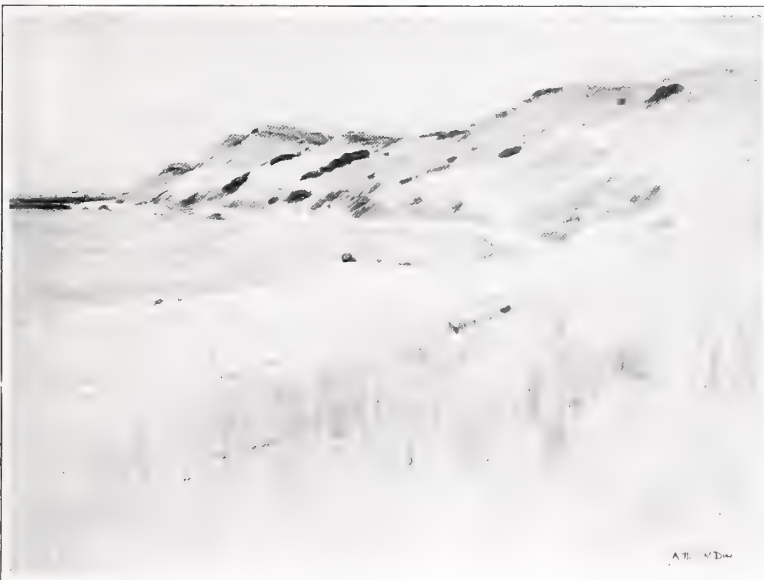
ment at Teachers College, Columbia University, and such was the inspiration of his work there that the department became one of the largest in that institution of inclusive culture.

The stark and simple truth, covered with age-long neglect in the West, yet still glowing in the East and big with promise for the future of art the world over, was the discovery of Ernest F. Fenolosa. As phrased by him it was: "The tentative

effort of art expression in childhood and in primitive races has been in all ages and lands practically the same, and its keynote is *spacing*." Dow's creative mind seized upon this basic truth, sensed its import, amplified and explained it, carried it up and over into the fine arts and "put it across" to the art student. So rapidly do events move and so quickly are things forgotten that it is even now difficult to realize that it once needed a resolute

"THE CURVING SHORE"

BY ARTHUR W. DOW



pioneer to assert the truths of this artistic faith. To-day it is almost a *cliché* to state that representation is not art; that appreciation should precede or at least accompany execution; that a work of art should be instinct with spirit and imagination as well as technical skill.

Thirty years ago, amid the stifling atmosphere of the pseudo-Classicists and sterile Imitationists, it required an unusually independent and creative mind to apprehend such verities. In addition, it demanded exceptional courage to uphold such doctrines in the teeth of united opposition from the academic schools and art



"IPSWICH ROOFS"

BY ARTHUR W. DOW

cliques, so whole hearted in their devotion to tradition. To nothing do men cling so tenaciously as to outworn dogmas or ancient creeds, particularly if they are threatened or proven wrong, and to question cherished beliefs is to invite the abuse of all whose ideas have been disturbed or whose *amour propre* has been affronted. This challenge Dow successfully maintained with a cheerful courage and unshakable conviction. His erudition—he had an uncommon aptitude for languages and could read and write Japanese—and his broad culture matured by extensive travel gave him a great advantage over most of his opponents, and he soon obtained a commanding position in the world of art. He stood fast to his ideals and quickly gathered about him a body of devoted disciples and admirers. His lucid exposition of his theories, his keen analytical method of criticism and his logical synthetic way of teaching were joined to a singularly attractive manner of presentation. As a lecturer for many years at Teachers College he literally “gave” appreciation to his students. In his talks on art he employed none of that obscurantism, emotionalism or plain clap-trap that confounds or disgusts one in so much of the current discourses upon esthetics. He felt that the noble simplicities of great art demanded a simple and dignified treatment in their interpretation; and he supplied it. All who came under his spell felt that apparently effortless transference of power, the seemingly easy conveyance of ideas and enthusiasm that seemed to be his peculiar prerogative. His book *Composition* is a classic and unique production. Between its covers is found a logical unfolding of his big yet simple principle that the fundamental rule of all the fine arts is design: the building up or composition of

fine line, fine space, and fine color harmonies into an organic unity as conceived and executed.

It was, however, with Dow's paintings that this article set out to treat, and a glance at the reproductions will show that these qualities of a successful teacher never were permitted to obscure those of the creative artist. A singularly modest man in an age of blatant self-advertisement, he never sought publicity. Hundreds that know his merits as a teacher were hardly aware of his eminence as a landscape painter. The reproductions of his pictures here need no elaboration; his mastery of

line and form is apparent to any observer at a glance, although, of course, certain subtleties of tone are lost, and no conception of their color harmonies can be gained without access to the originals. A notable feature of them is their diversity. None was painted to order. He was always attempting new interpretations and essaying fresh color arrangements; transferring to canvas the varying moods of the changing season, light, or tide. But never was it an empty transcript or a futile attempt to copy nature. We should be glad, after all, that he shunned the notoriety of the merely well known painter, for such artists have ever the insidious temptation, too seldom successfully resisted, little by little to trim their sails to catch the breath of popular applause, from whatever quarter it blows.

Happily there are no “Dow” landscapes. He had the rare fortune to be that unique combination, the predestined teacher and the born artist. Eminently serving the necessities of his students, in his painting he served not any man's will. His pictures can not be classified. He seems equally at home in the West or in the East. The breadth and freedom with which he limned the immensities of the Grand Canyon are vividly contrasted with the delicate interplay of line and tone in some intimate picture of a New England village. In ten canvases we may run the whole gamut of the complete landscape artist. The firm drawing of rock and foreshore, the intricate sinuosities of a tidal river, the vivid presentation of a cloudburst, the sparkle of the salt marshes, the grave charms of flat-topped tree-covered hills, the jolly riot of colors on Gay Head, autumn mists or clean, long shadows at sunset—nothing comes amiss, not even the baffling pattern of the Blue Dragon in his

favorite view from his studio on Town Hill. He seems never to be at a loss, never to stumble or scumble, to scratch out or repaint. The unerring feeling for line and tone is accompanied by a faultless touch and clean, craftsmanlike handling. One recognizes the creative artist in full command of his medium. One comes near that perfection of balance where the well trained hand obeys with ease and energy the promptings of the mind and spirit; where pure forms and representational fidelity fuse together

into one harmonious plan. Through them all runs that complete and satisfying quality of design, that sense of repose and dignity common to all big things and distinguishing them. It is reminiscent of the works of those Oriental masters to whom, after his European disillusionment, he turned for inspiration. Over them all broods an elusive and spiritual element that we who came into close contact with him recognize as the emotional reflex of his own qualities as a man and an artist.

To resuscitate a submerged old maxim, "Good wine needs no bush." The reproductions may be allowed to speak for themselves, but we will hazard a prophecy that in due course Dow's landscapes will take their right place among the American masters. Those who five years ago saw his exhibition of pictures of the Grand Canyon at the Montross Galleries in New York will agree with that prediction, while to those who have enjoyed the privilege of close association with him no such posthumous proof is necessary. To them he will be always the master whose supreme distinction was that in him the artist and the teacher were sublimated in the man.

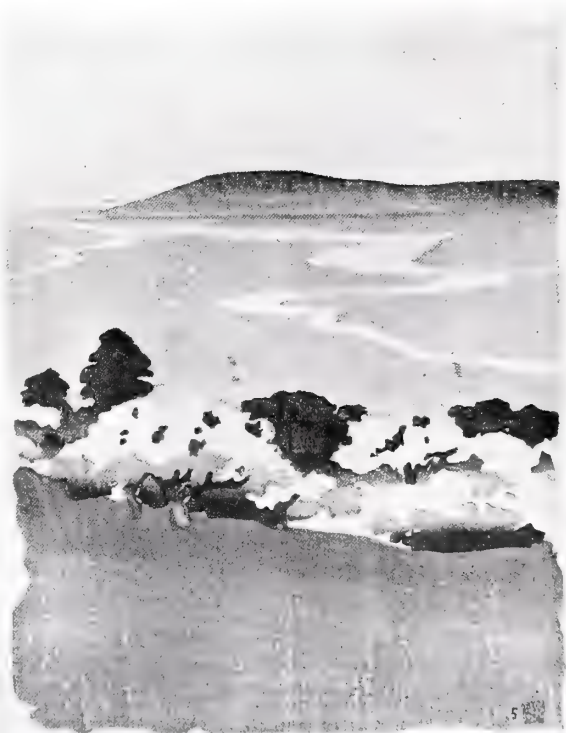
We cannot end this imperfect appreciation without reference to the uncomplaining fortitude with which he bore the tragic affliction that deprived him of the use of his right hand just when his powers had reached maturity. This eventually mortal malady had its origin in a fall which he suffered on his expedition to the Grand Canyon. It was wearing alike to body and soul, yet one never heard a word of complaint, lament or irritation. Nor was there any diminution of his unfailing sympathy and untiring solicitude for his friends. When only the driving power of his spirit kept him going, he could still find time to think of



"EVENING"

FROM A COLOR PRINT BY ARTHUR W. DOW

others—a letter of recommendation, a kindly council, a token of remembrance, in some instances reaching out even beyond his death. With his passing there went a very fine artist and gentleman, who by precept and example showed us an infallible method of mitigating the asperities and crudities of this materialistic world. Of him it is no extravagance to say that to a multitude he gave life, and gave it more abundantly. And his end came as he would have wished, while he still had the harness of his labors bright upon him.



"IPSWICH MARSHES" FROM A COLOR PRINT
BY ARTHUR W. DOW



DECORATION ON THE FAÇADE OF THE THÉÂTRE DES CHAMPS-ÉLYSÉES

BY E. A. BOURDELLE

BOURDELLE—*Lover of Stone*

RODIN has no successor. Miraculous in making

stone express the ecstasy and the agony of life, his life was nevertheless too individual, too intuitive, to

establish traditions and inspire a school. He performed valiant service for sculpture as an institution by emulating Rude and Carpeaux, finding liberation from sterile academicism, but the working out of the function of sculpture in modern life, the creation of attitudes and aims which may become traditions similar to those of Greece and the Middle Ages, is the achievement of his friend and pupil, although not his follower and far less his imitator, Emile Antoine Bourdelle.

Bourdelle's studios, off the gray alley of the Impasse du Maine behind Montparnasse in Paris, are a *foyer* where young sculptors from a dozen countries meet with encouragement and good cheer, frank criticism and clearly formulated principles of their common object. There Bourdelle is a prophet, and this is his faith: sculpture must be no exotic art, expressive merely of the one man who models; it must be grounded in a tradition of workmanship, as in the bright days of Greece and Burgundy, a community of artistic aims, and it

Frenchman's influence means much in the modern effort to relate sculpture to architecture . . . by

WALTER AGARD

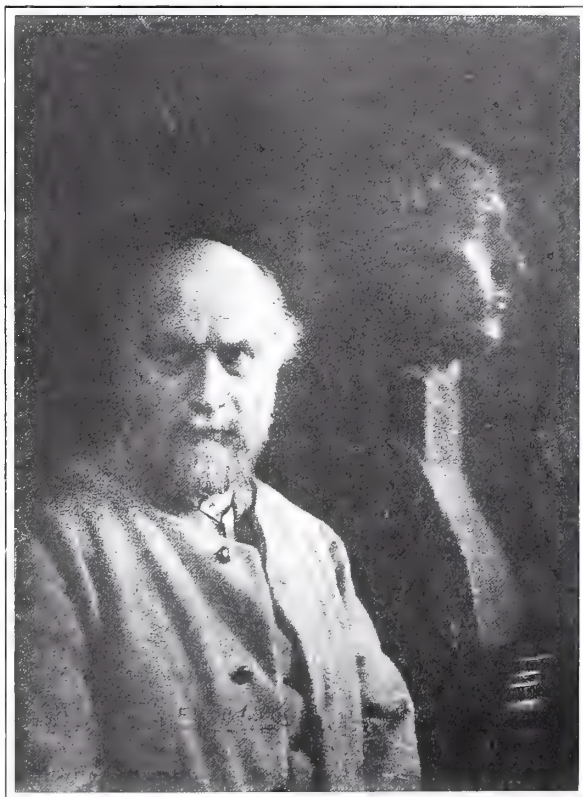
must be expressive of the larger community interests of which it is a part.

Bourdelle practises his faith the more easily because of his heritage. The

son of a peasant in Montauban, where he was born in 1861, he has in his blood the ardor of Provence and the ruggedness of the Pyrenees. Simple in habits, disdaining favors, working in stone because he loves it, and welcoming contacts with candid and positive individuals—such is the robust little man, bronze-cheeked and gray-bearded, modest yet affable, who will accompany you around his *atelier* to show you what he is trying to do. He stops in front of the

cast of "L' Epopée," the figure representing the spirit of Polish freedom on the base of the statue of the patriot, Adam Mickiewicz. "This treatment is very seriously studied," he says. "The construction, in terms of mass and balance, is as careful as that of a bridge. Observe how the folds of drapery are worked in sharply differentiated planes, conceived as continuing into space. Also, the face is built of major curves that carry through."

Sculpture must not only be related organically to architecture,



EMILE ANTOINE
BOURDELLE

Bourdelle explains. Its principles are those of architecture. Rodin's heads, delightful in nuanced modeling, lack, according to his theory, this synthetic treatment; Rodin saw them superlatively well, but he did not think them; similarly Rude, in his figure on the Arc de l'Etoile, of which "L'Epopée" is reminiscent superficially. This may give an insight into Bourdelle's conception of sculpture. It is to be primarily decorative, essentially architectural, like the work of the Sixth Century and early Fifth Century Greeks and the medieval *imagiers*. The aim is not to make drapery like actual cloth, flesh like actual flesh, proportions like actual proportions. Stone must be treated like stone, with the limitations and the advantages of its structure, suited to express the more universal and permanent qualities; vigor, power, primary mass and line. The only valid tests of sculpture will then be: does it realize those qualities; is it consistent with itself; is it good decoration?

Bourdelle grew to this conviction. In his earlier works the influence of Carpeaux and Rodin was predominant. The wholesome *joie de vivre* of Carpeaux appears in the bronze "Rieuses" and the masques of children and young girls done for the Théâtre Grévin. Rodin was a teacher as well as a friend. It is impossible not to see that his sensuous spirit informed Bourdelle's in those heads exhibited at the Salon in 1896: pale, delicate faces of women, bathed in soft mist as they muse and subtly smile. The heads in bronze, notably that of Dr. Koeberlé, recently acquired by the Musée du Luxembourg, show an understand-

ing of the medium comparable with that of Rodin, and in his superb head of Beethoven Bourdelle has

fused the torment of creative struggle, the intense will to realize harmony, which Rodin was the first in our day to compel stone and bronze to express.

In his more recent work, however, Bourdelle has become conspicuously original. When he finished his reliefs for the Théâtre des Champs-Élysées in 1912-13, he demonstrated how sculpture, by giving color and richness to architectural design, and through its very subordination, can achieve distinction. In those eight panels representing, high on the façade, Apollo and the



"L'EPOPEE"

BY E. A. BOURDELLE



"HERCULES, ARCHER"
BY E. A. BOURDELLE



"DR. KOEBERLÉ"

BY E. A. BOURDELLE

"REMBRANDT"

BY E. A. BOURDELLE

Muses, and below, over the doors, Sculpture and Painting, Comedy, Tragedy, Music and the Dance, he created elements thoroughly in harmony with the architectural style and with the social significance of this "temple of lyricism," and at the same time compositions rich in individual expression. These are creations of the real Bourdelle, of the latest phase of his art. They illustrate not only his command of his medium but also the qualities of his personifications.

Like so many of his contemporaries, Bourdelle found his inspiration for this work in the study of the archaic, especially the pre-Phidian Greek. To call his work in any definite way imitation, is thoroughly unfair, however. He went to the archaic, not like the dilettantes, who like it for its quaintness, nor as do the students of art, who find in its unfolding of motives and technique an understanding of later masterpieces. He went because he saw in it intrinsic strength and beauty, for esthetic value of a real sort resides in the Hera of Samos and the metopes of Selinus. Under analysis it will appear that the great, early sculp-

tors, because of their poverty in technical tradition, did of necessity what a modern artist can do only by the keenest intelligence—they took certain essential elements, neglecting much with which they

frankly were unable to deal, and these elements they amplified. Elegance, to be sure, was lacking; not so, vitality. They ran no risk of degenerating into exhibitions of what Clive Bell calls "technical swagger." They had ideas to be expressed and they expressed them with all the clarity and vigor at their command. And these sculptors worked hand in hand with architects; their work was conceived with relation to the building for which it was designed; it was good decoration. Akin to them in spirit, Bourdelle tried to learn the secret of their vitality. He was not indulging in mannerism, in mere copying. If his work has the simplification of the archaic, in conception it is thoroughly modern. Bourdelle has been himself. The proof is that, unlike the stolidity of so many Swedish, German and English sculptures which have been



"JEANNE D'ARC" BY E. A. BOURDELLE



"BEETHOVEN"

BY E. A. BOURDELLE

"SIR JOHN FRASER"

BY E. A. BOURDELLE

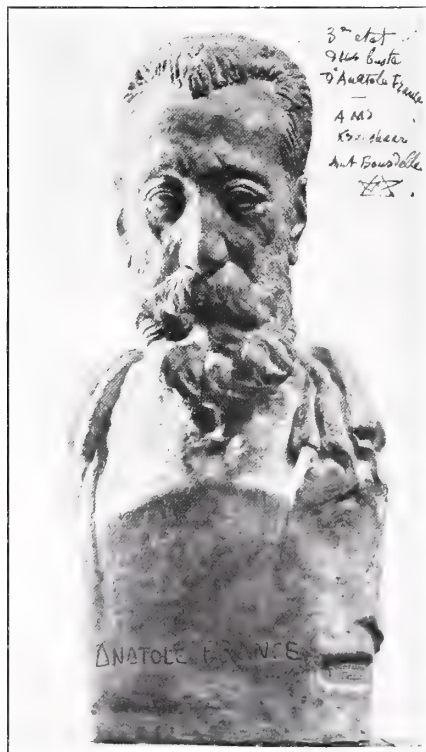
suggested by the Egyptian and early Greek, Bourdelle's carvings have abundant vitality. They are vastly more than form to those who study them.

Nevertheless, Bourdelle's reliefs are not above criticism. In the central group the treatment of drapery and wings is clumsy; the Apollo, *lourd*; the idea, uncertain. There is evidence of haste in the workmanship. But with regard to the side panels of the Muses, it is not too much to assert that they give the most satisfactory sense of motion of any modern sculpture and that "Tragedy" and "Comedy" are in some respects the best decorative reliefs done in our time. What could be more expressive of the spirit of Comedy than that inscrutably gay, female Hermes who receives the masque from her blithe companion? Even more ade-

quate decoratively is the panel, illustrated on the next page, of the Iphigenia scene of "Tragedy." In the bent knees and back-turned

head, in those sure arms firmly outstretched for the sword, is a world of tragic suggestion, and the drapery accentuates while it unifies.

Not decorative architecturally, but structurally architectural, are the substantive sculptures: "Heracles," "Penelope," "The Dying Centaur," the equestrian "General Alvear," "Mickiewicz," the unfinished "Monument to the Miners," the portraits of Carpeaux and Rodin, Ingres and Anatole France. Heracles is a subject well suited to Bourdelle's temperament. An extreme instance of simplification to express essentials is the bronze Heracles head in the Luxembourg. In the figure exhibited at the Salon of 1910 and now in Rome, "Heracles



"ANATOLE FRANCE"
BY E. A. BOURDELLE



"TRAGEDY"

BY E. A. BOURDELLE

Shooting the Stymphalian Birds," the sculptor achieves superb concentration in the construction of what Henri Bidon called "*ce grand diable de demi-dieu*." Admit that the position is a physical impossibility, that even Athena could waive hardly all laws of physics to help her hero, any but the most literal must enjoy the splendid vitality of the figure. The "Penelope" is less successful but it is interesting as an effort to put an idea into the simplest synthetic form. Penelope, ungainly, totally lacking in charm and coquetry, with weighted hips and sullen head expressive of unutterable ennui and despair, muses, Will her lord ever come? It is the idea "Penelope," as stone can give expression to it. "The Dying Centaur" is a robust composition, obviously designed for a square niche, where, however, the head would be lost in shadow and the back unseen. Bourdelle is fond of it; therein, perhaps, lies its chief virtue. The equestrian statue of General Alvear, of Argen-

d'Arc" manifests the same architectural sense of form which he has been consistently developing.

The composition of the group is perfect; its symbolism, delightful.

The chief work to which Bourdelle is now devoting himself is a monument to miners killed in the war. It is the most obviously architectural thing that he has done. Two bases are surmounted by a cylindrical block cut to suggest a miner's lamp, the whole more than eleven metres in height. It was designed by the sculptor, who boasts that he always has been his own architect. On the four sides of the lower base are carefully formulated geometric signs composed of miners' tools and soldiers' weapons; on the upper base are scenes from the life and death of the miners. The plans and the work so far as it has already progressed under his hands are impressive.

It is perhaps in the portraits, the statue of Carpeaux which now is in



"SAINTE CARLE" BY E. A. BOURDELLE

the Museum court at Lyons and that of Rodin and in the busts of Ingres and Anatole France, that Bourdelle has demonstrated most uncompromisingly the true vigor of his conceptions. These are portraits, yet none of them is built up into character by the process of trial and error dear to Rodin, nor is the drapery merely a convenient contrast to the flesh values. Instead, the figures are thought large, in sweeping planes; the hair is structural, the drapery is an essential element of the complete construction, the total effect is as unified and charged with vitality as sculpture could well be imagined to be.

There is nothing less capricious, more seriously grasped, than the aim of Bourdelle; nothing more tireless and unpretentious than his devotion to it. He will admit, although sculpture's chief function is the monumental, that it has other possibilities. Mantel-piece sculpture has some justification. It, of course, demands greater attention to the modeling of detail. In some small copies of the Virgin and Child he has had to treat the Child's form much less severely. But this sort of ornamental sculpture for drawing-rooms does not greatly appeal to Bourdelle. He explains why. He once received a commission for a memorial to a man in public life who in some unfortunate way had been cut to pieces by a train. The suggestion was made that the memorial should present him in that condition. "I declined," said Bourdelle. "I am not a sculptor of fragments!" Therein lies a final distinction between the work of Rodin, whose every fragment tells the whole story by its perfection of modeling and to whom a hand or a torso was quite enough, and the work of this other master, whose unity is not that within the fragment but of the whole as an entity; whose conception is epic rather than lyrical, and who, while freely acknowledging the brilliance and the beauty of much individualistic and intuitive work, has for his ambition the recreating of the spirit of the heydays of sculpture, when there were schools with high respect for stone, a tradition of honest



"THE SHEPHERD FAUN"

BY E. A. BOURDELLE

technique and an alliance of the arts to make the monuments adequately expressive of sculptors and the communities in which they live.

Bourdelle, as are the other sculptors of his nation, is a product of the evolution of the art in France in the last two decades. Since the beginning of the present century that art has succeeded in its reaction against the hampering effects of a too devout following of tradition, however glorious, and has developed fuller expression of the intangible, of the emotions of the race. While still experimenting, it has passed the experimental stage of another phase and, like the other arts, has become through its own media a recorder of the longings, the ideals and the realizations of its period. Under the vital and powerful influence of Rodin, and of masters like Bourdelle who have succeeded him, inspiration and technique have resumed sway in the plastic art.

When the Inquisition Sought Goya



"MAJA" BY GOYA

In the Gallery of the Prado, Madrid

A DISCOVERY has just been made in connection with Goya's two masterpieces known as the "Majas" and which it has been thought might well be portraits of his noble friend, the Duchess of Alba. Certain recently found documents from the archives of the Inquisition show that the painter of the "Capricios" had trouble with the successors of Torquemada. One paper is a charge made by the fiscal inquisitor, compiled in the secret chambers of the Holy Office on November 15, 1814, and signed by Dr. Zorilla de Velasco, against certain pictures of "immoral and execrable nature"—it happens that they were the "Majas." A second document dated March 16, 1815, and signed by the same hand, orders Goya to appear before the courts of the Holy Office, there "to recognize the pictures, to declare them as his work and to explain why, for whom and for what purpose he painted them."

It is more than probable that Goya never answered the summons, which is a pity for us as the report might have revealed the identity of the mysterious sitter. Dr. de Velasco's authority was not that, by far, of the terrible Torquemada. The French rule in Spain had suppressed the inquisitorial tribunal. A revival of it was attempted after the departure of the French, but this was the swan's song of the Inquisition.

The Holy Office sought Goya on a previous occasion when, subsequent to some love adventure, the tribunal had issued a warrant against him. That time, he evaded it by leaving the country. However, the men of the Inquisition did not forget him nor the jibes that he directed at them.

Even at the cost of never knowing the name of the "Majas" it is a relief to know that Goya was not put on the rack or submitted to the thumb-screw because of her, and although the documents do not reveal her name, they do explain eloquently why there are almost no pictures of Venus by Spanish painters. It was, simply, because they feared the stake.—H. S. CIOLKOWSKI.



"MAJA" BY GOYA

In the Gallery of the Prado, Madrid

Art of France's MEDAILLEURS

OF all the arts practised in the United States, that of the medalist is the least encouraged and has the fewest disciples.

Our art societies themselves give comparatively few medals as awards; our cities rarely issue a medal commemorative of a civic event; and our national or international exhibitions, which generally create more medals than any other form of celebration through their medallic prize-giving traditions, are so few and so far apart as to add little to the number of American medals designed and issued each year. Our scientific societies are more generous in the matter of encouraging medallic art than any other class of organization which we have, and there is a slowly growing custom of art lovers having personal commemorative medals designed and reproduced for presentation to their friends. When it is known that only fifty-five medalists are exhibiting at the current show of the National Sculpture Society, most of whom are primarily sculptors, it scarcely can be said with any appearance of truth that medallic art flourishes in our country.

Abroad, and particularly in Europe, the art of

Religious subjects serve as inspiration for some of their finest work, as exhibition here demonstrates . . . by

William B. M'GORMICK

the medal is encouraged by governments, by municipalities, by scientific and art societies and by the church. France leads all foreign countries in this respect, just as she does with her national collection of these objects, which contains about 200,000 pieces. There are not more than 30,000 medals in the collection of

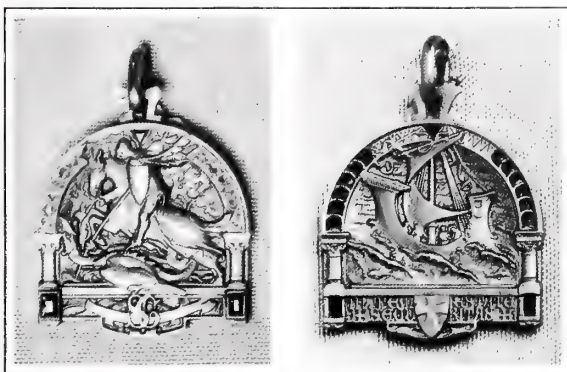
the American Numismatic Society, if so many, this figure being mentioned simply to give a point of comparison. Again, where France has literally thousands of religious medals, our greatest collection has only a few hundred, most of these being the work of French medalists. In view of the fact that there is almost no religious painting or sculpture created in the United States nowadays, it is not at all surprising that religious art does not appear in our medals.

It would be practically impossible to assemble such a collection of religious medals of American design as that

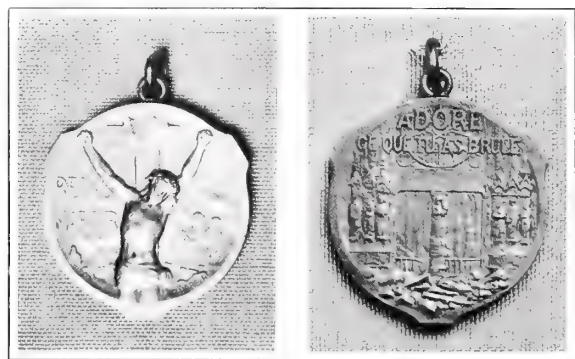
recently brought to this country by the house of Cartier for exhibition in its establishment in New York, a group including works by O. Roty, greatest of all contemporary French medalists;



IVORY MADONNA ON ENAMEL BACKGROUND
WITH DIAMONDS AND SAPPHIRES



OBVERSE AND REVERSE SIDES OF ST. GEORGE MEDAL
BY J. DUVAL



OBVERSE AND REVERSE SIDES OF REIMS MARTYRE MEDAL
BY R. HABIER

F. Vernon, Edouard Duval, J. Duval, R. Habier, E. Blin, A. Barges and L. Desvignes. In the larger number, these medals are presented as the work of the *médailleur*, a few being enriched by the crafts of the jeweler, enameled and ivory worker, and by the art of the miniaturist. Practically all these arts, to cite an extreme example, are to be found in a Madonna medal designed for Cartier in which the medal itself is fashioned of platinum and gold, the bust of the Virgin is carved in ivory, the heads of the cherubim, one on either side,



MADONNA AND CHILD MEDAL
BY O. ROTY

"St. George," the design of which is markedly Romanesque in feeling, a rarity in modern French medallic art, which leans more strongly toward the exquisite low reliefs of stele. The modeling of the mounted figure is unusually vigorous, the squat columns on either side suggest the heavy architecture of the early Roman basilicas, and the golden obverse is enriched by the color of the diamonds and rubies set in the semi-circular ornamental border, the characteristic great arch of a Romanesque choir. M. Duval's design for



REGINA PACIS MEDAL
BY L. DESVIGNES



VIRGIN, CHILD AND ST. JOHN
MEDAL BY A. BARGES



VIRGO VIRGINUM MEDAL
BY F. VERNON

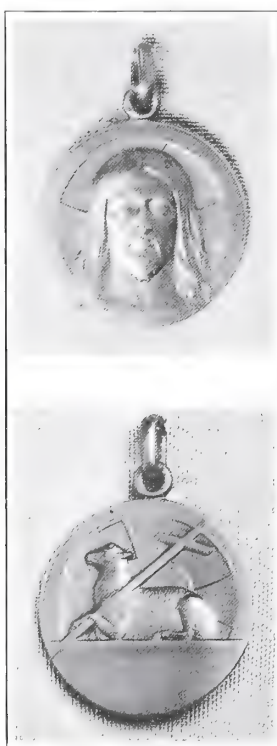


JOAN OF ARC PLAQUETTE
BY E. BLIN

being painted by a miniaturist, that art and the crafts of the jeweler and the ivory carver being called into play in the making of this medal after the *médailleur* had completed his original design in plaster.

F. Vernon's lovely profile of the "Virgo Purissima," one of his signed representations of the Blessed Virgin as a bride, is characteristic of his delicate art, the head being a perfect illustration of what Vasari meant when he said that medallic art was "the link between painting and sculpture—that is to say, painting in the round with the color left out." But this gold medal has been enriched by a setting of pearls which harmonizes with our thoughts of a bride of today. Another medal by Vernon, on which the head is reversed and placed directly in the upper center of the design, is his "Virgo Virginum," set with sapphires and diamonds. A feature of this medal is the legibility and admirable placing of the letters of the title as a part of the design.

More of a plaque than a medal is J. Duval's



OBVERSE AND REVERSE
SIDES OF HEAD OF CHRIST
MEDAL BY F. VERNON

the reverse of this plaque shows Christ stilling the tempest, the ship, the tiny figures and the crested billows being modeled with extraordinary power considering the limit of space to which the *médailleur* was confined. The military spirit of the Crusades is carried over here from the obverse in the legend and the crusader's shield.

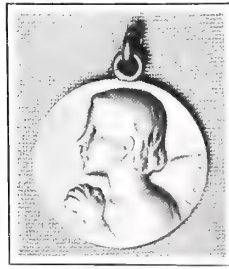
The crafts of the jeweler, enameled and ivory worker have been drawn upon heavily in the making of the ornate, enhailed Virgin, which is after Vernon's design for the first medal referred to here. The bust, head and halo are of ivory, the halo being surrounded with tiny diamonds and placed against a background of purple, green and blue enamel to suggest stained-glass work. This whole design is set in a rim of sapphires, the jewels adding much to the splendor of the original medallic scheme. From the ecclesiastical viewpoint, this treatment of

a medallic design would be no matter for criticism, but in respect to the canons of medallic art one

feels himself to be on surer ground in the plaquette in honor of "Mater Amabilis" with its medieval feeling in the Mother and Child and the grave ornamentation. The placing of the letters of the legend here, alternated with the formalized lilies of France, is a notable example of the application of the letterer's craft to a very delicate form of art. This same feeling of certitude as to medallion art unadorned is a part of Edouard Duval's tiny plaquette with its suggestion of the Italian Renaissance, the group being modeled after a famous "Notre Dame de Victoire" in a well-known church in Paris.

To Oscar Roty more than any other *médailleur* does the art world owe the renaissance of the medal, his work beginning in 1870. In addition to being completely in control of the technique of this art, he has enriched it by his original arrangements of his figures and by his poetic fancies and through reviving the plaquette or rectangular medal which had been abandoned or forgotten since the Renaissance. The gold medal signed by Roty reproduced herewith, a Madonna and Child, shows his perfect feeling for the placing of a figure as well as the tender grace of his low modeling, the head of the Child being a marvellous work of art in itself. On the reverse of this medal Roty again shows how exquisite design may be when created by a master, the simple stalk of lilies and the clear lettering, "Virgo Sancta Puerum Custodi," being the last word in delicate grace. His "marriage medal" with its legend, "A Elle Toujours," shows how strongly he was influenced by the Greek memorial reliefs, the two figures on the obverse side being wholly Greek in design and feeling. The reverse is thoroughly French in its altar with the frontal space employed as a tablet on which to engrave the names of the bride and bridegroom and confirm its use.

Owing to the fact that this special collection of medals is religious in character, several of the *médailleur's* designs have been reproduced in mother-of-pearl (heliotite) set in gold as in the medals of the Sacred Heart, while three of



GUARDIAN ANGEL MEDAL
BY L. DESVIGNES

smallest of these medals shows a youthful Madonna's head with a golden halo against a background of blue enamel of such depth of color as we associate with the finest Chinese porcelains.



OBVERSE AND REVERSE
SIDES OF SACRED HEART
MEDAL BY F. VERNON

Since Joan of Arc pervades every form of French art, we see her here in a medal by Vernon, the armored bust of the supplicating Maid being partly surrounded by a wreath of oak leaves, the jeweler adding a setting of diamonds. She appears also in a bell-shaped plaquette by E. Blin, the reverse of which shows an angel holding a sword and palm together, a design appearing elsewhere on the reverse of the Virgin, Jesus and St. John by A. Barges after Botticelli's famous painting.

The only souvenir of the world war in the Cartier collection—and it finds a place here since it commemorates the destruction of a cathedral—is the medal by R. Habier called "Reims Martyre." This design is distinguished not only for the profound feeling in the figure of the crucified Christ but also for the clarity of the details of the burning city in the background although this is in the lowest of relief. The reverse shows the great portal of the cathedral with burning logs piled below it, the famous central sculpture being clearly indicated as well as the figures standing on either side of the two doors.

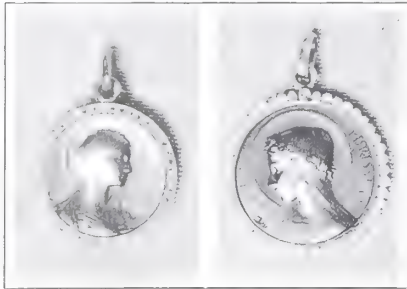


MATER AMABILIS, GOLD
PLAQUETTE

Although not medallion art in any sense, there are also in this collection two very beautiful little pocket shrines for "good luck" saints. Both figures were modeled especially for Cartier by Dampy in large size and were reduced for this special purpose. The St. Anthony stands within a case of white and gold enamel, while the St. Christopher is in a gold tryptich case of gold partly covered with

black leather. Tiny as these figures are, they are superb pieces of sculpture, and the cases are the perfection of the jeweler's art.

Before the invention of presses for "striking" medals in the middle of the last century, the *médailleur* cut his design in a steel block, but



LEFT: VIRGO VIRGINUM, GOLD SET WITH DIAMONDS. RIGHT: VIRGO PURISSIMA, GOLD SET WITH PEARLS, BOTH BY F. VERNON

this difficult method has been abandoned in favor of either casting medals by the "lost wax" process, much used in producing bronze sculptures; by stamping them in a press, or by an electro-plating process. Medals produced by these methods are styled, respectively, "struck," "cast" and "galvanos."



IMMACULATE HEART OF MARY MEDAL BY EDOUARD DUVAL

This last-named manner of reproduction is largely used among American medalists, the results being wholly satisfactory from the viewpoint of the artist. In Europe, however, the cast medal is considered the finest type, and in the great French national collection practically all of the medals come under this classification. In connection with this special art it is an interesting coincidence that the most important



TOP: THE SACRED HEART MOTHER OF PEARL SET IN GOLD

CENTER: JOAN OF ARC GOLD WITH DIAMONDS BY F. VERNON

BOTTOM: GLORIFICATION OF VIRGIN MARY—GOLD

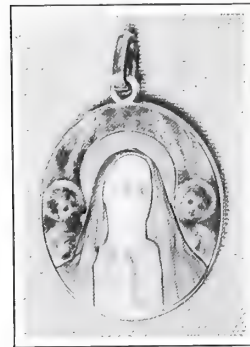
group of American medals shown for at least a decade is in the American Sculpture Exhibition of the National Sculpture Society which will remain on view in New York until the first of August.

This American exhibition illustrates the point that I made in



OBVERSE AND REVERSE SIDES OF A WEDDING MEDAL BY O. ROTY

beginning this article as to the infrequency of the religious subject in our medallic art. With the exception of the admirable portrait of Cardinal Gibbons by J. Maxwell Miller, Allen G. Newman's sympathetic "Joan of Arc" and Anna V. Hyatt's and Paul Manship's more vigorous treatment of this same subject there are no more examples



PLATINUM AND GOLD MEDAL WITH IVORY RELIEF

of religious medallic art in the show. The larger proportion of the designs is war memorials, of which J. Otto Schweitzer's Pennsylvania National Guard medal is a perfect illustration of handsome design and technique; portrait medals and plaquettes, James E. Fraser's plaque of Mr. and Mrs. Albright being noteworthy, and art society medals such as A. A. Weinman's J. Sanford Saltus award for medallic art.

Quattrocento Paintings from Salomon Collection

THE art collection of the late William Salomon was recently dispersed at public auction. This collection, one of the finest in America, was gathered by a man who found particular pleasure in the works of art of Fourteenth Century Italy and Eighteenth Century France, and was, therefore, rich in examples of those great artistic periods. Prior to the sale some of the rarest of his treasures were sold, among them the ten paintings by quattrocento masters purchased by Duveen Brothers, of which photographs are reproduced on this and following pages. While these do not bear the names of the most famous masters of the early Renaissance, they do form an unusually important group, thoroughly representative of the art of the time.



"THE MADONNA AND CHILD WITH SAINTS"

by Vincenzo Catena (1470-1531) Venetian School

"Catena is getting to be recognized more and more as one of the most interesting figures in a most interesting phase of Italian art—the phase of transition from the old to the new. . . . This picture is beyond question the masterpiece of his first manner. . . . It would be extremely hard to find a picture which intrinsically, for esthetic merit and historical interest, better represents Venetian painting at the moment when Bellini was about to hand over the sceptre of art to Giorgione."—BERNARD BERENSON.

Courtesy of Duveen Brothers



“PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG LADY”

by Piero Pollajuolo (1443-1496) Florentine School

Her dress of pink silk is edged with white around the neck and patterned with floriated designs. In accordance with the fashion of the times her forehead and the nape of her neck are shaven. Her hair is fancifully plaited with pale blue ribbon and is covered in part by a gauzy, white head-dress. The painting was formerly in the collection of Conte Isolani of Belona and, later, in the collection of Baron Lazzaroni of Rome.

Courtesy of Duveen Brothers



"MADONNA AND GHILD"

by Giovanni Bellini (1428-1516) Venetian School

This picture is one of a group of Madonnas painted by Bellini between the years 1480 and 1485, one of the most productive periods of his career, and is probably one of the latest of that group. The color is unusually fine.

Courtesy of Duveen Brothers



“THE VIRGIN AND CHILD WITH SAINT JEROME AND SAINT FRANCIS”

by Francesco Francia (1450-1517) School of Bologna

The Virgin wears a red tunic cut square across the breast and a dark blue mantle lined with green. On the left is Saint Jerome holding a closed book. Saint Francis is on the right holding a crucifix. This painting was formerly in the Sir Frankland Lewis and Duff-Gordon collections.

Courtesy of Duveen Brothers



"MADONNA AND CHILD"

by Alesso Baldovinetti (1425-1499) Florentine School

The Madonna is seated in a Florentine chair typical of the Renaissance. Over her white veil is a gold brown head-dress. She wears a red tunic edged with gold and a blue mantle. This picture was formerly in the Arnaldo Corsi collection, Florence.

Courtesy of Duveen Brothers



"THE VIRGIN AND CHILD"

by Bernardino Pintoricchio (1454-1513) Umbrian School

The Virgin wears a red tunic embroidered with geometrical designs. Her head and shoulders are enveloped in a gold-embroidered blue mantle fastened around her waist with a blue girdle tied in a knot. The background is covered with gold decorated in floriated designs.

Courtesy of Duveen Brothers



"PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG LADY"

by Bernardino dei Conti (1450-1528) Milanese School

A very similar portrait of this young lady, wearing the same dress and jewel, is in the Jacquemart André Museum, Paris, wrongly ascribed to Boltraffio. That both of these portraits are by dei Conti is proved by comparison with the "Lady" in the Morrison (of Fonthill) collection.

Courtesy of Duveen Brothers



"THE ANNUNCIATION"

by Jacopo Palma, Il Vecchio (1480-1528) Venetian School

"... a charming Annunciation by the master Palma Vecchio with life size figures . . . which must be one of the most beautiful Italian pictures in the Weber collection; it belongs to the last period of Palma."—FRITZ HARCK. Formerly in the collection of Consul Weber at Hamburg.

Courtesy of Duveen Brothers



"MADONNA AND CHILD WITH SAINT JOHN AND SAINT JEROME"

by Giovanni Battista Gima (1459-1517) Venetian School

The Madonna wears a white, embroidered head-dress, a red tunic and dark blue mantle. Saint John the Baptist, on the left, has a green cloak thrown over his shoulders, partly covering the goatskin tunic. Saint Jerome's mantle is purple. The scene is laid in a broad landscape dominated by a city with many towers.

Courtesy of Duveen Brothers



"PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG MAN"

by Giovanni Bellini (1428-1516) Venetian School

The young man's fair, wavy hair is dressed low in a zazzera over the forehead, tips of the ears and neck. He wears a black doublet above which is seen the border of a white undershirt. The panel, eleven inches high, one of the most important paintings in the Salomon collection, was formerly in the collection of Baron Schickler of Paris.

Courtesy of Duveen Brothers

Ancient Treasure from Spanish Seas



THE DAME D'ELCHÉ

IN THE LOUVRE

"THE PHENICIANS," writes Paul Vitry, curator of the sculpture department of the Louvre Museum in Paris, "can not be credited with great originality of form, but in the different countries that they colonized or visited, they transplanted the various formulas and techniques acquired from Egypt or Asia. At Cyprus, at Carthage and even as far as Spain, these eastern elements crossed with the Grecian elements which were in process of development there at the time.

"Among the more beautiful monuments demonstrating these interbreedings, which are especially important archeologically, is the bust of the Greco-Phoenician Dame d'Elché in the Louvre. It was found off the coast of Spain."

Do Portraits Exist of Peter and Paul?

SINCE the time of the iconoclasts it has been the habit to deny the possibility of finding actual portraits of Christ and the apostles. "The early Christians," theologians argue, "were strongly opposed to representations of Christ because such portraits, sculptures and paintings would constitute idolatry." They also hold that the personal features of Christ and his associate founders of the Christian religion were unimportant, that "the Word alone was of value and the foundation upon which to build."

In the last few decades, however, doubt has been thrown on this theory, especially by those who occupied themselves with investigations of the catacombs of Rome, in which, as we know, are many wall paintings representing personages who can be identified only as Christ, Peter and Paul, not to mention others of less importance. "These paintings are, however, too late, belonging to the Third and Fourth Centuries, to have been actual portraits," it is asserted, and from that circumstance the old theorizers concluded that "the actual features of Christ and the apostles were forgotten before the catacomb artists depicted their individualities, which therefore must be fictitious and untrue." Within the last few years, even this theory has received a shock. In an underground chapel in Viale Manzoni, Rome, not far from the Vatican, a cave-in revealed paintings and other objects of extraordinary interest. At first they were misinterpreted and classed with ordinary catacomb paintings, but when photographs could be taken, it was seen that they possessed characteristics which placed them

Comparison of pictures in catacombs with sculptures on Antioch chalice leads to interesting conclusions · by
GUSTAVUS A. EISEN

as works of art far above the best catacomb paintings, that they had personality and character which no artist could have invented or produced unless aided by copies of actual portraits. The first press reports were that these portraits had been painted from life and great enthusiasm was aroused in those who had dreamed that sooner or later the features of the founders of Christianity would be known. This dream was shattered, however, for archaeologists announced

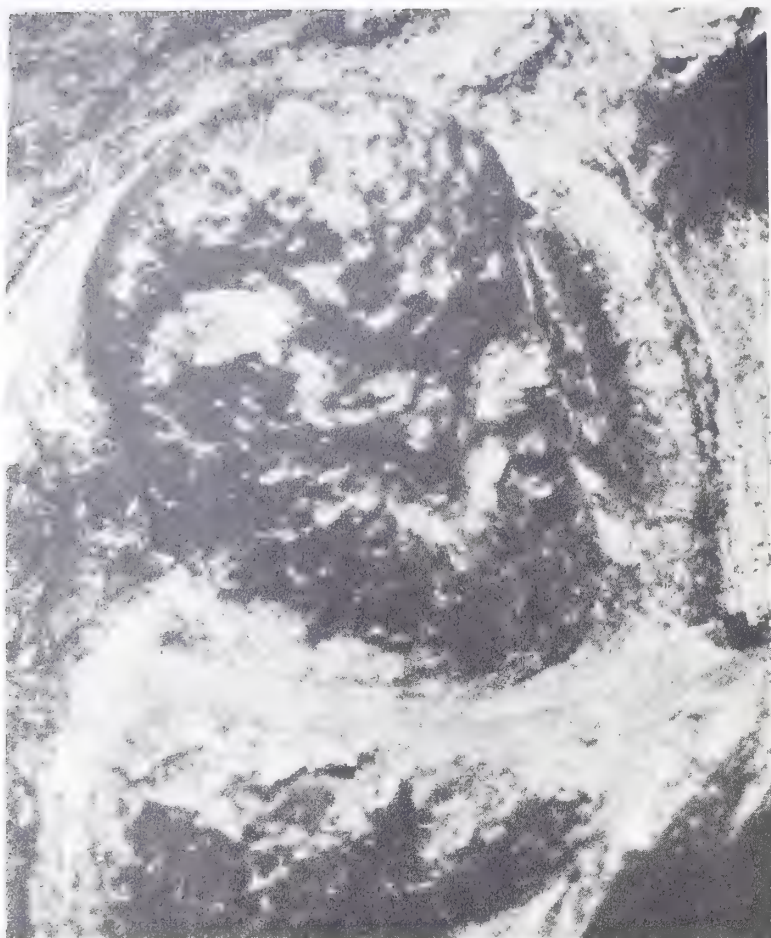
that the paintings dated not earlier than the Third or possibly the Second Century, too late to be of any value as actual portraits unless for making comparisons.

The present writer for several reasons never has believed that actual portraits did not exist at some time. For instance, certain portraits in the catacombs, figured by Monsignor Joseph Wilpert in his monumental work on the catacomb pictures and identified by him as representing St. Peter, possess the most striking similarity to the sculptured portrait on the Antioch chalice, which for several reasons can be identified only as one of St. Peter.

The chalice can be shown to have been made in the First Century A. D. We therefore can conclude that the painting reproduced by Wilpert, although made two centuries later, must have been copied after an older portrait or portraits. This theory could, however, not be actually proven until the new paintings in Viale Manzoni were brought to light. Now anyone can verify for himself that the great similarity between the three portraits can not be accidental, and that accordingly all three must be considered as representing



PORTRAIT OF ST. PAUL ON THE ANTIOCH CHALICE, FROM AN ETCHING BY MRS. MARGARET WEST KINNEY



ENLARGED PORTRAIT OF SAINT PETER FROM THE ANTIOCH CHALICE

one man, St. Peter, according to a standard which must have existed in his lifetime. What is here said in regard to St. Peter applies also to St. Paul, with some little modification, for among Wilpert's reproductions of the catacomb paintings there is none which stands intermediate between the portrait on the Antioch chalice and that in Viale Manzoni. Before we advance further, we must at once declare that it is already practically certain that at least two of the portraits in Viale Manzoni were copied



FIGURE OF SAINT PETER
FROM ANTIOCH CHALICE

from very old originals and therefore they must represent the two chief apostles much as they appeared in life.

One of the most interesting references to portraiture in classic time is found in Varro, who lived 116 B.C. He relates that a certain woman portrait painter, Iala from Cyzicus, copied, collected and published seven hundred portraits of famous persons. Some of the reproductions were from life, others from existing paintings and sculptures. It is also recorded in an ancient papyrus, recently translated by an American Egyptologist, that in the time of Augustus and Anthony, an Egyptian sailor arriving at Marseilles made it his first care to have his portrait painted and sent home to his parents on the Nile "as a proof of his filial love and duty." Visitors to the Egyptian section in our Metropolitan Museum of Art must have noticed the wax painted portraits from Fayoom in Egypt. One of the most artistic portraits

from that period, now in a European collection, is that of Cleopatra, wife of Caesar, who lived but a few years before the time of Christ. Most of these Egyptian paintings are believed to date from the First and Second Centuries A.D., thus including the time in which the apostles lived and founded the church.

Eusebius, most prominent of the fathers of the Christian church, whose word was law for centuries and even now is held as unassailable, is quoted as regards the

non-existence of portraits of Christ and the apostles, and allusion is made to his reputed famous letter to the Empress Constantia and to the writings of other church fathers, all presumed to be of the same opinion. Careful study of the pre-Nicaean church fathers fails, however, to show that any one of them declared that a portrait of Christ or of His apostles was an object of idolatry. They fulminated against idols, as did many pagan philosophers, but they never spoke against actual portraits. In the famous letter to Santa Constantia, who had demanded of him some reference in regard to a portrait of Christ, Eusebius is supposed to have written that no such portrait ever existed, nor could have existed. The present writer has studied this letter with some care and is convinced that it is a poor and readily recognized forgery by the monk Etienne, who presented it—for the first time in history and as a great surprise—to non-iconoclasts to prove their tenets. In the three hundred years which had passed since the death of Eusebius and the second Nicaean Council, no one had previously heard of such a letter, which was unlike the Roman writings of Eusebius and contradicted his opinions as expressed in authentic writings. The letter to Santa Constantia was never presented to her and could not have been presented because it never was written. Contrary to this letter, Eusebius in his *Church History* (about 315 A.D.), declares that

FIGURE OF SAINT PAUL
FROM ANTIOCH CHALICE



ENLARGED PORTRAIT OF SAINT PAUL FROM THE ANTIOCH CHALICE



there existed then a portrait statuary group at Paneas which represented Christ and a woman whom he had healed, and that it stood before her house, where she had had it erected in grateful remembrance of her cure. Eusebius also states that in his time there existed actual portraits of Peter and Paul, painted by those who had seen them and who had been converted by their teachings. Can one believe Eusebius would have contradicted himself, especially when by so doing he would have disappointed the

empress and perhaps lessened her religious ardour for the faith which he advanced.

There also are other references to portraits of apostles, although it is now considered proper among critics to explain all ancient references of a certain type as superstitions or inventions of a later date. Thus we find that Cardinal Baronius (about 814 A.D.) and Theodorus Studites (about 826 A.D., Lib. II, Ep. 8) refer to a portrait of Christ commissioned by St. Peter. The young painter "took colors mixed with wax and soon finished the portrait to the satisfaction of all." St. Peter then ordered two other portraits, one of himself and one of his friend Pancratius. "The young painter finished the pictures and inscribed them, each with the name of him it represented." The mention of colors mixed with wax is of importance because it shows that the tradition could not have been invented at that time because the art of wax, or encaustic, painting had been lost or forgotten.

Representations of Peter and Paul have come down to us in many types. Some are catacomb paintings, others are in sculpture on sarcophagi, others are reliefs on medals, coins and amulets. Then, too, we have the portraits on the Antioch chalice, which is two centuries older than the oldest painted portraits, or so-called portraits, known. The best known paintings are from the Roman catacombs, but these, having been executed by indifferent artists and by a flickering lamp light, are naturally inferior in artistic merit. The best of them have been faithfully reproduced in colors in that admirable work of Monsignor Joseph Wilpert, *Pittura delle Catacombe Romane*. Plate 94, which represents St. Peter and the painting of which is dated with certainty by the author in question as of the second half of the Third Century, shows the portrait three-quarter face. The skull is rounded and the forehead remarkably broad, the nose is

curved but not large, the eyebrows are heavy and bushy, the hair is thick and crisp, the eyes are piercing, the beard is short, rounded and heavy. The face possesses unusual force, in full accordance with the character of the apostle as revealed to us in the New Testament, in tradition and in the legends of the early church. Another representation of St. Peter from the first half of the Fourth Century is found in the crypts of the catacomb of

Domitilla and is reproduced by Wilpert. As a portrait it is less satisfactory, being later, but the general features are the same. There can therefore be no doubt that although the artists who made these two portraits lived a century apart, they still must have followed the general tradition of St. Peter's appearance or possibly copied some original portrait not now known or recorded,

One of the famous representations of Saint Peter and Saint Paul, one highly regarded by modern churchmen, is on a medal-like amulet discovered in the Sixteenth Century by Boldetti, who made excavations in the cat-



"SAINT PETER" FROM A WALL PAINTING IN THE UNDERGROUND CHAPEL IN VIALE MANZONI

acombs of Rome, especially in those of Saint Callistus, now known as those of Domitilla. It represents the saints in profile, facing each other. Rossi, earliest of the Italian archaeologists, dates it to the Second Century, an opinion accepted by Professor Kraus, archaeologist. Walter Lowrie, author of *The Monuments of the Early Church*, hesitates between the Second and the Third Centuries. One modern writer asserts that the medal is a forgery of modern make but fails to point to the original from which it could have been copied. The features of Saint Peter on the medal recall those in the catacomb paintings in a way and to an extent that hardly can be accidental, and it is difficult to understand where the artist could have found the model unless the work is of a date previous to Constantine. The medal is inferior in design and in artistic merit. The features of Saint

Peter nevertheless resemble those of other medieval representations. Those of St. Paul are inferior and principally valuable because they portray him with a rounded beard instead of the pointed beard common in the catacomb paintings, on later medals and on gold-glass graffiti, which fact might be used as a proof of its early date.

Visitors to the Lateran Museum in Rome are acquainted with the numerous Christian sarcophagi of marble with sculptures of Christ and the apostles, arranged in two rows to left and right of the great entrance hall. Most of these belong to the Fourth Century A.D. but they vary greatly in artistic value. No one has ever attributed to these sculptures any merit of likeness, although it has been suggested by one writer that one of the sculptures is copied from the statuary group of Paneas, already mentioned, a theory to which we might return at some future time. So, too, may we recognize an attempt at portraiture in the representation of Saint Peter on the sarcophagus called that of

Junius Bassus, who was prefect in Rome A.D. 359. It is not probable that such artistic representations could have been executed at that time when art had reached its lowest level in portraiture, but it is not impossible that the sculptures were made earlier, and that the sarcophagus had been left unoccupied and unnamed for a century or more in accordance with the custom in use.

The latest additions to apostle portraits are those described as discovered in 1919 in the underground chapel in Rome. The discovery was widely heralded in the European and American press, accompanied by retouched illustrations which gave a false conception of the appearance of the originals. These have been reproduced by Dr. G. Bendinelli, archaeologist, in *Notizie degli Scavi*, 1920. Two of the portraits are copied as illustrations for this article. Only two of the figures

represented are reproduced on a scale of sufficient size to be studied with detail and criticism, but these two can be identified. This identification was correctly made from the time of the discovery as one figure representing Saint Peter and the other, Saint Paul. The work was executed with surprising delicacy for the period, the features being full of life and individuality. The head of Saint Peter is of unusual power. His is a counte-

nance rustic but handsome, and we would take it to be somewhat idealized, were it not for the peculiar characteristics of the lips, which bespeak actual personality. They are prominent, but delicate and narrow, and distinct from those of any other portrait discovered in the catacombs. And these very lips are seen in the portrait on the Antioch chalice. The head of Saint Paul is executed with equal artistic skill and with the same convincing conception. The face is noble, suave, high born, dignified, handsome and well balanced, in the manner suggested by his writings. If Saint Paul possessed any physical defects, as



"SAINT PAUL" FROM A WALL PAINTING IN THE UNDERGROUND CHAPEL IN VIALE MANZONI

some traditions would have us believe, they did not exist in his head or face. Although this painting is worn, still enough remains to permit us to judge of Saint Paul's features and their great dignity. His beard is rounded and well kempt, quite unlike the hideous and fierce-looking pointed growth in the paintings in the catacombs which some investigators, misled by their enthusiasm, have thought to elevate to the dignity of portrait likenesses. This representation of Saint Paul is thus quite distinct from all other representations known to have been executed in antiquity except the one on the Antioch chalice. This great silver chalice, now known to the students of classic and early Christian art through some preliminary papers by the present writer, can be dated as of the First Century A.D. It is decorated with twelve portrait figures executed with great artistic merit

in a style absolutely unknown after that century and in which we can discover many traits and technical characteristics employed by the great Greek artists of the Hellenistic period. Two of the portrait figures represent Saint Peter and Saint Paul. Enlargements of the photographic negatives accompany this essay. The enlargements are from original heads but one centimeter high, thereby illustrating the wonderful technique of the carving. The head of Saint Peter is seen to possess the same

microscopic detail. Those of Saint Paul are somewhat worn but they are not so much blurred as to prevent us from distinguishing and recognizing the great similarity between the sculptures and the painting in the chapel in Viale Manzoni.

The artistic merit of the three sets of portraits to which we have referred differs greatly. The figure of Saint Peter reproduced by Wilpert is crude, without quality of line and developed technique. It might have been executed by a mere



"SAINT PETER" FROM A PAINTING IN THE CATACOMB OF ST. CALLISTUS
FROM WILPERT: PITTURE PLATE 94

characteristic forehead, lips, hair and beard as found in the Bendinelli figure and in those of the catacombs. No one who views these photographic reproductions with unbiased interest can fail to recognize the similarity in the three sets, the catacomb figure, the chapel portraits and the Antioch chalice sculpture. This similarity should be considered as actual and undoubted proof of the identification and also as a most satisfactory proof that the features of Saint Paul are really known. The features of Saint Peter on the chalice are in a state of almost perfect preservation, even to

apprentice, one with little training and without fundamental knowledge of the principles of art. The portraits from the chapel were done by an artist of training, taste and technical skill. They possess quality of line. But neither they nor the catacomb paintings have that vivid expansiveness that comes as a result of the presence of certain occulted spiral curves, nor do they sparkle with life as the result of the lift of inhalation, nor do they possess that harmony of design due to the use of the Greek system of symmetry found in the chalice sculptures.

CHINESE *Red Lacquer* CARVINGS

IT is somewhat in the nature of a paradox that the ultimate origin of so essentially decorative a method of treating wood as coating it with lacquer should have been utilitarian, but when the sap of the *rhus vernicifera*, a tree peculiar to China, was first applied to wood, it was with the object of preserving that material by rendering it immune from the effects of both heat and water. It was the remarkable capacity of this viscous fluid for hardening with rapidity and of presenting an even surface susceptible to the high polish that eventually commended it as a means to obtaining decorative ends.

When native cinnabar is ground with the raw lac, it produces a rich, red liquid substance of peculiar beauty which retains its qualities indefinitely unless subjected to an extremely strong light. In the specimens belonging properly to the Ming epoch of China, as well as in the rare examples which survive from still earlier dynasties, cinnabar lacquer is of a

Superb examples of craftsmanship of the Eighteenth Century crowned by throne of Kien-Lung . . . by Mrs. Gordon - Stables

darkish tint, inferior from the point of view of effect to that produced in the Eighteenth Century under the auspices of the Emperor Kien-Lung (1735-1796), whose love for carved cinnabar was a potent stimulus for the army of artist-craftsmen employed in producing furniture of great elaboration for his majesty's summer palace.

Not only did they succeed in developing the tone of color, but they perfected the surface of the lacquer used for the base and interior, which usually was black, so that one is enabled to distinguish their products by the smoothness and the freedom from cracks and buckling which are characteristic of those portions. At the same time the carved designs were elaborated to a pitch which, to the western mind, savors of the miraculous. China has made the art of lacquer carving pecu-

liarily her own because the demands which it makes on the patience and the philosophic calm of the worker find their counterpart in the temperament



COVER OF BOX MADE FOR THE EMPEROR KIEN-LUNG
A splendid example of three-color lacquer
(Diameter 16½ inches)



EIGHTEENTH CENTURY BOWL, LACQUERED ON BRONZE
GILDED INSIDE
Magpies in flowering trees
(Diameter 4¾ inches)



VIEW FROM THE SIDE OF A ROUND EIGHTEENTH CENTURY
BOX AND COVER
Figures of forty children at play
(Diameter 5½ inches)



EIGHTEENTH CENTURY BOX WITH PANELED TOP
AND SIDES

*The side panels are decorated with carvings of the
flowers of the seasons
(12¾ inches square)*

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY LACQUERED VASE
*Sides decorated with delicately carved landscapes
(Height 14 inches)*



of her race. To every piece of red carved lacquer that can aspire to "quality" there must be given not fewer than ten and not more than eighteen layers of lac. Between each two applications of each of these layers there must elapse at least a month that the process of hardening may be duly followed by that of polishing, so that, when it comes time for the carver to apply his tools, the whole may present an even series of clean-cut layers, capable of withstanding his knife precisely and firmly. The solidity and the depth of



EIGHTEENTH CENTURY BOX AND COVER

*Taoist paradise and emblems
(Diameter 15 inches)*

the lacquer determine the merit of the object, so that weight is as important as brilliancy of tone and of patina. A Chinese connoisseur does not judge by antiquity; it is on quality of workmanship that he lays stress. The crowning achievement of the crowning period of cinnabar lacquer is undoubtedly the magnificent throne carved to the order of Kien-Lung and now—thanks to the generosity of George Swift, who acquired it from the collection of Spink and Son, of London—housed in the Victoria and Albert Museum, where it occupies the place of honor between the famous pair of carved lacquer vases, also from the workshop founded by Kang-Hsi and kept busy under his descendant for the embellishment of the palace. For sustained design, perfection of craftsmanship and ambitious size, this throne stands alone as the ultimate accomplishment in

this medium as regards both technique and artistry. Its peculiar depth of color and its infinite elaboration of carving may to some extent be gathered from the illustration. Here and there an inner layer of brown, yellow or green is disclosed, acting as a foil to the rich, rosy red that gives to

that of an illuminated manuscript or a rug. There is not a detail of the carving but has its meaning. The central panel of the back—the three sections are fitted together into sockets—bears an elephant loaded with a vase of jewels and stands, as explained by Lieutenant-Colonel E. F. Strange, an



RED LACQUER THRONE MADE FOR THE EMPEROR KIEN-LUNG

Presented to the Victoria and Albert Museum by George Swift who acquired it from the collection of Messrs. Spink and Sons

Color plate reproduced by courtesy of "Illustrated London News"

the whole the air of some enchanted coral reef from fairyland. Its height and length are each approximately four feet; its depth measures three.

The student of Oriental symbolism should be able to decipher the emblematic significance of the throne's decoration much as he would decipher

authority on Eighteenth Century lacquer, for a rebus implying "Peace reigns in the North." On the reverse of the throne is a second rebus in the form of five bats, emblematic of the five blessings, riches, longevity, peace, virtue and a happy end. The punning use of the word "fu," which stands

both for bat and for blessings, frequently occurs in Chinese symbolism. The fishes which appear in coupled form in the same composition are emblematic of conjugal fertility and happiness, while the ancient symbol of the swastika, like the peaches and the peonies which appear in the flat lacquer of the seat, similarly implies good fortune. In the frieze of dragons pursuing the sacred jewel we find a theme frequently seen in objects fashioned for imperial use. On the legs, shaped in the suggestion of elephants' trunks, we find Taoist symbols, relating to the Islands of the Blessed. At the upper edges, where the decorated back is likely to come into contact with those attendant upon the throne, a rounded plastic method has been adopted with a view to the avoidance of damage, a characteristic example of that practicality which accompanies the artistic temperament when the latter happens to be part of a Chinese mentality, as in this case.

Other fine examples of red lacquer carving are to be found on other articles. For example, on the lid of a box twenty-seven inches in diameter the imperial five-clawed dragon is seen again, its sinuous coils encircling the flaming jewel. The circumference is bordered with flames and clouds and ocean waves that break against the rocky base of the sacred Taoist mountain. This, with the other specimens, is from the collection of the Messrs. Spink. On the cover of another box, octagonal in form, is a landscape in red with a groundwork of green lacquer, the whole surrounded by a double border of

floral scrolls and buds of the lotus, the sacred flower associated with Buddhistic lore. Eight carved panels adorn the sides of the box. The cover of another octagonal box has an unusual decoration of the *shou* character, its sprays of peaches and peonies indicative of long life, a blessing much desired by the devout Oriental as is shown by the frequency with which the symbol appears in decorations. Eight engraved bronze panels compose the sides of this piece.

Taoist symbols are found on a pair of vases, one of which is represented among the illustrations herewith, and also on a pair of covered boxes supported by carved and curved stands of teakwood. One of these also is used as an illustration.

On the jars are scenes from the Taoist paradise, and between these panels appear again the coupled fishes emblematic of conjugal felicity and fecundity. The covers were made of lead in place of wood to add weight to the vases and to exclude air and dust. On the covers of the boxes, each of which is fifteen inches in diameter, are rectangular panels of flowers surrounding the central Taoist panel. In these the four seasons are expressed respectively by the peony (spring), the lotus (summer), the chrysanthemum (autumn) and the wild plum or *prunus* (winter). The ground is in that fine diaper design so often exploited in red carved lac, the borders are in fret and *jui* head designs. The flowers of the four seasons appear again in panels on the sides of the cover of a square box. Here the fret border is combined with one of lotus buds.



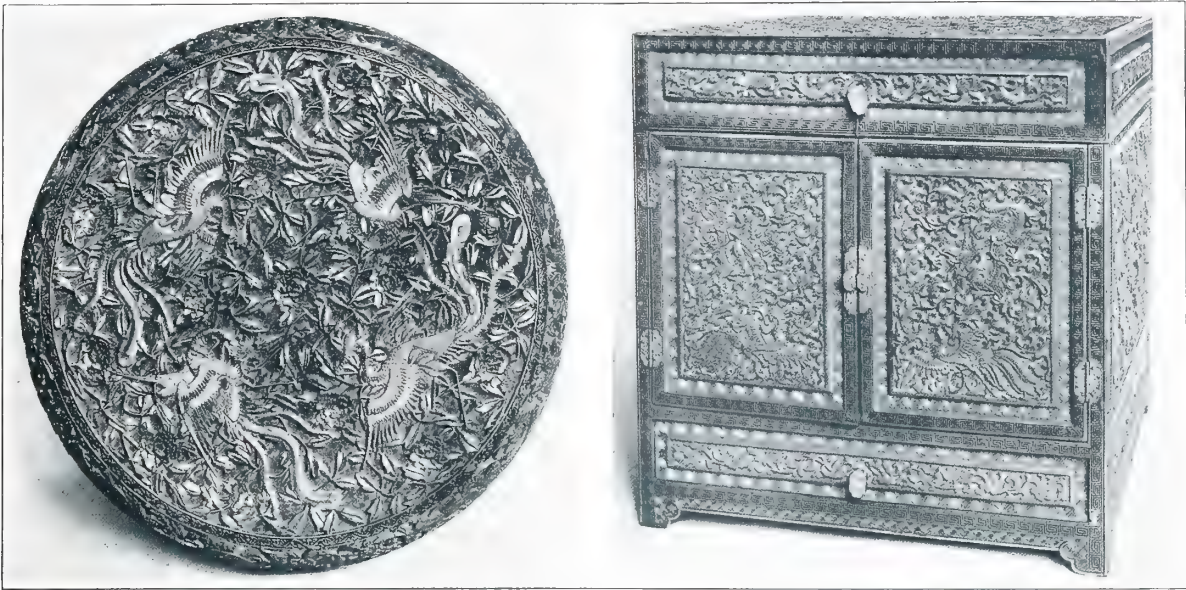
EIGHTEENTH CENTURY LACQUER BOX WITH THE ROYAL FIVE-TALONED DRAGON ON THE COVER

(Diameter 27 inches)

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY VASE WITH THE COVER LACQUERED ON LEAD

(Height 18½ inches)





SEVENTEENTH CENTURY LACQUER BOX AND COVER

Phoenixes and peonies are used as the principal elements of an intricate design on the cover

(Diameter 18¾ inches)

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY LACQUER PANELED CABINET

Fitted with eight drawers. The phoenix, peony and dragon are used in the design of the richly carved panels

(13¼ inches square)

On the vase with round and flattened body and cylindrical neck is the lotus leaf which forms the theme for the frames to the circular landscapes, while upon the neck two bats appear as emblems of happiness. In the dragon handles, unusual features copied from an early bronze of undoubted Pacific ancestry, we observe an illuminating side light upon the innate conservatism of China. Herein we discover a linking-up of the Eighteenth Century with the symbolism of an era antedating the birth of Christ by at least three thousand years.

Another illustration is that of a highly decorated cabinet. Phoenixes disporting themselves among the foliage of the peony and dragons amid waves render interesting the panels that adorn it and are emblematic of the emperor and empress. Eight drawers are fitted into the cabinet and everywhere diaper grounds and fret borders give evidence of a high degree of craftsmanship.

After the manner of children, it is a temptation

to keep the *bonne bouche* until the end. In this case it is the circular box of which an illustration is given at the bottom of the first page of this article. This box is typical of the red lacquer carving of the Eighteenth Century at its apex for sheer brilliancy of technique and of design. Only two other examples comparable with this are known, and they are in the Victoria and Albert Museum. The originality of the artist, who doubtless made all three boxes, is exemplified in the manner in which all borders have been eliminated and the subject on the lid carried



EIGHTEENTH CENTURY OCTAGONAL BOX WITH ENGRAVED METAL PANELS ON THE SIDES

(Diameter 16¾ inches)

down the sides to make one continuous and consistent decoration for the whole.

Some forty children at play form the subject of the carving, and on the face of each small figure one may discern an expression of rare delicacy and individuality. The convention of a rosette diaper ground was exploited to express *terra firma*, that of a diagonal diaper for water, and that of a rectangular diaper for the sky.

Pillement and the Law of Gravity



A SERIOUS STUDY OF GRAVITY AND THE LEVER

ENGRAVING BY JEAN PILLEMENT

THE CHINESE motive may be described paradoxically as a logical interloper in the course of design as developed in recognized European styles. In view of the reaching for incessant new stimuli to fan the jaded tastes of the Eighteenth Century, especially in the aristocratic styles that fattened upon



PILLEMENT'S HANGING GARDENS RIVALLED NEBUCHADNEZZAR'S



HIS TREES AND STAIRWAYS FLOAT IN AN ATMOSPHERE ALL THEIR OWN



EIGHTEENTH CENTURY FRANCE AS A "TRANSLATION FROM THE CHINESE"

court and nobility, the intrusion of any extraneous features should seem to be logical enough.

In such guise the Chinese motive in various forms under the generic term *Chinoiserie* takes its place as

a reasonable fad under Louis XV. Fad it remains even to this day, so long as it is regarded as Chinese. If, however, it is considered in its true light, namely, as a Franco-Chinese manifestation, it becomes a most



structed into arabesques that are the inspiration and despair of modern designers of cretonnes, wall papers or printed silks. One might expect him to depict, in sober nonsense, an elephant supported on his tail on the end of a feather. His numerous renderings of disembodied stairways, bridges, clods of earth, and persons without weight but seemingly with a full complement of parts, passions and dimensions, are equally reasonable. One wonders what sort of design Pillement would have made on the cover of a telephone directory while waiting for his call to go through. Further, only in art does it become possible to speak Chinese in French.

-RICHARD F.
BACH.

*Photographs by courtesy of the
Metropolitan Museum of Art*

THE ELABORATE BRACES THAT HANG FROM THE GROUND WHILE HOLDING IT UP DOUBTLESS MAKE THESE FISHERMEN FEEL VERY SECURE, BUT, AS EVERYONE KNOWS, ALL CHINESE STAND ON THEIR HEADS

interesting development. The first European importations of fabrics, pottery and lacquers from the Orient held many secrets of production. The effort to solve their mysteries developed new types of pottery and china; it brought about the discovery of Vernis Martin. Decorative painters produced panels and other features of astounding value. Among these was Jean Pillement (1727-1808), of Lyons. Some three hundred and sixty engravings by Pillement in the Chinoiserie style have been added to the print collection at the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Chinese landscape and costume suggestions offered him facile subjects, which, combined with naturalistic forms, he con-





“LEAH”

by

Robert Vonnoh

Courtesy of the Ainslie Galleries

VONNOH'S HALF CENTURY

ONCE when Robert Vonnob was holding an exhibition of his paintings in the Georges Petit Galleries in Paris, his old friend, Marcel Baschet,

who began to study on the same day that he did at the Académie Julian and who is now a grand officer of the Legion of Honor, went to him and grasped his hand, saying with Gallic intensity of feeling, "*Vonnob, vous connaissez votre métier.*" This estimate has more meaning in French than when "*métier*" is translated into the English "craft" or "trade." Perhaps an American might have said, "Vonnob, you know your business," and come nearer the French original. Certainly Vonnob is a painter who knows his craft, who understands what he is about and the best means to get the effect that he desires. After nearly fifty years of constant study, practice, observation and analysis, he has realized an enviable command of his "*métier.*"

Vonnob decided suddenly one day when he was fourteen years old, after seeing a drawing that another boy had made, that he would be an artist. He took a few crayons and made a picture of a vase. This was the beginning of his career, for he never had shown any of the interest that most children display in a box of paints. The determination to become an artist did not suffer the usual eclipse of most childish dreams, but increased rather than diminished in force. He prevailed on his mother to let him go into a lithographer's shop, for there were no art schools in Boston where the two were then living. This was in the period after the Civil War when culture was waiting on reconstruction. It was not long, however, before the Massachusetts Normal Art School was opened, and he studied there four years

American painter who began career in lithographer's shop has this year won new recognition for his art and work

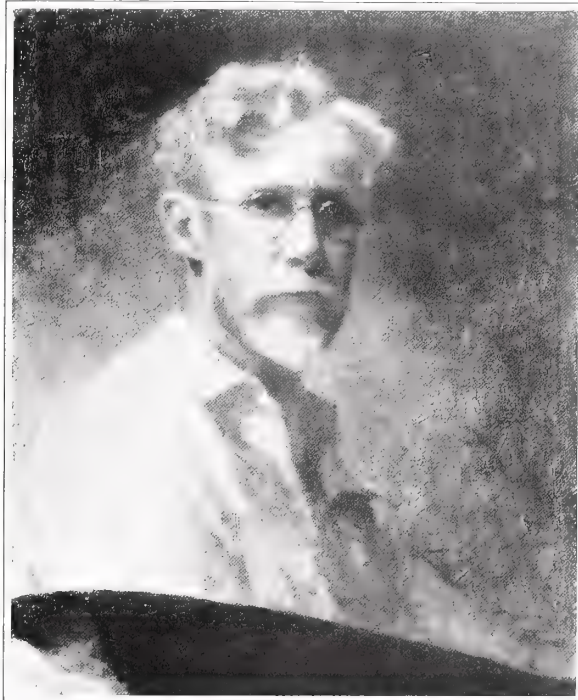
and then acted as instructor two more. He also taught in the Roxbury Evening Drawing School and in the Thayer Academy at South Braintree. By 1881 he was

able to go abroad to study. He spent two years at the Académie Julian in Paris under Boulanger and Lefebvre, and then an unfortunate turn of some investments obliged him to return home and take up teaching again. During 1884 and 1885 he was an instructor in the Cowles Art School in Boston and for the next two years he taught at the Museum of Fine Arts in the same city. Then followed four years of study and travel abroad,

after which he returned to take the position of principal instructor in portrait and figure painting in the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts. By 1896 he had passed through the most intensive period of his teaching, although he has taught occasionally since that time. He has had many pupils whose names are now well known in American art, men like Robert Henri, Elmer Schofield, E. W. Redfield, John Sloan, William J. Glackens and Maxfield Parrish.

Since 1891 Vonnob has executed five hundred portrait commis-

sions, many of them of prominent men. He painted a distinguished full length portrait of Charles Francis Adams for the Massachusetts Historical Society and one of Dr. W. W. Keen for the American Philosophical Society in Philadelphia. Of his two portraits of Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, one hangs in the College of Physicians in Philadelphia and the other in the Pennsylvania Academy with Vonnob's portrait of himself. Last year the Brooklyn Museum acquired his picture of Mrs. Vonnob, a gracious and dignified presentment, showing her in a gown of old rose. This painting



PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST

BY ROBERT VONNOH



"GREZ"

BY ROBERT VONNOH

won the Proctor portrait prize at the National Academy of Design when the prize was first given in 1904. These portraits are all noteworthy for their excellence of technique, for their workmanlike qualities. This summer Vonnoh is to paint a portrait in which he will take more than usual interest



"LA MÈRE BAS DE SOIE" BY ROBERT VONNOH

—that of Hiram Bingham, now Lieutenant Governor of Connecticut, to be placed in the State Capitol at Hartford, which is not a stone's throw from the spot where the artist was born.

Of Vonnoh's other paintings now in public collections there is a fine Connecticut landscape in the Cleveland Museum and "In Flanders Fields" at Youngstown, Ohio. The latter, which shows figures in a field red with poppies, was painted long before the war made this particular subject so vivid to us. "Fantasy—Blue and Yellow," a girl in Chinese costume looking earnestly at a piece of porcelain in her hands, belongs to the Exposition Park Museum in Los Angeles, having been presented by William Preston Harrison, of that city, in a collection of American paintings.

"Leah," the picture of a girl which is reproduced in color in connection with this article, was in the artist's retrospective exhibition last March at the Ainslie Galleries in New York. The pictures which formed this group were taken west by the artist later, being exhibited at the Kansas City Art Institute in April and at the Stendahl Galleries in Los Angeles in May. There were landscapes, portraits and various figure subjects, among which "Leah," the only nude, seemed to be particularly a *tour de force*. It is a painting of fine color, typical of the carefully considered treatment which distinguishes Vonnoh's work. There is vibration in the light of the background, and the paint takes on the transparent, luminous quality of sunny atmosphere itself. In contrast, the flesh is solid and firm, and the dark, rich tones seem to melt smoothly, one into another. "Sandman's A-comin'" is a delightful picture of a mother reading to a sleepy child. The picture is interesting in its tone relations. There is not only a definite balance established, but a progression of values, one series beginning with the reflection in the mirror, passing to the slightly lighter tone of the mother's face and reaching the most radiant spot in the picture in the face of

the child. The color range is simple, richness being gained by variety in tone and value.

Among the pictures which were done in the early part of the artist's career is the profile called "La mère bas de soie," dated 1887. In this Vonnoh proves that he can be both definite and subtle. The face, in swarthy tones, stands out sharply against the light ground, but between the ground itself, the coif and the blouse there are more minute distinctions, and in bringing out these close values the artist has evidently taken delight. Another portrait shown was "La Mère Adèle (Cordon Bleu)," since purchased by the Metropolitan Museum.

There was one feature about this exhibition as a whole in which the artist took a great deal of interest—its arrangement, which he superintended himself. The color relations between the different paintings were carefully considered. One noticed that the clear atmosphere of a certain landscape was strengthened into a full burst of sunlight in the picture next to it, while the reddish tones in the profile, "La mère bas de soie," led the eye on to the ruddy hues of an autumn landscape and reached a full climax in the bright embroidery that "Leah" fingers. Another wall contained a passage in grays, with a sharp accent in a painting of red poppies, which sounded an emphatic note like the kettledrum in a symphony orchestra. Vonnoh likes to stress the similarity between painting and music by an arrangement which takes into account the rhythm and the variations established by color themes. For this reason he always arranges his own exhibitions. In his landscapes one sees a fine envelopment of atmosphere. They carry out the advice which he frequently gives to his pupils of not painting the sky down to the horizon line but down to the foreground. "Gréz" represented the artist in the Academy last spring. It was painted at Gréz-sur-Loing, that famous little French village where he has gone for many years, a spot beloved by artists from the time of Corot and Daubigny to the present day. This particular presentation of it is in winter. Gray is the predominating note, and yet it is in reality packed with color, introduced so unobtrusively that one is only aware of the vibration which it sets up without realizing the cause. Again one sees the careful working out of a definite scheme, keeping the whole simple, and yet getting as much as possible of richness, depth and variety out of a limited scale of color. This is only one more example of that absorbed interest in tone relations



"SANDMAN'S A-COMIN'"

BY ROBERT VONNOH

which seem to be the most characteristic element in the art of Robert Vonnoh.

PORTRAIT OF BESSIE POTTER VONNOH BY ROBERT VONNOH



Photographs by courtesy of Ainslie Galleries

RAEMISCH—METAL WORKER



Instructor in German state school, he is humorously fanciful in his creations of handicraft by
Muriel GIOLKOWSKA

AT LEFT AND BELOW: BRASS CANDLESTICKS
BY WALDEMAR RAEMISCH



TWO big schools, the one state, the other municipally, governed, are reviving in Berlin the tradition in artistic crafts for which medieval Germany was world-famous. In both these establishments are practised and taught the numerous forms of "bandwerke" formerly associated with the names of Nurnberg and other Bavarian and Rhenish towns. Here we find furnaces and forges in full working activity, designers, modelers, smiths, carvers, gravers, enamellers and lapidaries directing and teaching teams of assistants, apprentices and underlings.

To the state school in the Prinz Albrechtstrasse are attached such men as Goetz, who is perhaps the greatest sculptor in bas-relief of the day, and Waldemar Raemisch, who has applied his gifts to practical metal work, the utilitarian purpose of which is often picturesquely masked by such humorous fancies as characterize the Sixteenth and Seventeenth-Century German handicrafts. A feature of Raemisch's design is the absence of a suggestion of effort. The metal is never strained and tortured into far-fetched shapes, its curves and gloss are not burdened with unnecessary adornments. The form springs naturally from the adaptation. You want a candle-stick? A candle-stick is a stylized mannikin; the mannikin is not twisted into a candle-stick. Therein lies the whole secret of intelligent craftsmanship. Raemisch has been superiorly cognizant of it. His gift for statuary on a monumental scale enables him to see "big" in all that he undertakes. It

AT RIGHT AND BELOW: BRASS CANDLESTICKS
BY WALDEMAR RAEMISCH



ensures a pure, synthetic line, innocent of painful angles, superfluous detail and attributes extraneous to the general conception.

Raemisch was born in Berlin in 1888. On leaving school at the age of fourteen years he was apprenticed to a metal graver for four years. Subsequently, having a good notion of his technique, he studied design at the capital's municipal school for arts and crafts (*Städtische Handwerkerschule*). In 1911 he followed the classes in drawing and sculpture of the state arts and crafts school (*Staatliche Kunstgewerbe Museum*). Like Wilhelm Meister, Raemisch wished to complete his apprenticeship with travel. He visited Italy, Egypt and Palestine. A journey with the object of study in Greece was interrupted by the outbreak of the world war. Raemisch became a soldier. His place was in the ranks, but his profession and talent were soon discovered and put to use in the German soldiers' graveyards at Saint Quentin and Cambrai, where he carved monuments and tombstones. In 1918 he returned to Germany, and since 1919 he has been conducting the department in metal work at the very school (*Kunstgewerbe Museum*) where he had been a student. The workshop neighboring his is occupied by his young wife, an expert in Limoges enameling and one of his most distinguished colleagues in this interesting laboratory of arts and crafts.



"THE CIRCUS"

BY GIFFORD BEAL

GIFFORD BEAL'S *Versatility*

SOME painters devote their lives to subjects that are much the same, dealt with in a manner that varies little, and find in subtle variations an interest ever new. Others range over

many fields, through many moods, and renew their enthusiasms with a change of viewpoint. Gifford Beal belongs to the latter class. There is no danger of anybody speaking of one of his pictures as a "typical" Beal, for there is none. Certain of his pictures may resemble others, just as "Lawn Fête," illustrated here, belongs to the same genus as "Mayfair," which hangs in the Metropolitan Museum. There are others of these garden scenes, a very charming group in all, and yet to speak of one of them as "typical" of the artist's work is to ignore his fascinating circus pictures, his spirited riders in the park, the majestic Hudson scenes and his vigorous paintings devoted to the beauty of the sea.

Beal presents to us a well rounded art. Completeness in anything, whether in an art, in a personality, a book, or an institution, means the fusion of widely differing elements. In an art, this diversity is the result of a response to the varied facets of life. It means that the creative

His bright color is based on form and his change of theme renews his spirits, as his work shows . . . by

HELEN GOMSTOCK

impulse runs through many moods and does not associate itself with one alone. Beal's pictures do not share their characteristics with each other. They may be related in fundamentals but the

approach, the spirit in which they were done, is quite different. There is no "typical" Beal.

The garden scenes are gay, sparkling, poetic. In them he has peopled the country around Newburgh with ladies in crinoline and with the dandies of long ago—society in a very charming, if superficial, aspect. Compare them with the rugged "Sword Fisherman," whose life stands at the other extreme of the scale. Man in the sternest and most primal of his activities is a far different theme from the afternoon garden party of the *haut ton*. Then there are the circus pictures, perhaps no more than six or seven all told, and yet so fine of their kind that they have established a reputation for the artist in this particular field. Pageantry, the glitter of the fine trappings, the splendid spectacle, with all the glamour of a fascinating world far removed from prosaic, every-day life—this is a subject ideally suited to the painter's brush, especially if he responds to the color of it all, as Beal does. In the small



"LAWN FÊTE" BY GIFFORD BEAL

group of pictures of riders in the park there is another form of the spectacle, one in which a picturesque sport has caught the artist's fancy with its fine, vigorous motion and its feeling of the outdoors. And finally in the "Cliffs of Montauk" he turns to the beauty and majesty of the land for his subject, and into the painting of that bare headland have gone the strongest and finest qualities of his art.

In speaking of certain divisions of a painter's work, there is always danger that these groups may be thought of as existing chronologically, one after another. Beal does not work at one subject until he has exhausted it, never to turn to it again. Some of his first pictures were like the "Lawn Fête," which is one of his latest. Scenes of the Hudson have been interspersed all through his career, for his home is in that beautiful region along the river that stretches from the Highlands to Poughkeepsie, and he knows it through long association. "Storm King" is the latest of this group. In his student days he made pictures of the sea, a subject to which he returned two years ago at Provincetown, when "Sword Fisherman" was painted. In turning from one interest to another, he keeps a freshness of viewpoint. It is a fact of human nature that a mood can not be long sustained. The depth of feeling that comes with the first flash of inspiration is likely to become dulled with time. But by turning from one interest to another, the fire ever flames up anew. The painter returns to old themes with new enthusiasm, and brings to them an increased power with each return, so that every field records the course of his growth.

Beal is a thoroughly American painter. As a pupil of Chase and Ranger, his student days were spent entirely in this country. His subjects are American, and it is not indulging in mere verbiage to say that in spirit his art is completely American. He became an Academician in 1914, having been an Associate since 1908; and he won prizes at the Academy in 1910, 1913 and 1919. He also took a medal at the Carnegie Institute in 1913, and another at the Corcoran Gallery in Washington in the same year. He is represented in the Metropolitan Museum, the Chicago Art Institute, and also in the Syracuse, San Francisco and Detroit Museums. Although recognition came early to Gifford Beal, it did not have the effect of crystalizing his ideas and arresting the growth of his art. In the last two years of work he has distanced all that he had done before. There is something about his recent painting that suggests he has made some illuminating discovery or gained a sudden increase of power. His pictures are more convincing, have a new compelling quality which captures the eye like a magnet, and are full of vigor and fire. For one thing, he has gained in organization. He has extended his knowledge of the relation of the things he puts on canvas. Form, expressed by line, is the theme of the painter. On the fundamental lines of a picture the success of the whole depends. It seems as though this new power of Beal arises from his increased ability to handle fundamentals, or perhaps simply to see fundamentals. The majority of people do not see the lines of nature as an artist sees them, and even among artists



"HEADLAND" BY GIFFORD BEAL

some have a clearer vision than others. It is the extent to which the artist possesses this vision that determines the greatness of his art. Most of us see things in a disjointed way, a hill, a group of trees, a stretch of water, a boat,—first one and then the other. But the artist notes them all at once, because his eye perceives the relation existing between them. For him they are woven together into one piece. In the midst of changing relations of forms, his eye seizes on one that fulfills the requirements of art—that is unified, harmonious, balanced and rhythmic. Seeing these relations gives him the power to organize the parts of his composition; and these relations exist in nature—they are not invented by the artist. The lines across the hilltop and over the bridges in "Park Riders" give force to the straight line on which the riders themselves cross the picture. There is also a relation between the perpendicular lines of buildings and lines of similar direction on the hillside. Because the picture has a firm, structural foundation, the attendant detail has greater meaning. The rhythm and balance that exist in the details pervade the whole picture. To interpose those swinging rhythmic lines of the hills and the bridges between a set of straight lines in the foreground and perpendicular lines in the background welds the whole together and draws the eye ever back into the picture.

In "The Circus" the two elephants seem to move forward with a slow, majestic, swinging

gait. This effect is not a mere accident. It is the result of the organic relation which exists between the parts of the composition. There is a line which goes across, an unbroken line that continues forward although it goes up and down and up again, which is the chief reason for the effect of a forward, swinging motion. There are many relations and sub-relations which exist all through the lines of the trappings, the poles overhead, which the analytically inclined will soon discover.

In the "Sword Fisherman," dramatic feeling is uppermost. One feels a great deal of power in that downward thrust of the fisherman's arm. The upraised hand seems to be the very top of a crescendo which has been worked up to gradually. After it comes the sharp, down stroke which expends in a second the slowly accumulated energy. Over at the right of the picture a line starts at the base of the sails, rises a little and falls again, rises up the jib lying loose on the bowsprit, up the left arm of the fisherman, across the shoulder and up the arm that holds the harpoon. Then it drops suddenly down the shaft to the fish that is racing through the water below. It is this line that tells the story. But though it is supremely interesting to find out just why a painter exercises the power that he exerts, it does not mean that his pictures can be taken to pieces like a mechanism and explained bit by bit. The processes by which the painter works out his artistic problems are never purely mechanical



"THE WILD GEESE"
by
Gifford Beal

(Courtesy of the Krausbaar Galleries)



"SWORD FISHERMAN"

BY GIFFORD BEAL



"STORM KING"

BY GIFFORD BEAL



"PARK RIDERS" BY GIFFORD BEAL

ones. There are painters so absorbed in color that it becomes their dominant interest. Color is indeed a potent thing. It is capable of bending the beholder's mind and his feelings in the way the artist desires. Yet the painter who is carried away with it, who lets it blind him to the other elements that go into the making of a picture, will fail to give his color supreme meaning. Then there are painters like Beal who appreciate color thoroughly, but who see it, not as something in itself, but in its relation to form. On the whole, he is inclined toward color that is rich and strong. The garden scenes have masses of deep and gleaming foliage over the gay scenes below. The circus pictures are resplendent in hue. He takes the rich green that crowns the cliffs at Montauk, and with it gives depth and richness to their tawny sides. The ocean in "Sword Fisherman" is an intense blue, neither light nor dark, and full of almost imperceptible shadings.

It is paradoxically true that Beal's color has power because he does not treat it as though it were the most important thing he had to consider. The effectiveness of color is attained much as the blue bird of Maeterlinck's play was found—when it was not being sought. The artist who is really the greatest "colorist" is one who sees that form supersedes color in importance. Color rises to its full potency when an understanding of form is

its support. It seems as though these last two years that have meant so much in Beal's growth have given him a new understanding of this relation. In these latest pictures, line seems to carry color with it. That Beal will do even bigger things in the future seems evident. An art which is so vital and strong as his will surely go farther.

During the summer of 1922 the artist painted in Rockport, Mass., a fishing village which offered him just the subjects he wanted without that air of the summer resort which pervades the majority of seaside communities. It is a place bare of superficialities. There are only the sea and the rocks, but these were all that the painter desired. The pictures that he created there amply bear out the promise given by his marine subjects of the previous summer. Several of them were shown in New York last winter. They are simple in their treatment and incisively direct. One, "Afterglow," shows two fishermen on the rocks silhouetted against the salmon tinted path made on the water by the sun. The two figures and the rocks are dull red masses outlined against fiery brilliance. Compared with earlier work, the picture has equal vigor and shows even greater facility. It looks as if it had been painted easily and suggests that the artist is growing less and less hampered by technical difficulties.

Photographs by courtesy of the Krausbaar Galleries, New York.



A TENT BED WITH DRAPERY OF WHITE DIMITY WITH BALL FRINGE. THE WHOLE ROOM HARMONIZES

FOUR-POSTERS—*Rare Cabinetry*

WHENCE has come the cherished four-poster, and what has been its ancestry that it bears an air of dignity and serenity as if conscious of an ancient and honorable lineage? Our

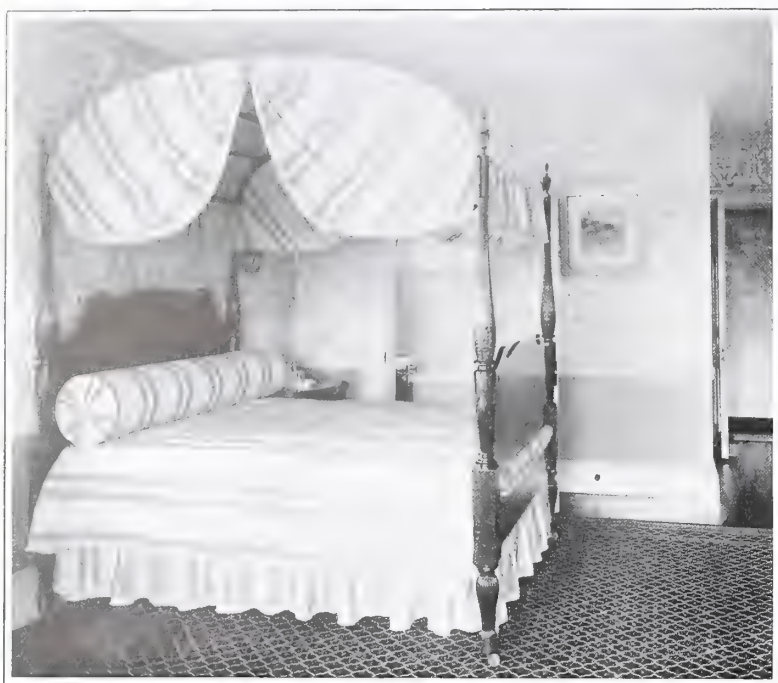
knowledge of beds previous to the Sixteenth Century is fragmentary at best. They seem to have been little more than cumbersome frames for holding mattresses, coverings and hangings, these last being an essential part of the equipment, for homes in those days were prone to be drafty. The draperies which to-day are ornamental were born of stern necessity, and beds frequently were furnished with two sets, light ones for summer and heavier ones to be drawn close in cold weather. The canopies sometimes were fastened to a hook or a beam in the ceiling of the slumber room.

A notable exception to these simple old structures was the magnificent creation which history attributes to Adele, daughter of William the Conqueror. Its ceiling represented the sky, on it being pictured seven planets and constellations; the

Developed to meet the actual needs of the past, their chief characteristics now are purely ornamental . . . by
Mary Harrod Northend

floor on which it stood was a map of the world done in mosaic, showing seas, rivers, mountains and chief cities, all correctly placed, while surrounding it were figures symbolizing the arts and sciences. Pictorial hangings in the room illustrated William's conquest of England. History tells of the famous Ware bed, built at the beginning of the Sixteenth Century and for years preserved in the town of Ware, Herefordshire, England. Tradition has it that it would hold as many as twelve persons at once. Even in that century beds were by no means common, and some of the older ones, like other pieces of furniture of that period, were jointed to facilitate transportation. Many families possessed only one such luxury, and this was sacred to the master of the house, other members of the family contenting themselves with mattresses which they spread on the floor.

During the reign of Elizabeth, beds for the most part were heavy oaken affairs, inlaid, carved, paneled and of great size. Travelers of importance



THE ROLL AND BLUE AND WHITE LINEN ARE EVIDENTLY MODERN BUT THE FOUR-POSTER IS VERY OLD AND FINE

were wont to carry their beds with them, the frame being supplied by the inn keeper. In those days there was a much sharper distinction between beds and bedsteads than there is to-day, the word "bed" applying to the mattress, coverings and hangings. It was in this period of English history, too, that the richly paneled head boards sometimes contained hiding places and that the double tester tops themselves served a similar purpose. It is interesting to note here that the word "tester" originally came from the French *testiere*, meaning a helmet or head piece. Oak beds probably continued popular until the close of the Seventeenth Century when we find walnut coming into use and beds as well as chairs showing traces of Dutch influence. The *cabriole* leg appeared about this time, with the ball and claw foot.

In Eighteenth Century England the cabinet-maker's art reached its highest development under the great Georgian masters, Chippendale, Hepplewhite, Sheraton and the Adam brothers. In their hands the four-poster became a thing of beauty, with its ideal proportions, its carvings, its inlays and gilt ornamentations. Few indeed of the beds done by these master craftsmen came to the United States, but their influence was strongly felt. As a rule, the Chippendale beds showed the more elaborate carving, those of Hepplewhite were characterized by slender, fluted posts with delicate beading and carved rosettes, while Sheraton delighted in fine inlay work, rich ornamenta-

tions in gilt and exquisite carving. With the passing of the Georgian period, the Empire influence became strong, and beds in common with other furniture were made heavier and more ornate. The acanthus leaf and the pineapple were popular adornments at this time and head boards often showed elaborate carvings of drapery, baskets of fruit and flowers, and occasionally the spread eagle. Plain head boards were common, nevertheless, and some beds had no foot boards. About this time, too, the low-poster appeared, a sort of development of the French bed of Napoleon's time. This usually showed plain head and foot boards with carved posts extending little above them and forming a

striking contrast with the high four-poster.

During the reign of Queen Victoria, mahogany "went out," as Sam Weller might have put it, and walnut "came in." We all know to our sorrow the black walnut horrors of that period, but we survived, and once more the fine old four-poster is coming into its own in the art of cabinetry.

To come to beds in our country, we know that in spite of their weight and general clumsiness, the English oak beds were used here to some extent, particularly by the wealthy planters in the South and later in less degree by inhabitants of the North, but curiously enough the Seventeenth Century bed in this country seems to have disappeared completely, so that our only knowledge of



THE TENT BED IN THE STARK MANSION AT DUNBARTON USED BY GENERAL LAFAYETTE

it is gleaned from the English beds of that time and from old inventories. These inventories show that, like the early beds on the continent, the first American beds were extremely simple, their value for the most part being in the feather beds, coverings and hangings. Even as late as the time of Chippendale, about 1740, when English beds were elaborately carved and ornamented, ours remained comparatively simple. The so-called Washington bed at Mount Vernon, in which Washington died, has plain, turned posts, showing that even the first President of the young republic did not indulge in carved beds.

There seems to have been little uniformity in the four-posters of 1750, and later, indeed, it is rare that two are found to be alike unless they be twin beds. Certain fundamental features they did have in common. Springs were unknown, and the beds were laced with cords, a sort of rude machine being used for the purpose for it was a man-sized job to get the cording tight enough to suit the housewife. This cording was covered with heavy canvas, on which was placed a brown linen tick filled with straw. Then came the feather beds, two, three, four, even five in some cases. Small wonder that the honored guest needed steps to reach the level where he was to lie. Even to-day these little mahogany bed steps are sometimes found, some of them folding into the form of a box. These beds



A RICHLY CARVED SHERATON FOUR-POSTER IN THE WILLIAM CROWNSHIELD WALTERS HOUSE AT SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS, CONSIDERED TO BE ONE OF THE FINEST IN EXISTENCE

were put together with wooden screws or bolts, and most of them were intended to be used with a canopy or draperies in the foreign style.

Aside from these likenesses, the beds tended strongly toward individualism. They were made of mahogany, walnut, ash, elm, pine, poplar, hickory, cypress or cedar. Some had head boards and some had none. Of these first, some were plain while others had elaborate carving. One bed would have plain posts; others, carved, and still others had the upper parts plain and the lower parts carved. This matter of carved posts was dependent somewhat upon the style of drapery, which in some cases was so all-enveloping that fine carving would have been completely hidden, as by the dotted hangings on the bed in the Stark mansion at Dunbarton, New Hampshire, which was used by Lafayette on the occasion of his visit to General Stark. The hangings are the very ones in use at the time of the French general's trip.

Canopies themselves and the manner of their draping were as varied as the frames. There were



A SQUARE FOUR-POSTER WITH THE CAPPING AND COVERLET TRIMMED WITH KNOTTED FRINGE



A TENT BED WITH NETTED HANGINGS IN THE KITTREDGE HOUSE AT ANDOVER



A FIELD BED IN THE PIERCE-NICHOLS HOUSE AT SALEM CARVED TO HARMONIZE WITH THE WOOD WORK

the square top with the regulation tester top, the square top without the tester, the canopy with the light curved bars known as the field bed, and the similarly curved canopy with straight end bars, called the tent bed. Then there were beds with no canopies. The Stark, or Lafayette, bed is a field bed. Hangings were as frankly individual as the bed frames and the canopies, both as to material and to the way in which they were hung. Notwithstanding the fact the day had long passed when curtains were a necessity, some of these beds still show drapery coming down the back well behind the head board. Contrasted with some of the more concealing canopies is one of striped linen which comes entirely within the posts, revealing the full beauty of their fluted slenderness surmounted by finely cut urns, reminiscent of Hepplewhite. Far more elaborate is the almost perfect specimen of a Sheraton bed, with its tester of fine inlay surmounted



AN EXCELLENT EXAMPLE OF THE RARE AND VALUABLE SLEIGH BEDS

by a gilt band, gilt corner pieces and the central figure of a gilt basket holding two doves. Few beds show so much golden decoration. The upper posts are plain while the lower ones show exquisite carving. The fluted legs, somewhat larger than those of a Hepplewhite, would proclaim the bed as of about the close of the Eighteenth Century. A simple and dignified type of four poster has a flat canopy having a flounce of hand-netted fringe, the embroidered spread showing similar finish. This bed has pressed brass ornaments on the posts, covering the holes where the bed screws

were put in to hold the bed together, and a low head board. Among the valuable four-posters in this country is the Chippendale owned by the Saltonstall family and found in the Gurdon-Howe house. Originally it belonged to Nathaniel Saltonstall, the first medical practitioner in Haverhill, Massachusetts, and a direct descendant of Sir Richard Saltonstall, of England. This is an all-brass bed, with a ball and eagle on each post. In the old castellated manor house at Indian Hill, West Newbury, Massachusetts, may be seen an old sleigh bed with gilt ornamentations. Tradition has it that Napoleon once slept thereon.

The middle of the Nineteenth Century saw American manufacturers making rapid headway, although French and English influences continued to be apparent. Native woods were used, with San Domingan mahogany somewhat in demand. Sleigh beds and low-posters were common, the latter showing

posts in a variety of designs, with head boards usually plain but often surmounted by scroll work or molding. After that came the "dark ages," as we might call the return to black walnut, when we descended to all manner of atrocities in furniture. Happily that era, too, has passed and we have come once more to appreciate the fine lines and simple dignity of the old time furniture. Sharing honors with the four-poster but of even deeper human interest in America is the hand made coverlet of our grandmother's day, woven of the very warp and woof of a woman's life.



VIEW FROM THE PLAISANCE TOWARD THE MAIN TERRACE, HISPANIC MUSEUM AT RIGHT

Photograph by Francis Bruguiere

National Sculpture Society Exhibit

THE EXHIBITION of American Sculpture arranged by the National Sculpture Society in New York City through May, June and July lives up in full measure to the implications of its title. It is essentially American and national in character and, moreover, it is one of the finest displays of plastic art ever assembled, and has in addition to these much desired qualities the advantage of a picturesque setting of a very stately and charming beauty. Since the intention of the sculptor members of the organization which planned the show was primarily to have an outdoor exhibition, they have achieved this end with extraordinary success, for the background of Renaissance façades, ornamental



stone railings and garden surroundings of the group of buildings at Broadway and 156th Street is not only one of the handsomest architectural features of the city but presents a combination admirably suited to the sculptors' aims. One of the happiest features of such an exhibition ground is that it affords in the space of one block a garden, ornamental terraces, and the handsome and suitable interiors of the Hispanic Society, Numismatic Art Society and the National Academy of Arts and Letters for showing smaller works, medals, drawings and photographs, all relating to the plastic arts in America.

"TWO FIGURES CARVED IN WOOD"
BY ESTELLE RUMBOLD-KOHN

Photograph by T. O'Connor Sloane, Jr.

NATIONAL SCULPTURE SOCIETY EXHIBIT



"THE JOY OF LIFE"

Photograph by T. O'Connor Sloane, Jr.

BY LEONARD CRASKE

NATIONAL SCULPTURE SOCIETY EXHIBIT



GENERAL VIEW OF THE PLAISANCE

Photograph by Francis Bruguiere



ONE OF THE GALLERIES IN THE HISPANIC MUSEUM

Photograph by Francis Bruguiere



"THE BUBBLE" BY HARRIET W. FRISHMUTH

Photograph by T. O'Connor Sloane, Jr.

NATIONAL SCULPTURE SOCIETY EXHIBIT



"DANSE"

BY CECIL DE B. HOWARD

LEFT: "THE RIGGER" BY MAHONRI YOUNG

BELOW: A PATH IN THE GARDENS

Photographs by T. O'Connor Sloane, Jr.



Garnegie Institute Prize Winners



"AFTERTHOUGHTS OF EARTH"

BY ARTHUR B. DAVIES

AWARDED MEDAL OF THE FIRST CLASS AND ONE THOUSAND FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS

Purchased by Scott and Fowles; to be exhibited in the Autumn

WHEN the international jury at the twenty-second international exhibition of paintings at the Carnegie Institute reached its conclusions, an American artist for the thirteenth time was acclaimed winner of the gold medal and \$1,500 first prize.

He is Arthur B. Davies. His prize-winning painting is "Afterthoughts of Earth." The silver medal and \$1,000 went to Eugene Speicher, American, for "The Hunter," and the bronze medal and \$500 to Pierre Bonnard, French, for "Woman with Cat." Honorable mentions were awarded to Pierre Laprade, Maurice Denis and Pierre Laurens, of France; Leon Underwood and Henry Lamb, of England; Henry Lee McFee and C. Foster Bailey, Americans, and Anto Carte, Belgian.

"WOMAN WITH CAT" BY PIERRE BONNARD

MEDAL OF THIRD CLASS AND FIVE HUNDRED DOLLARS



"THE HUNTER" BY EUGENE SPEICHER

MEDAL OF SECOND CLASS, ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS



ART BY THE WAY *Guy Pène du Bois*

THERE are few art questions that have been discussed more often than the one of the management of group exhibitions. At the present time, in America, practically all the schemes that were or are in any way feasible have been tried out. Sophists and skeptics, here and there, have come to the conclusion that there can be but one coördinate and harmonious show, and that the display of the work of one man. But sophists and skeptics need not be taken seriously. Their attitude, a result of past experiences, closes them to new experiences or evidences. In any case, few men who make so definite a statement or permit so hardened a crystallization shall be found willing or capable of retracting or of softening it. They are therefore counted out.

There still remains, however, the evidence which brought about their conclusion. The theory, without the evidence, is one of those casual generalizations in which one scents more ready wit than sound judgment, more agility than logic. Being the work of sophists and skeptics, this theory is built upon the premise of the egotism which is commonly attributed to all artists. Beginning with egotism one must inevitably end with anarchy, and having arrived at anarchy it is impossible, except when the knowledge of anarchy is exceedingly profound, to conceive of a group of artists displaying their pictures

or their opinions, which we shall say amounts to the same thing, comfortably, in one room. The theory, at this point, is that the artist is not a social animal. The theory is that the artist is not

even a man. Anyway, in so far as the man is concerned, there is no reason to quibble about the truth of his sociability, for we are dealing with his work. He is supposed to do his work without any consideration for the opinions of others and without disconcerting contacts with others. It is done in solitude, or, and rather, the dictators, who rarely are artists, assert that great art must be done in the secret recesses of a sacred studio. All right! If it is created behind a locked door, we may safely conjecture that it will be a militantly individualized and egotistic work. (This is the way illegal rum and bombs are produced.)

We have only to discover, at this point for present purposes, to what extent in isolation and vagary this militant individualization will carry; in other words, how far apart may two egos get even when allowed the inflated values, let us say, of a very carefully nurtured and



"TRAPEZE PERFORMERS"

BY HENRY E. SCHNAKENBERG

tenderly preserved self-love. All these artists are living in the same conditions at the same time and place. There is a slight difference in wealth, a slight difference in inherited and acquired temper, a change in the pace and direction of predilections. These are all slight differences. Few great artists

prefer money to glory. It is generally safe to say they are all idealists and all independents and that the artist type, with time, becomes as distinct as the type of doctor or business man. The variations in egos which, at best, are but a small part of man, can not fight sufficiently on paper or on canvas to make impossible any harmonious conjoining of a number of them. Indeed, within any class there always are one or two points of contact in which the sympathy will reach as near to perfection as is humanly possible. We have here a league akin to the Irish one which, while constantly fighting within itself, is united against the outsider. Certain attributes or colorings gained in training, in creating fundamental sympathies must make for a real if not for a superficial harmony of interests.

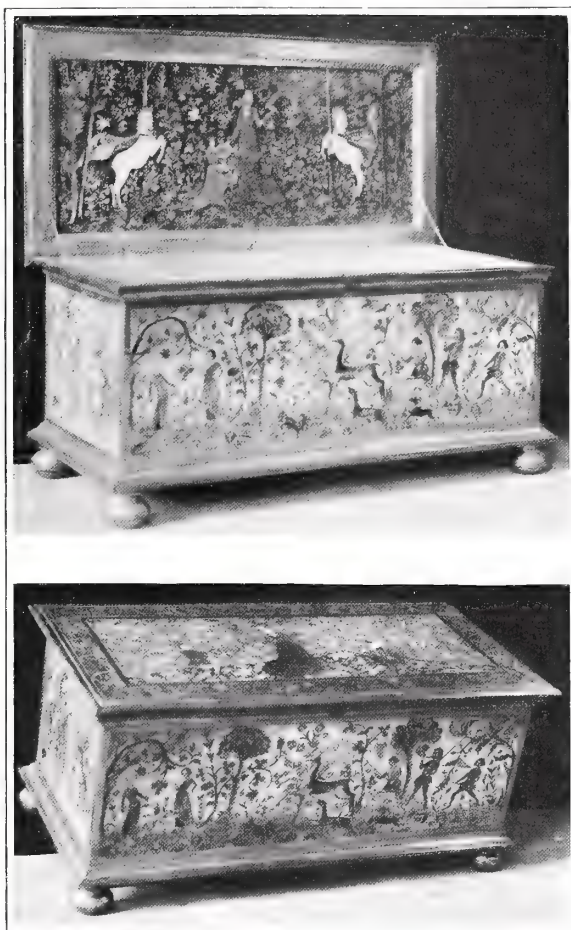
Now the experience that we have had in this country, in exhibiting, leads from the harmonious and dull walls of the National Academy of Design to the riotous partitions of the Society of Independent Artists, Incorporated. The first is the product of sophistry driven to the point of autocracy and the other, the result of the altruism of a freedom-loving impracticality. But we have written about these two in these pages at length before this. Representing the two extremes of a given thing they are, naturally, both wrong. Between them we have countless exhibitions held in dealers' galleries. These are generally arranged to the best advantage; arranged and collected arbitrarily—that means, to suit the taste of one person. This person is not asked to fit unwanted or combative guests around his or her table. The problem, if it can be so called, is easily settled.

In the Academy, harmony is reached primarily through the jury system. This means that when

the pictures to be placed upon the walls have been turned over to the hanging committee, they already have gone through a process of selection. They have been examined as to their adherence to certain rules, academic, moral and, it may even be, political. The hanging committee has merely to deal with a certain number of landscape and figure pictures, horizontal and vertical canvases, all in gilded frames.

This problem is somewhat like the brick-layer's: a question of laying and fitting bricks of one kind for a certain number of hours daily until a wall or a house has been built. The failure that the sophists and skeptics find in this plan is readily understood, for the purpose of an exhibition of pictures is the display of pictures and not of walls. The bricks in a house are all alike so that the house and not the individual bricks will claim attention.

The alphabetical system of the Independents, which, on the other hand, hangs pictures for justice's sake rather than for theirs, can not be considered a hanging at all. A real problem in hanging would be to arrange the mile of pictures



CHEST DESIGNED AND EXECUTED BY MAX KUEHNE
Shown at Members' Exhibition, Whitney Studio Club

sent to the Independents' annual exhibition in such a way that they would be properly seen and appreciated. This is not impossible. A problem of this kind was recently encountered at the annual exhibition of the work of members of the Whitney Studio Club. This exhibition is really a smaller edition of the one held by the Independents. The work is in varying degrees of proficiency and of every imaginable school of painting. There is no jury. The hanging is done by a tsar, or by a hostess with the good sense to gather all kinds of persons around her table and the tact to place them so that they will shine to the best advantage. With a very few examples of real merit, this collection of pictures was one of the most entertaining of the season.



"VIRGIN AZURE"

BY ARTHUR B. DAVIES

The award of the first prize to Arthur B. Davies at the international show at the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh is one of those final marks of official attention which, while it has been a long time coming, was as inevitable as the coming of tomorrow. Perhaps this sanction bears something of a sting with it. Most men cling to the memories of youth, especially when it has been rebellious and outlawed. A long time after the early rebelliousness of William M. Chase had been forgotten, as an example, he visited the "armory show," the first comprehensive display of modernist art held in this country. The last inch of space upon which he could stand as a rebel was taken from him. He vied, as a result, with that old conformist, the late Kenyon Cox, in condemning modern art. He was furious. His vituperative vocabulary failed him for, perhaps, the first time. It is probable that, with true kindness and sympathy, we should weep a little with Arthur B. Davies. No man has been more consistently aloof from public acclaim and none more consistently clung to the inviolateness or to the preciousness of the individual note which he sang in the country. It is very certain that he must have gloried in his isolation. Now this is taken from him. He may be accused of doing a Redfield like any one of the New Hope painters. He is a prize winner. He is a popular painter.

It is probable that the recent exhibition of Davies' work at the Montross Gallery is now worth a little more attention than it would otherwise have been. This is, however, questionable. What-

ever are his faults and whatever his virtues, he is one of the American painters about whom the word "important" can not be written in too large letters. He has distinctly expressed the sentimental or spiritual side of American character. It is true that this has been seasoned with the extract of a personality containing less innocent saccharine than the general one which we know. He is not of those old men who draw portraits for magazines with the innocuous want, in sophistication, of girls who have grown to be twelve years of age. Nor is he of those who like these portraits. Nevertheless, with this very un-innocent seasoning he has returned sweetness in a very artfully designed package to a people which had, metaphorically, if you like, sent the notion of it or the thing itself rumbling around his head and heart. He is, and has been, more sensitive to the strain of youth with which we are so magnificently endowed than any other man of his generation and, perhaps, of our time.

That so much water should have gone under bridges—does it still do that?—before the Carnegie honor was bestowed upon him is explicable only upon the ground of this little pernicious seasoning to which I must continue to refer. It has an exceedingly exotic flavor, rare; a taste like pomegranates, which reminds one of a land of romance and imagination, of a pagan whimsy, a little removed, in a perhaps strictly moral sense, from the ones with which we are better acquainted. As a matter of fact, Puritans, in order to accept

Davies, must be willing to overcome a few qualms. This done, it is possible that the new admiration, after going through periods of defiance to the uninitiated outsiders, grows greater and greater in strength. About this I am not certain. I am sure that there are many rather secretive and malignant moments in his painting. It is too languorous to be entirely healthy. His very obvious rhythms have a quality of droning. His figures rarely, if ever, possess backbones. In the matter of solidity they are comparable with wraiths. But no other painter of the period to which he belongs, with Kenneth Hayes Miller as an exception, so consistently treats figures as pawns in his game. He is in art, as in life, an autocrat; a perfervid—this is his own word—one annoyed by brusqueness or rudeness of any kind. In life we find him constantly avoiding meetings that might disconcert or interrupt the trend of his thought. Shocks are devastating to taut nerves. Davies spends a lot of time avoiding contacts as a result of which he might run the danger of a shock. He has told me, more than once, of an exhibition of a good man's work spoiled for him by a chance meeting with an acquaintance in the gallery. In his pictures no such dangers are run. They are without brusqueness of any sort, entirely without shock. He paints a world ordered by an autocrat, a flaccid world, devoid of any counteracting revolutions and filled with mooning creatures who are really the preys of a single, and rather unhealthy, mood. Indeed, the temptation is to call his creatures jelly fish. But this would be a perhaps unfair burlesque of their sensitiveness to the dominating temper of the god who creates them. He, like some mysterious East Indian priest, is a builder of cults.

Indeed, the admiration for Davies, once having "taken," becomes a kind of inoculation which must, willy nilly, last through the life of the virus.



"LANDSCAPE"

BY SAMUEL HALPERT

It is even possible for the collector of Davies' work to become completely blind to the merit in the work of any other painter. Remember that he is an essentially precious painter, isolated by virtue of a quality comparable only with exquisiteness, one of the most rare in America, and one which, anywhere, through its insidiousness, has the subtle gripping power of a vine. Indeed Davies' work is exceedingly like a vine. It is powerful, pliable, and boneless. It may even be poisonous. Its thesis and spirit never go beyond the period of adolescence. It is invariably in direct opposition to the idea of rigidity. It is as romantic as the work of the pre-Raphaelites and spiritually rather than intellectually so, although one still finds in it a *tour de force* of intellectual management of the intuitional. There is



"CIRCUS PERFORMER"

BY W. E. HILL

possible a serious suspicion that his most emotional moments are not without guidance, that he is watching himself answer to the tugs of the more primitive force. This may be truer of the earlier than of the later work. Indeed, in the later work I feel that the man is repeating a modo which held him in youth. Experience has taught him many technical sophistications, overcome many original awkwardnesses. The latter had charm. There is an unforgettable ease about the former.

The Portraits of IRVING R. WILES

IN writing of the New York figure painters who were working in that genre in the first decade of this century, Samuel Isham said in his *History of American Painting*: "The object of them all is to

charm, the external charm of beautiful forms beautifully rendered. As with all works of real merit, these are personal, the style of each man perfectly distinguishable on sight, but difficultly by description. All are masters of their trade, delicate and sure draftsmen and colorists." And then of the subject of this article he wrote: "Wiles has a certain breadth and sureness of brush work even in his smallest pictures" adding the then belated comment, "Wiles has lately turned to portraiture."

It was in the 1890's that Irving R. Wiles began devoting himself to portrait painting, a field of work in which he has gained such eminence as to almost completely overshadow the ideal heads and figures of his earlier years—which he occasionally still paints—and his marines, that for charm and profound knowledge of the forms and movements of boats and ships have no equal in America. The traditions of his teachers (his father, L. M. Wiles; Beckwith and Chase in this country, and Carolus-Duran in Paris) may be said to have committed him to figure painting and to portraiture. And since Carolus-Duran based his instruction on painting rather than drawing it was only natural that Mr. Wiles should have the command of his medium that was already acknowledged twenty years ago. That his early ideal heads and figures had the charm attributed by Isham is made evident by the unusual number of them reproduced in the catalogues of the annual exhibitions of the National Academy of Design in that period, a tribute paid by the artists who are usually rather reserved in reproducing any one man's work very often in the pages of the catalogues of the Academy. His vocation for ten years, after his return from Paris in 1884, had been that of an illustrator and an assistant to his father with his summer classes at Peconic, Long Island, but about 1895 Mr. Wiles decided to devote himself to portrait painting and to put illustrating and teaching behind him for ever.

From the beginning of his work in this field, as his early double portrait of his father and

For twenty-five years he has painted producing more than "beautiful forms beautifully rendered" . . . by
WM. B. McGORMICK

mother shows, there was something more than "the external charm of beautiful forms beautifully rendered" in his canvases. The character of his subjects was as clearly revealed as their outer semblance. Moreover

he rendered elegancies in women's costumes in a style that, if it was not the "grand manner" of the British portrait painters, was at least gracefully American and therefore savored of France and of the tradition of his great teacher. To those who kept closely in touch with the progress of the artist it was recognized that he had several distinctly fine portraits to his credit up to the year 1901 when he opened the eyes of and attracted an enormous attention from the general public with his superbly lovely seated life-size portrait of Julia Marlowe. At that time Miss Marlowe was a very great favorite on the stage and her romantic beauty was in its early flowering. And it is thus that in a satin evening gown she sits on a French Renaissance sofa, her right arm resting on its back. The portrait had a *succes feu* and was not only widely exhibited and reproduced in this country but also abroad, where it was shown with acclaim in Venice and Berlin. The last-named city doubtless still has today three men's portraits that Mr. Wiles painted at this same time although they were never shown in America. These were of Theodore Roosevelt, then President; Nicholas Murray Butler and Professor John W. Burgess of Columbia University, pictures painted for the Berlin University hall where were delivered the lectures in the Germanic-American exchange of professors in which President Roosevelt was so deeply interested.

Except for a few British and French portraits, the word charm can rarely be ascribed to a likeness of a man, and yet it fits admirably the atmosphere of the head of Mr Wiles' father now in the permanent collection of the Metropolitan Museum of Art. He mixed a deep affection with his colors in painting that canvas, lifting it far above his average man's portrait, which generally is of a more official character. A recently painted head of his friend, Neil Mitchell, has much of this quality of affection observable in the head of L. M. Wiles; and surely there is human charm in his seated figure of Henry W. Cannon and his head of Harvey Hollister. The same quality enwraps the standing figure of George A. Hearn



PORTRAIT OF MISS ALDIS SQUIRE

by

Irving R. Wiles



PORTRAIT OF MRS. E. R. THOMAS

by

Irving R. Wiles



PORTRAIT OF MRS. WILLIAM R. JEPSON

by

Irving R. Wiles



"DOROTHY and GAROLINE"

by

Irving R. Wiles

in the Metropolitan Museum, a portrait that was official in the intention of those who caused it to be placed among the pictures of the Hearn collection, and yet which the painter's very human genius has saved it from being. From a variety of reasons, chief of which is the reticence of the average man concerning the public display of his likeness, few of Mr. Wiles' portraits of his masculine subjects have been seen in regular or special exhibitions although he has painted a large number of them in the last twenty years. It is for this reason that he is more widely known as a painter of women and children although the proportion of such subjects in his years of work is not markedly greater than the portraits of men.

When we turn to surveying and recalling his feminine portraits of the last twenty years it is inescapable not to be reminded of their charm, their color and their character. For these, in almost instantaneous succession, are the emotions awakened by one and all of his canvases. Like the overtones in music, they also have, in a favorite

phrase of contemporary British novelists, an immense quietude.

Whether it is the spell of the grave play of humor of Mr. Wiles' talk or the soothing atmosphere of beauty pervading his handsome studio, the fact is undeniable that the restless spirit of American life has no place either in him, in his noble workshop or in his pictures. The romantic beauty of a Julia Marlowe does not glow on his canvases so often as does the graver loveliness, the spirit of American family life to be seen in the "Mrs. and Miss Wiles" that comes down to us from the same period. This canvas has a touch almost never seen in his later portraits, the introduction of an ornate cabinet with diversified objects on its top that reveals his brilliant skill in painting still life, a passage which nevertheless is most appropriately placed in the composition since

such things are lifelong familiars of his family group. That Time has not dimmed his feeling for such inanimate things nor tightened his representation of them was shown a few years since in his tenderly intimate *genre* picture of a young woman reading at her summer breakfast table called "Divided Interests." One has to go back to Vermeer to find anything so truly characteristic of the homely ornaments of domestic life of a people as the brasses on the mantelpiece in that charming Twentieth Century American room. And not even Vermeer himself could have made them more representative of time and place.

Again, however, such feminine beauty as is Julia Marlowe's and the added interest of still life appears in the portrait of "Dorothy and Caroline," dating from 1911. To the painter presented with the problem of representing two young women so astonishingly alike and who are dressed as twins, which they may have been, there must be a solution that is a trifle forced and yet this is nowhere felt in this composition. The intervening years have

not obliterated the impression created by this canvas, not alone

through the rare loveliness of the sisters, but also by its brilliancy in the construction of the figures and of the surfaces of silk and satin and faded paint of the old French sofa. And as a contribution to individuality in character, the touch of the standing sister's hand on the arm of the seated girl is one of those solutions of this problem of dual resemblance that is touched with rare insight. Grace and elegance, personal and sartorial, abound in the full length standing figure of Mrs. Daniel C. Jackling. But even the soft lustre of velvet and satin, the sheen of pearls, the gorgeous luxury of the room are apt to be forgotten by a student of the human figure and of the social comedy by the painting of the head and neck and the modelling of the right arm, posed in the shrinking mode



"IN BONNET AND SHAWL"
BY IRVING R. WILES

that prevailed in the fashionable world in 1917. The deep green gown in this portrait was a marvellous piece of color and as an exhibition of sheer painting, without the tricks of a virtuoso, we have nothing finer from Mr. Wiles' brush.

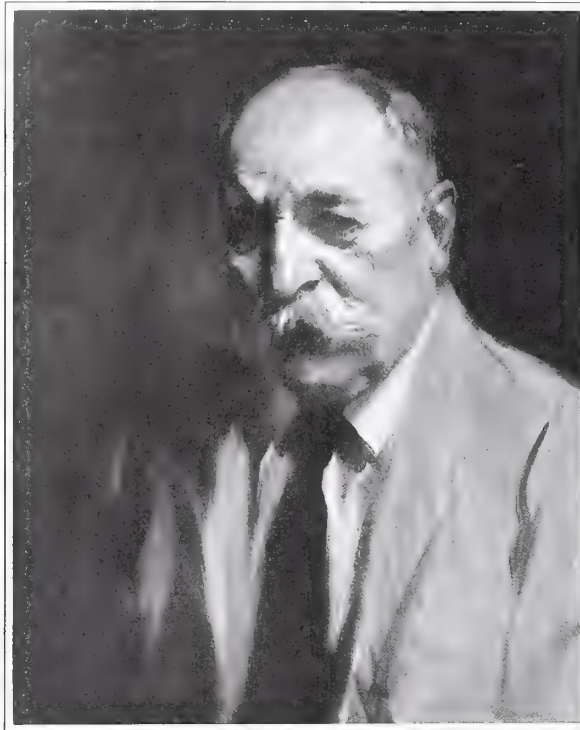
It has been the fortune of this painter to have had many women as subjects whose personal beauty has outshone their other qualities, except possibly that of their gentlehood. But when intellectual character is the dominant note it meets with a response on his part no less effective than he has shown with his perceptions and appreciations of beauty. The three-quarter seated figures of Mrs. Sumner T. McKnight and of Mrs. J. H. Taylor are noteworthy illustrations of this phase of his representative art. The sense of humor and of keen intelligence in Mrs. McKnight's countenance is exquisitely rendered while the modelling of the face, as apart from its expression, is simply superb. The same deliberately used adjective may also fitly be applied to the manner in which the neck joins the bosom and the right arm fits into

its shoulder. Such anatomical perfection is very, very rare in modern portrait painting. The profiled head of Mrs. Taylor surpasses in interest the appeal of the original's very smart evening gown through its grave intellectual charm and singular grace of form, sharply patterned as it is against a neutral background. There is a tenderness, a melancholy, haunting this face that gives it a touch of fadeless beauty. It has the quality that once made a visitor to an Old World collection of great portraits say to his companion: "When I look at portraits like these I think it is we who are the ghosts and they the living things." It is real life, vivid and compelling, however, that faces one in the figure of Mrs. E. R. Thomas which stood out in such high relief at the last annual exhibition of the National Association of Portrait Painters. The costume and accessories here, whatever their fashionable interest—which must

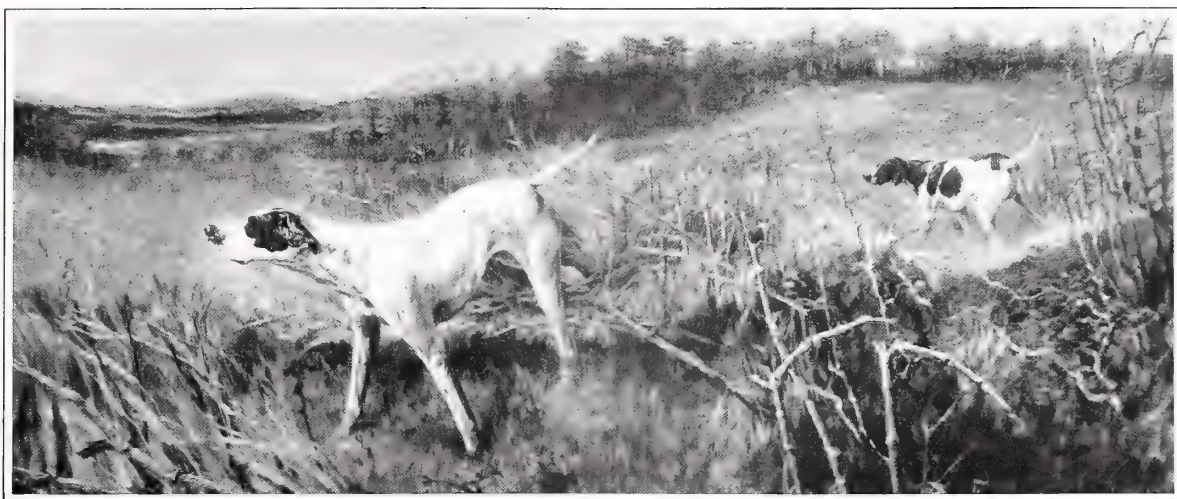
be extreme—are necessarily of secondary importance to the expression of the brilliant mask and the downward stroke of the right arm, a passage of realism that vies with the painting of the face in its certitude. There are depths of character sounded in this portrait that were not plumbed by the artist who gave us the Julia Marlowe of twenty years earlier in his career.

Just as in the summer time Mr. Wiles finds relaxation from the stern and difficult demands of portrait painting by doing an occasional marine, which soon disappears from his studio into the collection of some man who knows its beauty and power through his own love of the sea, so does he take time every few years to revert to his original love and practice, the painting of the ideal figure subject. Latest of these is his study called "In Bonnet and Shawl," the origin of which is due to the unexpected, and somewhat humorous, chance sight of the bonnet in the picture thrown forlornly in the corner of a window of a country junkshop. Its black satin and yellow frames a familiar and lovely face

that rises above an emerald satin gown. The wistful expression of the young woman fits the effect of the costume and one may well wonder, in regarding the face, if memories other than those that would be obviously awakened by an old time costume were worked into its brilliant color scheme by the artist. Here is the true charm that Isham found in Mr. Wiles' earlier work, but a charm that has grown more tender if not more real. Life works hard to bend men to that mood as they grow older, but in many characters, as in their work, it tends to make them softer, less resolute in doing their best. A painter who can produce so vigorous a portrait as that of Mrs. Thomas after twenty-five years of work in this one field has no reason to fear the tenderness, the wistful retrospect of a figure subject such as this one painted in the same year. They both may be taken as his challenge to Time.



PORTRAIT OF NEIL MITCHELL
BY IRVING R. WILES



POINTERS BELONGING TO WILLIAM ZIEGLER

BY MAUD EARL

MAUD EARL'S DECORATIONS

MAUD EARL is known for a type of decoration which is so individual and so entirely her own that it must bear the name "the Maud Earl decoration." The perfecting of it has occupied her to a large extent since she came to this country, although it has not entirely diverted her from that other branch of her art, the painting of dogs, with which she first made her reputation in England and on the Continent. Yet there is a connection between these two fields of her work, as she has cultivated them, and her present interests have developed from her earlier ones. Among the many thoroughbreds that were taken to her to have their portraits painted were Pekingese, Pomeranians and chows, which she discovered lent themselves readily to a type of decoration in which she was becoming interested—the Chinese. Adopting the Chinese method of painting on silk overlaid with silver or gold, Miss Earl began to create panels and screens

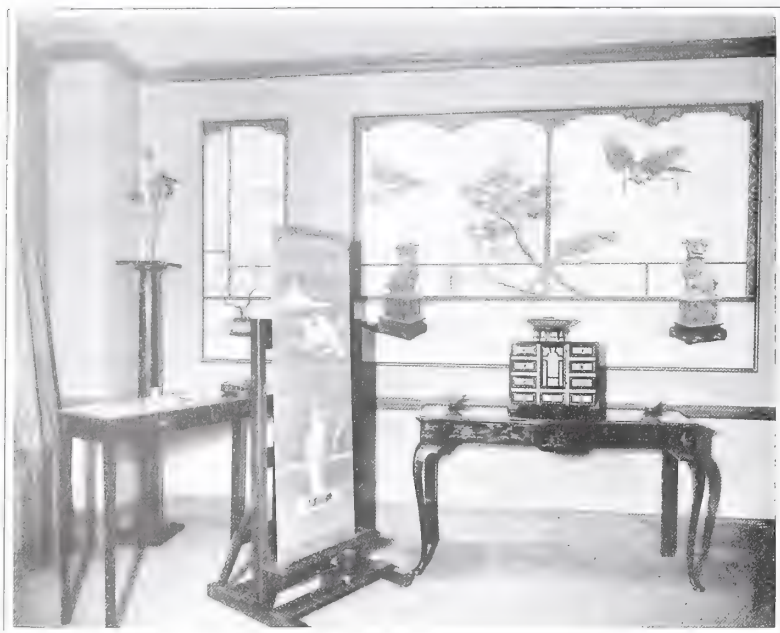
Originally a painter of dogs, she now creates panels and screens which savor of the East by
JULIAN GARNER



which satisfied the artist because they were decorative adjuncts to a room and which pleased the dogs' owners because they incorporated faithful portraits of their pets in the general design. The rest of the composition was made up of Chinese landscape, colorful porcelains of gods and goddesses, rare Oriental flowers and birds—an almost unlimited choice of detail from which could be created a true decoration.

Miss Earl is so well known for her paintings of famous dogs that it is hardly necessary to speak of that branch of her work, but the early part of her career is so interesting that it may well be recalled. Her interest in both dogs and art was inherited from her father, who came of an old Worcestershire family and was both artist and sportsman. From her childhood she learned to know thoroughbreds through constant association with them. When she began to show an artistic interest in them, her

GOLD PANEL MADE FOR MISS THEODORA WILBUR BY MAUD EARL



SILVER PANELS SET IN THE WALLS OF MISS EARL'S STUDIO

father saw that she had a severe training in drawing and restricted her to black and white for a long time before permitting her to use color. Her early drawings and paintings of dogs would make a list too long to mention. Among them was a portrait of Queen Victoria's collie, Snowball, which she painted with those of other royal favorites when staying at Windsor. Again she was summoned to Windsor to paint the dogs of King Edward VII and of the present King and Queen. Many famous dogs were taken to her studio in Bloomfield Place, among them the late Rear-Admiral Robert E. Peary's Esquimaux dogs, two untamed creatures that were with difficulty persuaded to pose for the picture "The Last of the Expedition." The Duke of Leed's greyhounds, the Princess de Monteglyon's Old Hall Beatrice, one of a group of collies which in their day took all the chief prizes in England and on the Continent, and Mr. Brough's bloodhounds were only a few of the numerous other canines which she portrayed. These last she painted in a large canvas called "Baffled," which incidentally shows the artist's power as a marine painter, the dogs ap-

pearing in a group by the shore while over the waves a small boat bearing their intended quarry is making its way. The widespread acquaintance with Miss Earl's pictures which was gained by the public was increased by two large books, *British Hounds and Gun Dogs* and *Toys and Terriers*, published by the Berlin Photographic Company. In 1908 and 1909 the artist established a studio in Paris where dogs of high degree belonging to French owners were taken to her. Many of their portraits appeared in an exhibition at the Georges Petit Galleries about that time. In addition to these paintings, which were strictly portraits, Miss Earl was painting another type of picture, more ambitious in character, which her knowledge of dogs enabled her to execute. Such a one was "Their Last Expedition," showing a train of Esquimaux dying of hunger in a desert of snow, a picture which not only represented the artist in the Royal Academy and the Paris Salon, but was invited all over England and to Australia and was seen in the Franco-British Exhibition in 1908. Another was "Dogs of Death," based on a Scandinavian legend that these dogs howl while a departing soul takes its flight through the forest. In such pictures her imagination had freer scope and she could make more of her opportunities for landscape backgrounds.

An interesting collaboration between artist and author—Miss Earl and John Galsworthy—resulted in that most sympathetic history of a dog, *Memories*. This is the biography of the novelist's beloved water-spaniel, Chris, whose life from puppyhood to the grave is told with unfailing charm, but the book would not give us so intimate an acquaintance with Chris without Miss Earl's drawings, which run the gamut of canine moods



PORTRAITS OF DOGS
GOLD PANEL MADE FOR MISS THEODORA
WILBUR BY MAUD EARL

as they can be portrayed only by one who knows and loves dogs.

While Miss Earl has turned to other interests since her coming to New York, she has not entirely neglected this type of work. Famous American dogs have been taken to her in numbers, and among them were hunting dogs which refused to lend themselves to decorative treatment of the Chinese type in which she was becoming interested. So the paintings like those of Hobart Ames' setter and also the pointers of William Ziegler may be taken as typical of the work with which she first made her reputation.

The portrait of Ray-Powhatan was painted on Mr. Ames' estate in Tennessee. A setting of autumn leaves and an intensely blue sky accentuate the handsome lines of the thoroughbred, which seems to quiver with life. Mr. Ziegler's pointers, painted near his shooting lodge in North Carolina, are seen in a landscape which takes into account the charm of open spaces and wooded hills. The dogs themselves are drawn in a way that reveals a thorough understanding of muscle and bone as well as an appreciation of the high spirits and gallant bearing of the animals.

Miss Earl's greatest interest during the last few years, however, has been in the perfecting of the "Maud Earl decoration." She always has preferred the decoration to the picture, something which takes its conditions from the general character of a room and gives distinction to it when placed there. She felt that portraits of dogs were of value chiefly to their owners, because of sentimental attachment, and that while such pictures might possibly be overmantel decorations, there should be some other way of handling the subject which would result in a true ornament to a room. In ancient Chinese art she found an answer to the problem, and she now paints so in the spirit of the Chinese that it seems unbelievable that she never has studied in the Orient. One reason for her success in such an exacting field is the excellence of her drawing. Mastery of line is an Oriental requirement, and Miss Earl has it to a high degree. Her first panels in this manner still made use of dogs, as in the two for Miss Theodora Wilbur, reproduced herewith. The Pekingese, the Pomeranians and the black and tan terrier lent themselves admirably to the new treatment. As she has portrayed them they take their place in a

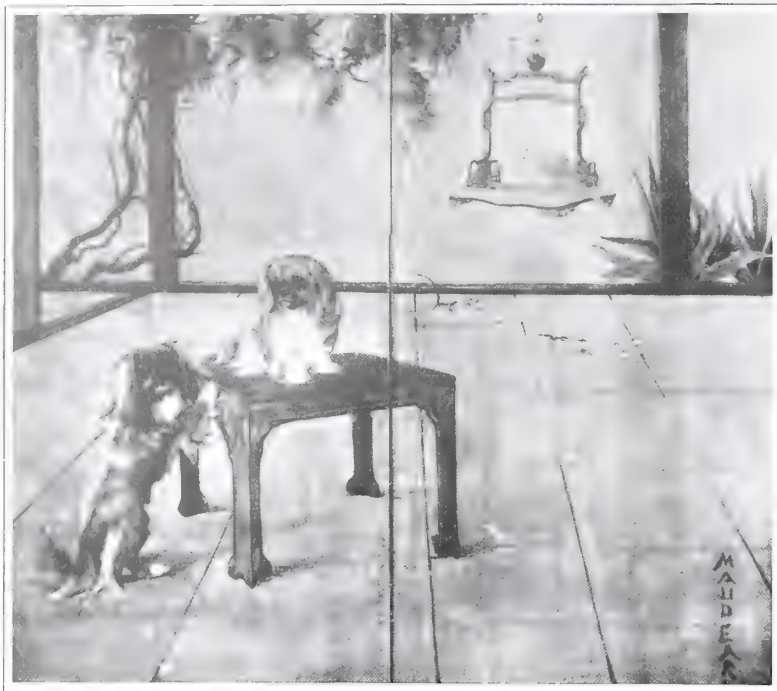


THE MAUD EARL ROOM AT THE RITZ-CARLTON HOTEL, ATLANTIC CITY

scheme which is decorative in itself. The warmth of the gold background and the rich color in flower and tree and butterflies make the whole a distinct asset to the room in which they hang. The police dog, too, can be treated in a similar fashion, as evidenced in the gold panel made for Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney. In this a blue cockatoo perched on a Chinese urn adds the beauty of its shimmering plumage to a fine color scheme. The bird is Miss Earl's and she has made frequent use of it in her panels, finding its color and picturesque attitudes a suitable *motif* for many of her designs.

A gold screen painted for Mrs. George Blumenthal is another example of fine color. The tawny coats of the Pekingese are contrasted with the red and black of a lacquer stool. A bright parrakeet in a gay-colored cage and masses of yellow laburnum in the background create a glow that would give individuality to any setting. The particular advantage of Miss Earl's work is that it can be used in a variety of environments. There is not another modern thing in the room in which this screen stands, yet it takes its place there harmoniously. It would also be entirely pleasing in certain modern settings, just as it would in a room of Oriental feeling. Chinese furniture, however, is not compulsory as an accompaniment of it.

The way in which Miss Earl's panels are used is illustrated in her own studio. Silver ones line three walls, the fourth being given to windows hung with dark blue silk draperies. Blue cockatoos appear in several of the panels, their air of palpitating life and their fluttering wings giving a feeling of delightful animation in contrast with the calm solemnity of the figures of the Chinese gods and goddesses who share the panels with them. In the large panel in the illustration are two fine



GOLD SCREEN MADE FOR MRS. GEORGE BLUMENTHAL

BY MAUD EARL

green kylins, painted "from life" from two historic pieces in the Morgan collection. Miss Earl has painted several porcelains from this and other collections with such accuracy of color and form that the next best thing to owning the porcelain would be to have her portrayal of it. The kylins in question are of the K'ang-Hsi period (1662-1722) and are of brilliant green. Red forked flames playing over their bodies indicate the supernatural character of the animals. The pedestals are decorated with flowers of the four seasons whose intricate pattern Miss Earl has copied with rare fidelity.

Still another example of Miss Earl's work in a setting designed for it is in the Ritz-Carlton hotel in Atlantic City. On the second floor is a writing room known as "the Maud Earl room." The large panel has for its central figure Lu-Hsing, god of rank, a fine porcelain also of the K'ang-Hsi period from the Morgan collection. He wears a yellow robe with green cape decorated with a design of flying cranes and flowers and bordered with foaming sea waves. In his left hand he holds a rose colored *ju-i* sceptre. In a tree at the right are blue macaws, a red water lily glistens in a low bowl, and at the left is introduced a *paysage* in the Chinese manner which Miss Earl uses so skilfully to suggest distance. In two smaller panels in the same room the two figures of Kuan-Yin, goddess of mercy, are painted with the same charm as the larger panel. The figure at the right is an unusual one since the slightly bent head is a variation from the usual erect carriage of the goddess. In the same hotel is a private room decorated by Miss Earl,

called the "cockatoo room." The central panel is painted on parchment, against which the white birds with their yellow crests stand out with striking clarity. Maple trees making long lines in the composition also add a variety of color, their foliage running through a succession of tones from pale green to deep red. Her birds are no mere flat designs, pleasant in outline but slighting the anatomy under the feathers. She builds up color and form together, tone on tone, doing all her drawing directly with her brush and with no preliminary sketching in, until the final result is adequate in its suggestion of the texture of the feather and the rounded body underneath it.

There is no over-ornamentation in Miss Earl's decorations, nor is her color ever garish, although it frequently is brilliant. She is careful to preserve a feeling of restfulness, desiring her work to remain a background and not be too insistent in its demand for attention. She devotes much thought to the bare spaces of her design, making of them vast distances which lead the eye on to far horizons. There is one trait which all of Miss Earl's decorations share—they hold much in reserve. The variety and subtlety of her designs prevent them from becoming monotonous. She realizes that she is creating something to be lived with and she gives to it a quality of interest which stands the test of time. When she paints a series of panels for a dining room, a frequent commission, she takes into account the fact that they are to be looked at three times a day. Accordingly she keeps the general plan of her design simple in arrangement so as not to become tiresome. But this simplicity is of a beguiling kind, and there is much intricacy of detail within the prescribed limits to stimulate the imagination and to retain a fascination for the eye. Among the pines where some flaming golden pheasant has a footing one will presently discover vistas that escaped the first scrutiny. The distinct mountain tops trace on the silver background a faint silhouette that has a character of its own for all its unobtrusiveness. And one can wander almost endlessly along the streams that she paints where mandarin ducks are swimming among the reeds, or around the pools that provide a habitat for the teals and mallards that animate some of her interesting designs.



"ARCHWAY IN BETHANY"

BY E. J. HALOW

HALOW—COLOR SYMBOLIST

THE feeling for color as expressed in American painting is as surely a product of the fusing of different racial temperaments as are physical characteristics and social ideals. The different influences are often difficult to trace; sometimes they have been too well mingled for such analysis and the result is that something—as easy to recognize as is the American physiognomy—called *American art*. But in some instances the material for fusing has been so direct and so fine that the resulting art expressions can be recognized as the direct descendants of the beauty of other lands, yet transformed in the alembic into something typically *American*.

Never was there a case more clearly in point than that of E. J. Halow, figure painter and landscapist, in whose veins flows the blood of the Near East and into whose art has flowed a pure Americanism which nevertheless is pulsating with the color beauty of his race and spiritualized by the symbolism that is inherent therein. His present exhibition at the Ainslie Galleries affords a fine opportunity for observing the working out of this idea.

Painter of oriental descent adds the mysticism and color of the East to his expression of American art

Mr. Halow has been in America since he was seven years old, early enough to have escaped none of the formative influences of American life, as his personality proves; but he was born in Syria, near ancient Tyre, and he is a descendant of that old race of artists and craftsmen who not only built the temple for King Solomon but invented dyes whose beauty, previously unknown, passed into the art of Egypt and of the countries of the Mediterranean, notably the glorious *Tyrean purple*. Of what "school" is he? It is impossible to place him in any of them, for he has, through the unrestrained development of his own artistic spirit, achieved a unique form of esthetic expression.

One of the first pictures that Mr. Halow painted, which he calls "Voice in the Wilderness," presaged in mood and color his later and better works. It represents a skin-clad figure with head

bition at the Ainslie Galleries affords a fine opportunity for observing the working out of this idea.



"THE BLIND PLOWMAN"

BY E. J. HALOW

buoys the human soul after an experience that shakes its very foundations—after "a flood." Two little symbolical winged figures, one male, the other female, have appeared against a great purple disk. Above them still hovers a dark, wrangling, tortured sky. "The Blind Plowman" is an expression of the lines: "Set my foot upon the sod, my face toward the East—and praise be to God!" The blind plowman, driving his winged horse, is happy to be blind that his soul may see. But there is a sinister note—a material cry of futility—in the bird that hovers over the furrow ready to devour the seed.

"Adam and Eve" is an approach to Modernism. Its greatest

charm is its singing color design—in the masses of form and color that the artist has employed in his arrangement of the old, old theme. Starting with deep blue at the bottom, he has worked upward through rose-shot masses of gray purple, pomegranate red and greenish maroon. The two main figures are arranged with the serpent between, the main interest centering in Eve, who seems to have



"THE OLD-ROSE HAT"

BY E. J. HALOW

thrown back and body abandoned to the throes of spirit, striding upon the hills. Its symbolism is helped by the swirling pink and blue and green of the sky. It is a work which suggests Palestine—and the up-regions of Pennsylvania.

It is not a far cry from this earlier "Voice in the Wilderness" to the artist's later splendid creations such as "The Children of the Flood" and "The Blind Plowman," both of which breathe the same sort of spiritual symbolism and display the same fine sense of color harmony. The former is an expression of the hope that

"VOICE IN THE WILDERNESS"

BY E. J. HALOW





"CHILDREN OF THE FLOOD"

BY E. J. HALOW

become real, with a suggestion of nerves and materiality, after passing over the body of the snake.

Two frankly religious themes are among the

best achievements of Mr. Halow—"Archway in Bethany" and "Woman, Where is Thy Son?" The former is quite sufficient in its beauty of color alone, even were the symbolism absent—the Christ figure in the archway, tall, imposing, benign, arrayed in glorious yellow, and the Magdalene in the midst of the crowd. "Woman, Where is Thy Son?" is a tremendous dramatic theme, dark of color, powerful in its appeal. Satan, puts his query to the Madonna, behind whom the empty cross rears itself against a sombre sky. The paintings display an understanding of life's mystery.

With all his wealth of achievement, Mr. Halow is still a young man. The art world may therefore anticipate a long and notable career.

"ADAM AND EVE" BY E. J. HALOW

Photographs by courtesy of the Ainslie Galleries



A SHELF of NEW ART BOOKS

THE WARES OF THE MING DYNASTY, by R. L. Hobson. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York; William Brendon and Son, Ltd., London.

EDITIONS: 27 copies (24 for sale) Japanese vellum, bound in vellum, signed by the author, and with an extra color plate; 256 copies (250 for sale) on English hand-made paper, bound in pigskin, signed by the author and with an extra color plate; a first (numbered) impression of 1500 copies of which 500 are for the United States, printed on rag paper and bound in art canvas (price \$25); a second (unnumbered) impression of 500 copies.

THE WARES OF THE MING
DYNASTY BY R. L. HOBSON

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS
NEW YORK

THIS book is an invaluable monograph on the Ming period. Mr. Hobson, who is keeper of the department of ceramics and ethnography in the British Museum, is the author of too many books on porcelain to be named here. The present volume is the fifth to appear in a series of six on Oriental arts by various authors, the only other on ceramics being A. L. Hetherington's *The Early Ceramic History of China*. Mr. Hobson's book contains two hundred and twenty-nine pages of text with

eleven excellent color reproductions of pieces from important collections. The concluding pages of the book are devoted to one hundred and seventeen illustrations in black and white. The author stays close to his subject and provides no more than a skeleton of historical background as he passes from reign to reign through the two hundred and seventy-six years of the dynasty (1368-1644 A.D.). The real meat of the work is a description of the wares in detail and an exhaustive examination of the developments of each reign as the potters of the imperial factory at Ching-te-Chen varied the nature of their wares. One follows the effect of their uncertain supply of the prized Mohammedan blue or watches them struggle with the mammoth dragon fish bowls and sees them attain that miraculous dexterity which made the late Ming pierced decoration possible, though it was so difficult as to win the name of "devil's work." There are also chapters on other porcelains than those made in the imperial factory, such as Fukian ware and the survivors of the Sung pottery. One chapter of great value is devoted to marks, inscriptions and Chinese characters. Mr. Hobson writes simply; his style is not above the serious amateur, although the wealth of technical detail makes this a book especially valuable to the collector and connoisseur.

NEW SALMAGUNDI PAPERS: *Series of 1922.*

Text and pictures by members of the Salmagundi Club. The Salmagundi Club, New York.

FIFTY-FIVE members of the at once oldest and youngest art club in New York have contributed with either text or pictures to the making of this latest series of *Salmagundi Papers*. The most purely personal contribu-

tions, considering the club in that light, are William Henry Shelton's "Minutes, First Meeting, Salmagundi Club," and "Concerning Dinners," this last-named essay having a melancholy touch of days that are no more. Other contributors to the text include Charles Mason Fairbanks, Joseph Hartley, Albert H. Sonn, who illustrated his own tale of "Cockloft Hall"; George Inness, Jr.; J. B. Carrington and William H. Crocker.

There are also reprinted pieces by the late Alexander W. Drake and Montagu Glass, a paper on "Old Rites and Rituals" by the late J. Sanford Saltus, to whose memory the volume is dedicated; verses by Carrol Leja Nichols, Charles Buxton Going, Harrison S. Morris and the late James P. Haney, and pictures in various media by Edward Penfield, H. Van Buren Magonigle, Tod Lindenmuth, Arthur I. Keller, David Robinson, Duncan Smith, Jack Flanagan, Pieter Van Veen and C. Jac. Young.

HIGH AND LATE RENAISSANCE IN ITALY, ARCHITECTURE AND DECORATIVE SCULPTURE, by Corrado Ricci. Brentano's, New York.

THIS is primarily a book of illustrations, and its chief value lies in the fact that it gathers in a single volume of convenient size enough reproductions of photographs to give a fairly comprehensive picture of Italian architecture of the Sixteenth Century. The few pages of text make no pretense to be more than a brief commentary on the architects of the period and their works. However, unless one is unusually well supplied with photographs there will be a large number among the three hundred and forty reproduced in this book that will be new. The selection of pictures has been well made with the evident intention of presenting a great variety of subjects and includes many, such as those from Ferrara and Ravenna, that are not often found outside of the most complete architectural library.



FRENCH FURNITURE UNDER LOUIS XIV, by Roger de Félice, translated by F. M. Atkinson, Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. Price \$1.60.

THE USUAL book on furniture of the Louis XIVth period emphasises the grandeur of the style, the purity of line that was often attained, and, comparing it with the styles that followed, eulogizes its restraint and simplicity. Roger de Félice, while he is delighted to give credit wherever it is due, adopts a different method. Others have pointed out the shortcomings of the king; Félice calls attention to the insincerity of much of his furniture. Many of the more pretentious pieces were designed, he says, "Fain to strike and to impose itself, less to charm than to astonish." Like so many of the imposing buildings constructed during the reign of the Grand Monarch the furniture was composed chiefly of façade;

structure and craftsmanship were sacrificed in the desire to create something that would look regal whether it held together in later years or not. Félice declares that most of the pieces of Boulle marquetry, so prized by collectors to-day, have had to be repaired or rebuilt. The "false front" apparently had its origin during the reign of the king whose greatest fear was that he should be found out, that the mask of greatness could not always hide the little man who wore it.

It was in the simpler furniture, that of the lesser nobility and the bourgeoisie, that the finest craftsmanship was displayed. Less ornate than the court pieces, they had the honesty of construction that is one of the essentials of good furniture and are the true exemplars of the characteristics for which the style is noted. A large number of pieces of this sort, peculiarly interesting because so seldom seen, are illustrated in M. Félice's book, calling deserved attention to a class of furniture that has been largely neglected.

M. Félice's analysis of the style, tracing its beginnings in the heterogeneous mixture of cultures in the early part of the reign of Louis XIV, its development into an art purely French, and the subsequent transition which began before the king's death, is a thoughtful commentary on the artistic life of the time.

There is a frontispiece in color and the closing pages of the book are devoted to eighty-five reproductions of photographs of excellent pieces of the simpler types of Louis XIVth and Regency furniture. It is a book that presents in a direct way much information that should be of value to decorator, connoisseur or home builder.

THE FUTURE OF PAINTING, *by Willard Huntington Wright. B. W. Huebsch, Inc.*
Price \$1.

THIS slender volume by Mr. Wright dares greatly. It attempts to explain the academicians and the modernists to each other. He assures them that they are traveling entirely different paths that are in no way inimical to each other. The older art, he points out, is in reality an art of drawing, while the younger is an art of color, not concerned with representation but with the emotional effect caused by the juxtaposition of hue. The only reason that the new born color art was forced to use the medium of the art of painting was because it was the only field of expression at hand. It is not a rival of the academic, nor bound in time to supplant its predecessor, and if there are those among the younger men who say so, they are just as mistaken as the academicians who predict a speedy downfall for this newcomer in the field. The art of color has come to stay, says Mr. Wright, but it will soon find new channels. The color organ, though still in a very rudimentary stage, offers one answer at least and in time will be able not only to throw "pretty squares, circles, coils and volutes of colored light on a screen, but will be able to record the artist's moods, desires and emotions along any visually formal esthetic line." With this the author concludes, predicting that there will exist peace and good will between this new art and all the rest.

THE
FUTURE OF PAINTING
BY
WILLARD HUNTINGTON WRIGHT



NEW YORK B. W. HUEBSCH, INC. NEW YORK

MODERN FRENCH PAINTERS, *by Jan Gordon. Dodd, Mead & Co. Price \$7.50.*

"MY INTENTION," says Mr. Gordon, "has been not to write a book for the expert, but for the ordinary man who is interested in art." Nevertheless this volume is more than a primer for beginners. The author modulates his pace but he covers a great deal of ground. His style is epigrammatic and he often hits upon a simile or comparison to drive his subject home. He calls Manet "a hasty Velasquez with a Japanese accent." Utrillo is "the urban Rousseau." "Van Gogh is a sort of volcanic eruption occurring in a hitherto peaceably cultivated land. . . . His landscapes writhe with subterranean life." Of Renoir the author does not hesitate to say that although his best work is like a Koh-i-noor glittering among the gauds of other men's mediocrity, his worst is "almost fit for the tops of chocolate boxes." Mr. Gordon discusses artists as individuals rather than as members of "schools." "It is safer to throw most recent 'isms' out of the window," he remarks, and he charges those who call themselves Orphists, Futurists, Synchronists, Purists, Simultaneists or Dada-ists with creating just so many irritating divisions having no real meaning and only serving "to shelter the all pervading 'ist,' the arrivist, the self-advertiser, the get on or get out painter who has been the curse of modern art." The book is admirably illustrated, containing forty reproductions, nineteen of which are in color.

MODERN FRENCH
PAINTERS BY JAN GORDON
WITH FORTY ILLUSTRATIONS

NEW YORK
DODD, MEAD AND COMPANY
1912

BRITISH ARTISTS. *Four volumes, uniform—*
"Romney" by B. L. K. Henderson, "Lely and Kneller" by C. H. Collins-Baker, "Girtin and Bonington" by Hugh Stokes, "Wright of Derby" by S. C. Kaines Smith and H. Cheney Bemrose. *Frederick A. Stokes Company, New York. Price, each volume, \$1.50.*

HERE is a group of handbooks on five British painters that is wholly admirable in the completeness and style of the letterpress, in the presentation of biographical facts, in the lists of paintings and, in some cases, engravings by these artists, and in the bibliographies, the one general inadequacy being the comparatively few reproductions of the artists' pictures, which lack may be excused because of the low price of the books. To the student of art in particular, these biographies may be recommended owing to the completeness of the critical studies of the several men, each book being written according to a definite and similar outline which includes biographical and personal matters, the training of the subject and his association with other artists, his style, development and characteristics, and his quality, together with an analysis of his influence on his contemporaries and successors and on public taste. A striking feature of the texts is that the writers of these critical biographies do not overestimate the importance of their subjects, as is often the case with British writers when treating of their national artists. They have been very just in these valuations, keeping the painters whom they discussed in their true places.

THE FIRST article in the July number will deal with Chinese painting—an ambitious subject for the space limitations of a magazine if complete justice were attempted. But since experts are still at loggerheads over almost everything that has to do with the subject, it would hardly be profitable to devote our time to the distinctions between the different periods. There is another way to approach the subject, a way which will still have its value when the seas of controversy are completely stilled. This is the way of appreciation of intrinsic beauty. Our article will endeavor to show the layman who is only half convinced—or not convinced at all regarding the marvels over which it has lately become the fashion to rhapsodize—why it is that a Sung landscape or a Ming portrait is so fine. Our article aims to help you discern genuine excellence when you see it. Two fine figure subjects will be reproduced in color, and many others will be shown in black and white, all chosen with a great deal of care in order to help you recognize the real glory of Chinese art.

“THE MEN of our land,” says Elie Faure, “have always loved to fix the form of their visions in matter. The earliest engraved and sculptured works known to the world appeared in the country embraced between the Atlantic ocean and the Pyrenees and Cevennes mountains. The Gauls hammered, forged, cast bronze before they ever saw the legionaries of Rome. A thrill seized the Greco-Latin genius as soon as it came in contact with the soil of France.” And one of the most notable features of the July number will be “Ten Centuries of French Sculpture,” a symposium profusely illustrated with reproductions selected from great European collections. It will be one of the most striking and interesting presentments that ever appeared in INTERNATIONAL STUDIO.

“GRANTED that art is an expression of things beautiful, it would seem that the gods gift a select few with the power to express the same idea in differing forms of art . . . another of the select few; one who combines the rare dual gift of word-painting that which he limns on canvas.”

The quotation is from the opening paragraph of Stephen Chalmers' article in the July number on the poems and paintings of a Californian artist, R. Clarkson Colman. Colman is, in a very real sense, an interpreter of the sea. His poems—“color-notes” he calls them—are his sketches; they are the impressions of an artist, noted in subtle combinations of words rather than in lines.

TO VISIT the Burnham Beeches, twenty miles west of London, is to step backward several centuries into a strange atmosphere of the past—even to the age of superstition. They are eerie and romantic. Whoever wills may visit them in the July number of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO, for C. O. Woodbury, American artist, has given his impressions of them in the most appropriate of all mediums, the wood block, and has written about them in a fascinating manner. He calls this feature “The Old Forest Fantastic.”

MAYBE it was the red-plush frames and the overdose of what-nots and bric-a-brac of the Victorian period that put the fear of decoration in everyone who has furnished homes in recent years. Surrounded by horrible examples, deco-

rators fled to a simplicity that was often merely barren. All this bespeaks a certain timidity. It does not necessarily follow that if some decoration is in bad taste, a total lack of it will be in good taste. Too much gray wall may be almost as bad as too many cabbage roses. Walls make a room, and their proper treatment is therefore a matter of the first importance. How much can be done toward accomplishing a pleasing result through the use of well selected wall-paper is the theme of a thoroughly practical article by Estelle H. Ries in the July issue.

TO SAY that art moves from revolution to reaction is to utter a truism. And as a reaction from modernism there has sprung up in France in the last few years a school of painting which goes back to Classicism for its inspiration. One of the prophets of this renaissance is Théophile Robert. He is not Academic, and he has passed through the alembic of Cubism. His intensely interesting art is the subject of an article in next month's INTERNATIONAL STUDIO by Muriel Ciolkowska, illustrated with some remarkable examples of his work.

“THIS matter of landscape in America is, after all, a phase in our history of culture, an expression of one side of our mental and spiritual life,” writes Frank Weitenkampf in his summary of the real meaning of “American Scenic Prints” which he describes with unusual completeness in an article with that title in the July number. He shows that practically from the beginning of our nation the appeal of what Henry James called “the native scene” has been very marked in American art and nowhere more than among men who devoted themselves to black-and-white. Mr. Weitenkampf's survey begins more than a century ago and covers every phase of the subject up to the work of such contemporary artists as Birger Sandzen, Arthur B. Davies, Sears Gallagher and Bolton Brown.

FROM the superb murals of the Cunard Building, in lower Broadway, to Fifty-seventh Street, where the golden Gallic cock stands proudly above the Heckscher Building, New York is rich with temples of business that rival for splendor those of the Italian Renaissance. But not content with such adornments, New York business men are also having their offices decorated and furnished with something of the same artistic beauty as they are used to in their homes, a case in point being a suite of officers' rooms in the American Exchange National Bank at No. 120 Broadway which have been designed and executed by French & Co. These will be described and illustrated in the July number.

THOSE who have visited Arthur Rackham in his home near Primrose Hill in London are fond of saying that, although his appearance is that of an uneccentric English gentleman, there is something about him which suggests one of his own genial gnomes. At any rate he seems to have some first-hand knowledge of elves and witches which makes his drawings seem vivid with realism. An article on Rackham next month will be illustrated with some of his recent drawings for poems and fairy tales.

Payton Bownell



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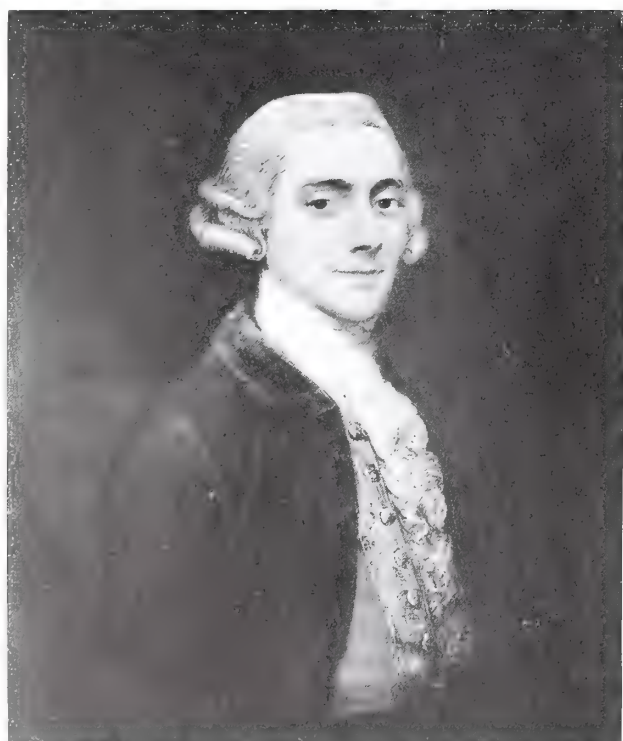
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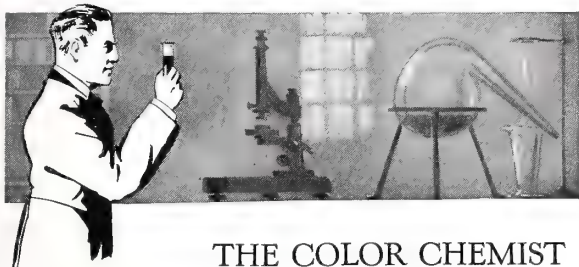
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DATE	FROM	TO	VIA	LINE	STEAMER	APPROXIMATE ARRIVAL
June 1	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montcalm	June 8
June 2	New York	Rotterdam	Plymouth, Boulogne	Holland-American	New Amsterdam	June 12
June 2	New York	Bremen	Plymouth, Queenstown, Cherbourg	United States	America	June 12
June 2	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Majestic	June 9
June 2	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Cedric	June 10
June 2	Montreal	Liverpool	Queenstown, Quebec	White Star-Dominion	Canada	June 11
June 2	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	Royal Mail	Ohio	June 14
June 2	Montreal	Southampton	Cherbourg	Canadian Pacific	Marglen	June 10
June 2	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Caronia	June 9
June 2	New York	Plymouth	Cherbourg	Cunard	Albania	June 10
June 2	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Anchor	Tuscania	June 9
June 5	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Berengaria	June 12
June 5	New York	Genoa	Naples	Nav. Gen. Italiana	Colombo	June 18
June 6	New York	Havre	Plymouth	French	Paris	June 13
June 6	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	United States	Pres. Monroe	June 14
June 6	New York	Bremen	Cherbourg, Southampton	United States	Pres. Fillmore	June 16
June 6	New York	Antwerp	Plymouth, Cherbourg	Red Star	St. Paul	June 17
June 6	Montreal	Antwerp	Cherbourg, Southampton	Canadian-Pacific	Minnedosa	June 14
June 7	New York	Hamburg	Plymouth, Cherbourg	American	Mongolia	June 17
June 7	New York	Marseilles	Direct	United American Line	Mt. Clay	June 16
June 7	New York	Hamburg	Naples	Fabre Line	Patria	June 20
June 7	Montreal	Hamburg	Plymouth, Cherbourg	Cunard	Laconia	June 17
June 8	Montreal	Glasgow	Belfast	Canadian Pacific	Metagama	June 15
June 8	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montrose	June 16
June 8	Montreal	Glasgow	Direct	Anchor	Saturnia	June 15
June 9	New York	Rotterdam	Plymouth, Boulogne	Holland-American	Veendam	June 19
June 9	New York	Bordeaux	Vigo	French	La Bourdonnais	June 19
June 9	New York	Bremen	Plymouth, Cherbourg	United States	Pres. Harding	June 19
June 9	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Olympic	June 15
June 9	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Adriatic	June 17
June 9	Montreal	Liverpool	Quebec	White Star-Dominion	Regina (new)	June 17
June 9	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	R. M. S. P. Co.	Orbita	June 19
June 9	Quebec	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	Canadian Pacific	Empress of Scotland	June 15
June 9	Boston	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Samaria	June 18
June 9	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Anchor	Columbia	June 18
June 9	Montreal	Plymouth	Cherbourg	Anchor	Ansonia	June 18
June 10	New York	Hamburg	Plymouth, Cherbourg	American	Minnehaha	June 24
June 11	New York	Bremen	Direct	North German Lloyd	Hannover	June 22
June 12	New York	Cherbourg	Southampton	Cunard	Aquitania	June 18
June 12	Philadelphia	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Haverford	June 13
June 12	New York	Kristiania	Bergen, Stavanger, Kristianssand	Norwegian-Amer. Line	Stavangerfjord	July 1
June 12	New York	Hamburg	Plymouth, Cherbourg	United American	Resolute	June 22
June 13	New York	Havre	Plymouth	French	France	June 19
June 13	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	United States	Van Buren	June 23
June 13	New York	Antwerp	Plymouth, Cherbourg	Red Star	Belgenland	June 20
June 13	New York	Libau	Hamburg, Danzig	Baltic-American	Estonia	June 24
June 14	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Plymouth	American	Minnehaha	June 24
June 14	New York	Hamburg	Direct	United American	Thuringia	June 23
June 14	New York	Jaffa	Algiers, Beirut	Fabre	Asia	July 5
June 14	New York	Copenhagen	Christiania, Christiansand	Scandinavian-American	United States	June 24
June 15	Quebec	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montclair	June 22
June 16	New York	Rotterdam	Plymouth, Boulogne	Holland-American	Rotterdam	June 25
June 16	New York	Bremen	Plymouth, Cherbourg	United States	Pres. Arthur	June 27
June 16	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	Royal Mail	Orca	June 25
June 16	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Homeric	June 22
June 16	Montreal	Liverpool	Quebec	U. S.-Dominion	Megantic	June 23
June 16	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Celtic	June 24
June 16	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Anchor	Carmania	June 23
June 19	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Anchor	Assyria	June 23
June 19	New York	Bremen	Cherbourg, Southampton	Cunard	Mauretania	June 24
June 20	New York	Bremen	Direct	White Star	Pittsburg	June 29
June 20	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg, Queenstown	North German Lloyd	Seydlitz	July 1
June 20	New York	Antwerp	Plymouth, Cherbourg	United States	Pres. Polk	June 30
June 20	Montreal	Antwerp	Cherbourg, Southampton	Red Star	Zeeland	July 1
June 21	New York	Hamburg	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Melita	June 29
June 21	New York	Copenhagen	Christiania, Christiansand	Scandinavian-American	Mount Carroll	July 2
June 21	New York	Hamburg	Plymouth, Cherbourg	American	Hellig Olav	July 1
June 22	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Kroonland	June 30
June 23	New York	Rotterdam	Plymouth, Boulogne	Holland-American	Montclair	June 30
June 23	New York	Havre	Plymouth	French	Volendam	July 3
June 23	New York	Bremen	Plymouth, Cherbourg	United States	Lafayette	July 1
June 23	Montreal	Liverpool	Quebec	White Star-Dominion	Geo. Washington	July 2
June 23	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Doric	June 30
June 23	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Baltic	July 1
June 23	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	White Star	Majestic	June 29
June 23	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	Royal Mail	Araguaya	July 3
June 23	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	Royal Mail	Orduna	July 3
June 23	Quebec	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	Canadian Pacific	Empress of France	June 30
June 23	Boston	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Seythia	June 30
June 23	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Anchor	Cameronia	June 30
June 23	Montreal	Plymouth	Cherbourg	Cunard	Andania	July 1
June 26	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Berengaria	July 3
June 26	New York	Hamburg	Plymouth, Cherbourg	United American	Reliance	July 5
June 26	New York	Genoa	Azores	Nav. Gen. Italiana	America	July 8
June 27	New York	Bremen	Direct	North German Lloyd	York	June 6
June 27	New York	Cherbourg	Plymouth	United States	Pres. Garfield	July 5
June 27	New York	Havre	Plymouth	French	Paris	July 4
June 27	New York	Antwerp	Plymouth, Cherbourg	Red Star	Lapland	July 6
June 28	New York	Hamburg	Direct	United American	Hansa	July 7
June 28	New York	Hamburg	Plymouth, Cherbourg	American	Manchuria	July 8
June 28	New York	Kristiania	Bergen, Stavanger, Kristianssand	Norwegian-American	Bergensfjord	July 19
June 29	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montclair	July 7
June 30	New York	Rotterdam	Plymouth, Boulogne	Holland-American	Ryndam	July 9
June 30	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Cedric	July 8
June 30	New York	Bremen	Plymouth, Cherbourg	United States	America	July 9
June 30	Montreal	Liverpool	Quebec	White Star-Dominion	Canada	July 7
June 30	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Olympic	July 7
June 30	Quebec	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	Canadian Pacific	Emp. of Gt. Britain	July 7
June 30	New York	Cherbourg	Cherbourg	Cunard	Saxonia	July 8
June 30	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Caronia	July 7

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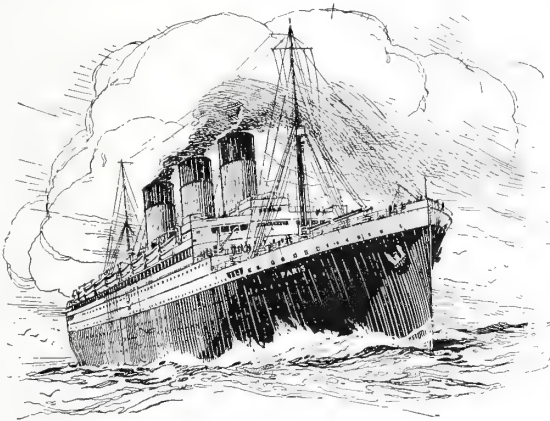
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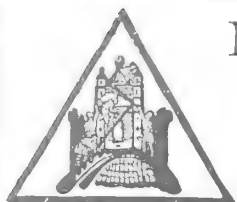
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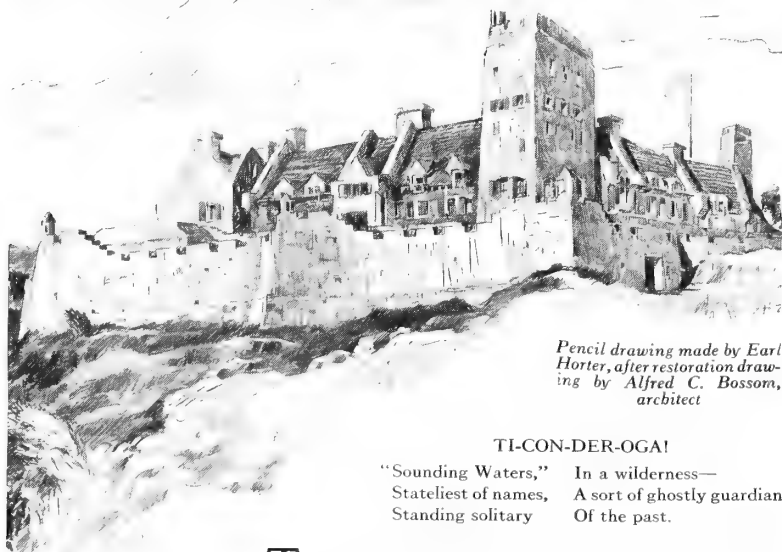
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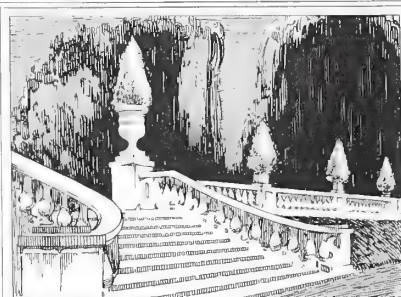
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EDITOR

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PORTRAIT OF A POET

Chinese Painting of the Yuan Dynasty

"An early Chinese portrait of the Sung Dynasty (1127-1278). . . . I personally think it could not be so early as Sung, but earlier than Ming. It would be safe for me to attribute it to the Yuan Dynasty which comes between. Nevertheless this portrait has the best of all the qualities expected in Chinese portrait work."—P. K. HISADA

Courtesy of C. H. Ludington

The OLD MASTERS of CHINA

CHINESE legend grants to the painter Wu Tao-tzu, who lived in the days of the T'ang dynasty, an apotheosis which might well be the envy of all artists. He painted a landscape which, when complete, was being admired by the Emperor and his court. Wu called his master's attention to a cave in the picture, saying it was an unusual cave and well worth exploring. He clapped his hands and a door in the cave flew open. Wu stepped through the opening, and before the spectators could recover from their surprise, the door closed after him, and painter and picture alike disappeared forever.

The Chinese have many stories of supernatural accomplishments of their master artists in which the painted object was transformed into the thing itself. A sightless dragon on a temple wall became, when the eyes were added, so imbued with life that it flew away to the accompaniment of a storm which destroyed the temple. Painted horsemen rode out of their pictures, and, most ingenuous of all, an imprisoned painter drew with his toe in the dust at his feet mice which were so animated that they sprang into being and gnawed at his bonds until he was free.

*Ancient painters of the East
have effected through cen-
turies a salutary invasion
of the Occident . . . by*
HELEN GOMSTOCK

The Occident matches these tales with an account of an ancient Greek whose picture of a curtain looked so like a real one that he was asked to lift it, while his rival painted grapes so

convincingly that birds pecked at them. These stories, trivial as they are, illustrate a fundamental difference between East and West. We have called that painter great who has created an illusion so perfect that it has fooled the senses. But the Chinese, in accordance with their philosophy, have concentrated on the inner life and relation of all visible things to such an extent that even in a painting there must be some laying hold of the forces that are unseen and yet perceived. As a general line of differentiation, which is too arbitrary always to hold true, we have been concerned with the appearance of things; the Chinese, with the spirit. Yet their paintings need not be so difficult for us to appreciate, if only for the anomalous reason that they are so unlike our own. Whole differences are easier to respect than part disagreements. It is quite possible that if Titian and Claude, Constable and Cézanne were all to visit the earth today in company, they would find more in the art of the Chinese than in the paintings

SILK WEAVING; SUNG DYNASTY

In the Boston Museum of Fine Arts





HAND ROLL PAINTED BY SHEN CHOU; MING DYNASTY

of one another. They would get down to the fundamental purpose of painting in approaching a different art from their own. They would see that although the means employed were different, the end was the same—the presentation of forms on a surface of two dimensions in such a way as to appeal through the eye to the aesthetic sensibilities of the spectator.

There are two lines of a Chinese poem which, although shorn of their beauty in translation, are worthy of consideration, for they condense a whole philosophy: "Art produces something beyond the form of things, Though its importance lies in preserving the form of things." Here, as the Chinese saw them, are the two essentials assigned to their relative positions. Spirit, it will be noticed, comes first—"something beyond the form of things." Technique is second, but it determines the importance of the work. Although the Chinese would forgive a painter some technical defect if the spirit of his painting were fine, they must not be thought of as semi-skilled artisans dreaming great dreams. On the contrary, they attained a mastery within the limits of their art which never has been surpassed in the nations of the West,

while there are many who assert that it has never been equalled, even by our greatest painters.

A magazine article on Chinese painting must of necessity be abridged and can do no more than

put up a few sign posts along the road of appreciation. There are books which give both history and philosophy in the leisurely way that the subject demands instead of in a few paragraphs which would necessarily fail if they purported to be a condensation of so vast a subject. Professor H. A. Giles, of Cambridge, has written *Introduction to the History of Chinese Pictorial Art*, and the late Ernest F. Fenollosa gave us *Epochs in Chinese and Japanese Art*. Professor Hirth's *Scraps from a Collector's Note Book* is an authoritative work. Lawrence Binyon writes with the fire of a poet in his *Painting in the Far East* (the second edition is recommended) and *The Flight of the Dragon*. An excellent little book giving much information is Raphael Petrucci's *Chinese Painters*, which has been translated into Eng-



PORTRAIT OF A SCHOLAR; EARLY MING DYNASTY

lish, and there is also his *La Philosophie de la Nature dans l'Art de l'Extrême-Orient*. Kakuzo Okakura, a Japanese critic, who did much to promote sympathy between the two hemispheres,



LANDSCAPE BY TANG YIN; MING DYNASTY

wrote *Ideals of the East*, which takes one into the very spirit which created the art of the Orient. Petrucci's *Chinese Painters* contains a short but satisfactory discussion of the difference between our perspective, developed from the Greek, and the Chinese system. He also discusses the Chinese materials, in every case so different from ours. Silk and paper sized with alum take the place of canvas, the ink with which they painted was made from the soot of burned plants, pigments were extracted from mineral and vegetable sources and can no longer be obtained, so that the present painters depend on hideous aniline colors of foreign manufacture.

In all these books one becomes acquainted with a difference in approach. Form as Rubens knew it is repulsive to the Chinese, the relief which imitates sculptural volume has no beauty to them, and consequently they have no use for shadows, which aid in giving this effect. Where we have tried to build pictures *up* from the canvas and project forms forward, they have seemed to push theirs *within* the silk and each plane appears to be a step farther away from the spectator. This may seem to be a crude and inexact way of putting it, for our painters have undoubtedly been successful in leading the eye back toward great distances, but in Occidental paintings there is always the sensation of a movement toward the spectator

in the objects of the foreground, while in a Chinese painting, such as the landscape by Tang Yin, reproduced herewith, the movement is all back, away from the eye. This is simply the result of

that fundamental difference previously mentioned. In creating an illusion of depth, our artist is constantly thinking, "How will this appeal to the eye?" Consequently he has harkened to what geometry, physics and psychology have said in the matter. But the Chinese has considered primarily, "How will this seem to the spirit?" Movement, to appeal to the spirit, must be easy, subtle, rhythmic, harmonious, and out of his meditations on the essence of these things, rather than from a study of science, has he evolved his system of perspective. The Tang Yin landscape also illustrates another difference, caused by not fixing the vision at a certain spot and determining the position of all other



A MANCHU LADY; MIDDLE MING DYNASTY

objects in relation to a stationary focal point. In this, parallel lines remain parallel, instead of approaching each other as we are accustomed to find them in our paintings, producing movement disturbing to the Chinese. With them, no geometric lines converge toward a definite point and movement arises out of rhythm alone.

That quality of "inwardness" found in this landscape is seen again in the portraits, such as the Ming painting of a scholar which is reproduced. In



WINTRY LANDSCAPE; MING DYNASTY

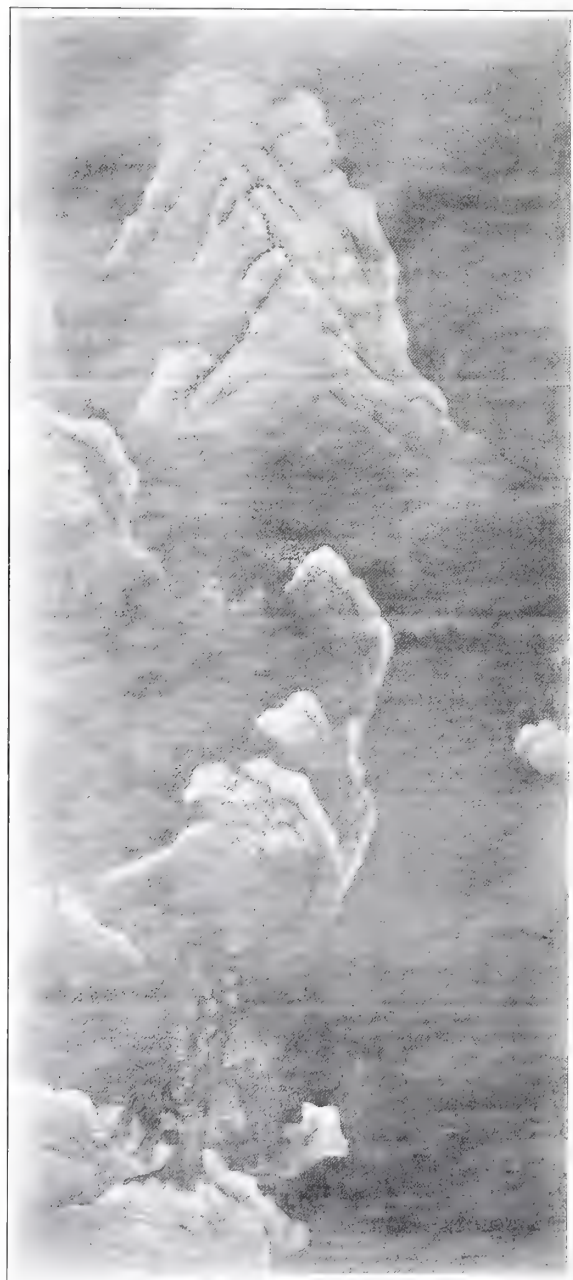
its clear-cut refinement, the Chinese artist recalls Holbein, although he has been content with an even greater simplicity. The piercing eyes seem to look out at you from somewhere within the surface where the figure lives and breathes in an atmosphere of its own. There are many things about this portrait which remind one of Holbein. It has all the incisiveness and vigorous directness of which Holbein was master, although it is more simply stated, and the expression of contour depends even more upon line than in those miraculously slight portrait drawings by the German master.

In the matter of attributing a painting to its proper period, the physiognomy of whatever figures are shown is a great help. In the long ages from the days of Ku K'ai-chih, of the Fourth Century A. D., the oldest painter whose work exists today, down to the recently overthrown Ch'ing dynasty, many different types of men have lived and ruled in China. One of Ku K'ai-chih's rolls illustrating precepts addressed to the ladies of the Imperial Harem, a roll which is now one of the prized possessions in the collection of

the British Museum, shows charming groups of high-born women, the manner of execution indicating an already matured art and the women themselves being much taller than their successors in the following centuries. In the T'ang Dynasty (618 to 906 A. D.) a distinctly Aryan type prevailed. In this period Buddhism, already introduced through Gandhara about the beginning of the Christian era, began to take hold of the imagination of the painters of China, and we have pictures of the Buddha, of the eighteen Lohan and other religious subjects which persisted in an undefiled stream through long ages

AN AUTUMNAL GROVE, ATTRIBUTED TO YANG SHEN
(720 A. D.), T'ANG DYNASTY

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art





RHAKORA SONJA, ONE OF THE SIXTEEN LOHAN

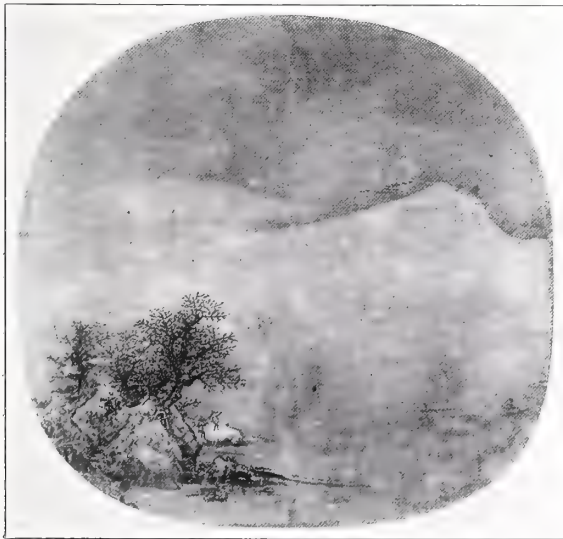
Chinese Portrait Painting of the Tang Dynasty

A painting of rare quality, executed in vegetable colors on silk, obtained from a temple in the interior of Honan province, in the form of a kakemono, and mounted as a panel. The painting portrays the Lohan in a state of exalted meditation.

Courtesy of C. H. Ludington

of Chinese art quite separate from that other current which had a philosophical basis and reached its highest expression in the majestic landscapes of the Sung, Yüan and Ming periods. By the days of Sung, the dynasty ruling from 960 to 1280, a more purely Chinese type became prevalent in China. High cheek bones and slanting eyes are seen, as in our portrait, thought to be that of Pih Shi Ch'ang (from the Metropolitan Museum) and in the delightful panel of women weaving silk, which belongs to the Boston Museum. Next came the Mongol conqueror, Kublai Khan, who established the Yüan dynasty in 1280, a line which lasted until 1368. These war lords were not inimical to the arts, but they preferred the bold spirit and gay color of the rugged northern school in contrast with the paintings of the southern artists, which were more contemplative and were done in monochrome or softer colors. The head of the Buddha from the Metropolitan Museum illustrates the infusion of a new type and has a ruggedness of aspect which belongs to the period. In the Ming days, China was dominated by a people not un-European in appearance, like the Manchu lady and the scholar whose portraits are shown here. Their faces are long and rather pointed, the man is tall, while the lady has a certain haunting familiarity which makes her seem to be possibly some wizened little aristocrat from France or Italy, or perhaps our own New England. The Ming period lasted until 1644, when the Ch'ing dynasty was ushered in, to end in our own day. The type then became the one with which we are most familiar, with broad, rather flat faces, slanting eyes and characteristic high cheek bones.

SEA-SHORE, ATTRIBUTED TO HSU CHING; SUNG DYNASTY
Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art



MOUNTAIN LANDSCAPE; EARLY MING DYNASTY

The landscapes which accompany this article have been chosen to illustrate certain qualities which the Chinese value, qualities which are easily appreciated as well by Occidental eyes. Landscape was always a favored subject from earliest times and was never forced to serve a long bondage as a background for figures, as in our own case. To the Chinese it was always something of the universe in miniature, full of a symbology at once intricate and pliant which is far too elaborate to be more than touched on here. Matter and spirit, represented from earliest times by the tiger and the dragon, by mountains and clouds, have always played an inseparable part in the perfect unity into which the Chinese fit all things, seen and unseen. Men and animals, birds, rocks and flowers, were the ever changing expressions of the one great current of life. Consequently landscape, which contained all these, was satisfying to these painter-philosophers and occupied the attention of the loftiest minds. In the "Mountain Landscape," which dates from the early days of the Ming dynasty, there is the repose and majesty which the Chinese loved. This picture invites you

to set your spirit free to be played upon by the grandeur of its lofty solitudes. "Autumnal Grove," attributed to T'ang, has a quality of rhythmic balance which is very fine. The eye is led up along the curve which begins at the base of the picture,

and birds. "Wintry Landscape" is shown, not because it is one of a type of Chinese paintings but because it is so unlike the majority of them. Its painter did not care in the least about swaying feelings, but perhaps he knew how he would dazzle



PORTRAIT OF PIH SHI CH'ANG; SUNG DYNASTY

Courtesy Metropolitan Museum of Art

is carried over to the right with the jutting crags and then swept back again to perfect balance with the topmost peak. The little landscape, "Sea Shore," whose shape shows that it was made for a fan, exemplifies the power of suggestion of which the Chinese were capable. The mountain outline contains the germ of the impression of the retreating and ascending form, drawing itself away from the trees and rocks and infinitesimal men in the foreground and offering its summit to the pines

the spectator with his rapid, darting brush strokes, his seemingly hit-or-miss scattering of ink and his well considered effect. There is a remarkable feeling of motion, or rather of two motions opposed to each other and so achieving balance. The mountain peak seems to be about to topple over, the tree fairly springs up to catch it, and so is made the adjustment which results in the required repose. Yet this is not the static peace of the Ming "Mountain Landscape," but a balance in

which two warring elements counteract each other.

The small portion of a hand-roll by Shen Chou represents a vast family of Chinese subjects which room prevents us from illustrating but which have been a particular source of delight to the Chinese. These are birds, flowers, insects and other of the smaller forms of life for which they seem to have a particular love. This long roll, of which only half is shown here, is full of movement, of sunlight, of vibrating life portrayed by one who knew and loved it. It shows, too, the almost superhuman control which the Chinese master exercised over his brush. There is not only perfect control over the value of the different shades of black and gray, which results in the impression of interpenetrating light, but there is superb mastery of line and form, as seen in the slender legs of the pheasants and the lace-work of the reeds. The Chinese artist, when he was a master and not merely a very clever technician, as so many of them were, possessed to a most extraordinary degree the ability and the will to efface himself from his pictures. He did not go through life making his art an outlet for his personal reactions. He did not force his emotion upon you in the form of a picture. He seems to have tried to induce emotion but not particularly to convey his own. He felt for what he painted,

lofty mountain or lily bud, a reverence which Fra Angelico granted to his madonnas, but in his air of detached consideration he has so far stood alone. There are a few among our modern artists who approximate this attitude, but with them it has been a reaction from the exuberant self-



HEAD, BUST OF BUDDHA, ATTRIBUTED TO YEN YIN, YÜAN DYNASTY

Courtesy of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

expression of their predecessors. Among the Chinese, religion and philosophy belittled the human personality and as a result their art reveals a sublimation of self which was part of the thought of a race.

Photographs not otherwise credited are used by courtesy of A. W. Babr



STEEL ENGRAVING BY JAMES D. SMILLIE FROM ALBERT BIERSTADT'S PAINTING "ROCKY MOUNTAINS"

AMERICAN SCENIC PRINTS

INTEREST in native landscape, with or without reference to the definite locality, has been an important factor in American art. In the Colonial period art was mainly limited to

portrait painting, but soon after our entry into nationhood there came a consciousness of our country's natural beauties, as well as a pride in its material development. Local pride then played its part, but while it was not yet the time for the expression of mood in landscape, as with our later painters, landscape for its own sake was depicted fairly soon. From the beginning, the efforts of our landscape painters were reproduced as prints for purposes of circulation, but the print makers produced also original work. The whole of this production forms an engrossing phase of our national art, a significant, if not a dramatic, side of our history, and it forms an alluring field for the student of cultural development as well as for the collector who prefers to have some special line.

Some of the earliest engravings were original compositions and not reproductions of paintings, which is not saying much. Tiebout's stipple engraving, "The Cascade, Luzerne County, Pennsylvania," seems dry enough, but it is a bit of landscape published more than a century ago. The

Development of landscape engraving among native artists makes interesting phase of nation's progress · by
Frank WEITENKAMPF

same is true of the line engraving "Falls of St. Anthony, Mississippi River," by Scoles. The list quickly increases: "Yeager's Lower Falls of Solomon's Creek," "Scenery on Connecticut

River," after A. Fisher, and "American Scenery," after Cole, both by G. B. Ellis, and so on. D. McN. Stauffer's *American Engravers* records many prints of a similar character.

With the second decade of the Nineteenth Century, aquatint, a process evidently suggested by wash drawings and suited to their reproduction, appeared in the *Philadelphia Portfolio*. F. Shallus turned out an indifferent "Landscape." Abner Reed, stipple engraver, brought out "Six Views in Aquatinta taken from Nature," (Hartford, 1810), and J. Drayton signed a "View near Bordentown," bravely colored by himself. In 1815 there was published in Baltimore a volume, *The Art of Colouring and Painting Landscapes in Water Colours*. By an Amateur, with ten hand-colored plates by William Strickland. Then came John Hill and W. J. Bennett from England in 1816. Through them we had a short, interesting period of aquatint practice. Among the works of Bennett are two pictures of Niagara Falls, a subject ever dear to print makers. Hill's name is notably



AN EARLY STEEL ENGRAVING

BY C. TIEBOUT

connected with the "Hudson River Portfolio" series engraved after W. G. Wall, an early tribute to the beauties of the Hudson, and with "Picturesque Views of American Scenery" (1819), after Joshua Shaw. J. R. Smith executed, indifferently enough, "Pawtucket Bridge and Falls" and "Catskill Mountain House" (1830), in which latter the appeal of natural surroundings and the hotel keeper's interests seem to have been fairly balanced. By about 1835 the vogue of aquatint passed, to be revived about sixty years later by artists such as J. D. Smillie, John Henry Hill and C. F. W. Mielatz. The medium is coming into use

again today and recovering its place in popular favor, as the records of sales galleries will testify.

As aquatint faded out of our graphic art, line engraving, fostered by the making of bank notes, brought to a larger public a knowledge of a noteworthy development in American painting. In those days before the Civil War, when many of our painters went abroad for subjects, others were painting American life, scenes and history. At first the locality of historical interest was likely to be chosen, as in T. Doughty's "The Battlefield of the Brandywine" and J. G. Chapman's "Yorktown Battleground." Yet quite early the beauty of

"SAND DUNES, VIRGINIA"

DRY POINT BY C. A. VANDERHOOF





STEEL ENGRAVING BY JOHN HILL

FROM A PAINTING BY W. G. WALL

nature for its own sake was sought, as in Doughty's "Mountain Stream," engraved by J. B. Neagle. Even city views, such as Peter Maverick's "New York City from New Jersey," after Wall, might be set in a picturesque landscape, the city seen in the distance. And as early as 1830 A. B. Durand was moved to issue *The American Landscape*, which lived through the first series of six plates. Imposing subjects were chosen, such as Niagara Falls by F. E. Church and the Rocky Mountains by Thomas Hill, Thomas Moran, and Albert Bierstadt, whose "Rocky Mountains" was engraved in 1864 by James D. Smillie—the latter's *magnum opus*, illustrated herewith—but the quieter aspects of the East were not overlooked, and so there were engraved "Dover Plains" by Huntington, "Lake Mahopac" and "Mount Washington" by J. F. Kensett, "Forest Life: Encampment on the Penobscott" by A. F. Bellows and similar views. Of the painters of the time, Samuel

Isham wrote, "They had a great personal delight in the American country," and in such a spirit Thomas Cole painted the Catskills, not with a moral and allegorical intent as in his large canvases such as his "Voyage of Life," but apparently for the sheer love of it. A. B. Durand noted the beauties of panoramic stretches in the White Mountains. Then there were J. W. Casilear, Daniel Huntington, David Johnson, James M. and William Hart, S. R. Gifford, Jervis McEntee, A. D. Shattuck, W. L. Sonntag, J. B. Bristol and others who sang of the beauties of our land with devotion. In the final years of the old Academy building in

New York, at Fourth Avenue and Twenty-third Street, the canvases of the last of these men were still to be seen in the annual exhibitions.

With this ending of a period, the fresh impulse of youthful inspiration turned into the habitual gesture of a mood repeated by rote. The sight of this passing of a phase of our art into the rut of age possibly increased the tendency to mention the "Hudson River School"

with light-hearted and often thoughtless depreciation. But that "school" had a healthy intent and a cultural influence. Its significance has been made clear by W. B. McCormick and others. Two instances, amusing yet not without weight, show the wide interest of the period in our natural scenery. These are the pictures painted on New York's horse-drawn stages, seen as late as the eighties in the last century, and those on the canisters for tea and other products preserved but a few years ago in a branch of a metropolitan grocery firm.

WOOD ENGRAVING BY ELBRIDGE KINGSLEY AFTER A PAINTING
BY GEORGE INNESS

This spirit and the achievement in art which it produced reached an extended public through steel engravings, large and small. Durand, Smillie and R. Hinshelwood were among those who signed these translations into black and white. The landscape element in book illustration likewise was supplied by steel engraving, in volumes such as W. C. Richards' *Georgia Illustrated in a Series of Views Engraved on Steel* by Rawdon, Wright, Hatch and Smillie, from Sketches . . .



"LANDSCAPE"

LITHOGRAPH BY ARTHUR B. DAVIES

by T. Addison Richards (1842). Among such gift books, "elegant ornaments of the drawing-room table," there appeared in 1847 two devoted to Greenwood and Auburn cemeteries, with "highly finished" plates drawn and in part engraved by Smillie. Examples of this vogue illustrate the *National Gallery of American Landscape*, published in New York by W. Pate & Co. They were engraved by Smillie, Hinshelwood, H. S. Beckwith, Pease, Wellstood and others. More mechanical was the work in *Picturesque America* (New York, 1874) by S. V. Hunt, Hinshelwood, Wellstood and others after Bierstadt, Church, Bellows and Kensett. This book also contained illustrations in wood engravings made after drawings by Harry Fenn, J. D. Woodward and Thomas Moran.

Such excellent engravings in *Picturesque America* as Annin's "Walls of the Grand Cañon," after Moran, foreshadowed our "golden age" of wood engraving, which came soon with the "new school" of engravers. This "school" developed excellent craftsmen who reproduced paintings by both old and modern masters. Examples are "Dartmouth Moors" by J. P. Davies after R. S. Gifford, and Elbridge Kingsley's "Dreams of Misty Evening" after D. W. Tryon. Kingsley translated also J. Francis Murphy and George Inness, the

latter's "Niagara" being an "experiment in color," or color printing. The sea-coast of Maine as seen by Winslow Homer was reproduced by William Miller. Several of these engravers felt the urge toward original expression, among them being Kingsley, Henry Wolf, Victor Bernstrom, F. S. King, W. B. Closon, Frank French and W. G. Watt. More often than not that urge led them to the quiet corner, the secluded spot. Kingsley, by the way, furnished Whitter's *Poems of Nature* with illustrations "engraved direct from nature." J. W. Evans was another of these artists.

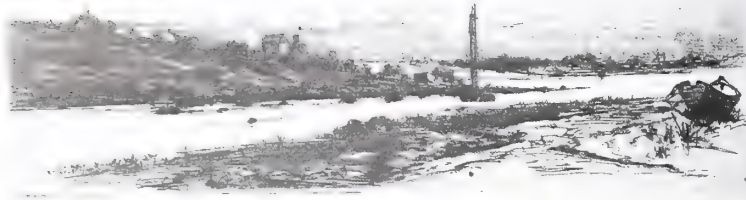
Today the wood-cut is much in evidence, but in different spirit and technique. The older men filled the spaces with lines to indicate tone and local color. The newer men give suggestion instead

"SOLITUDE"

LITHOGRAPH BY THOMAS MORAN



of finish, with decorative placing of line and space. They do not insist on the precise spot. The landscape serves to express a mood or to display pleasure in technique. A. W. Dow's Ipswich prints are, in his own words, "simple color themes." Gustave Baumann presents blossoming trees and other chromatic glories with more realism. J. J. Lankes reduces the appeal of everyday surroundings as in "The Poplars," "The Knoll" and "Mill Race Road" to a simplicity of line in harmony with the subject. He works in



"RIVERDALE, CAPE ANN"

ETCHING BY STEPHEN PARRISH

black-and-white, as does Birger Sandzen, who swings western scenes into big decorative lines. In all these modern woodcuts the landscape is simplified into linear summariness and the personal point of view of the artist dominates them.

Parallel with the development of steel engraving, lithography served humbler needs. The collector may look up *Scenery of the White Mountains, with sixteen plates from drawings by Isaac Sprague. By Wm. Oakes*, issued by B. W. Thayer & Co., of Boston, in 1848, or he may turn up the silvery gray landscapes which John Cheney drew on the stone. Most of the lithographs were issued singly and generally in colors. Currier & Ives most frequently appeared as publishers. For years the old firm was the chief purveyor of portraits, historical scenes, caricatures, sporting pictures and views. It put out Mrs. Frances F. Palmer's "Summer Morning," a picture of children in a copse, picking flowers; her "View in Long Island" (1857), a farmyard scene; her "Mill River Scenery" and "View on the Rondout." There evidently was a market then for pictures singing the praises of out-of-doors. Other drawings on stone were of wild or romantic places familiar by name, "Lake of the Dismal Swamp," "Echo Lake, White Mountains"; "Mountain Pass, Sierra Nevada" and "Yosemite Valley, California: The Bridal Veil" (1866), the last two by the assiduous Mrs. Palmer. Much earlier than these pictures and much better in drawing was "Hackettstown" (1845), a view of a



"THE MILL FEED"

DRY POINT BY THOMAS R. MANLEY

village in Pennsylvania done by John W. Hill, son of the aquatinter, John Hill, and father of John Henry Hill. In the next decade there were issued two large drawings, "Taghanic Fall" (1854) by D. Glasgow and "Cattskill Falls" by Charles Parsons, with a swing that recalls Calame and J. D. Harding. Boyhood memories bring up also a gracefully executed view of the Hudson from Fort Lee, New Jersey, with New York City beyond, done by C. Gildemeister in 1851.

Then came the "painter-lithographer." Moran carried the suave vigor of his canvases into drawings on stone such as "Solitude" and the wildly picturesque "South Shore of Lake Superior" (1869). In strong contrast were J. Foxcroft Cole's "Pastorals," full of a quiet charm. These two artists found no imitators for years. Then H.

Bolton Jones drew one lithograph, "The Banks of a River." Within the last year or two Bolton Brown, in his experiments in lithographic printing, has produced several rural scenes in delicate tones. Line drawing in crayon serves Sears Gallagher to present similarly simple subjects. There also is A. B. Davies, an ardent experimenter, whose landscapes in lithogra-

phy are as impersonal as his figures, having no suggestion of any known place. Variety, then, there is here also in these modern lithographs, and a tendency toward expression of a mood rather than illustration of a place.

The steel engravings were reproductions of paintings. The lithographs from first to last were made more or less directly from nature. So one passes to the "original" or "painter" etching, the etching made by the artist himself. Etching had its first strong impulse in this country fifty years ago, and here, again, interest in the natural beauties of America was emphasized. The magnificent sweep of western mountain scenery was rendered with "nervous vitality" by Moran; the serener aspects of Long Island, by his wife, Mary Nimmo Moran. Long Island was the theme also

of the late Dr. Charles H. Miller's enthusiasm. The Housatonic figured in etchings by Kruseman Van Elten and J. H. Hill; the coast of New England, in those of R. Swain Gifford, Dr. Leroy M. Yale and Mrs. Edith Loring Getchell. Stephen Parrish lingered along the Schroon or the Delaware or elsewhere in Pennsylvania. Smillie found inspiration for his etching, aquatint and mezzotint on the coast of Virginia or at Raquette Lake. Aquatint served Hill for his "Moonlight on the Androscoggin" and, delightfully applied, for his "Niagara." Again, there was the landscape of a character not to be fitted into the alphabet of the gazetteer, serving simply as a vehicle for the mood, as in Henry Farrer's unpretentious evening scenes and later in Mielatz's "Winter Night." Slightly preceding this little group came A. W. Warren's modest little landscapes with the good etching qualities of simplicity and reticence. Here, as in painting, the attraction of the *paysage intime* to the artist became more evident.

Succeeding years brought Charles A. Platt, with succulent dry-points of water-side woods; C. A. Vanderhoof, with similar richness of statement, and Thomas R. Manley, who helped us to appreciate the peculiar attraction of the swampy meadows of the Hackensack. J. Alden Weir's excursions into print-land were marked by a spirit of experimentation that ever avoided the slick recipe and calls for study of the artist's intent. J. H. Twachtman similarly echoed his

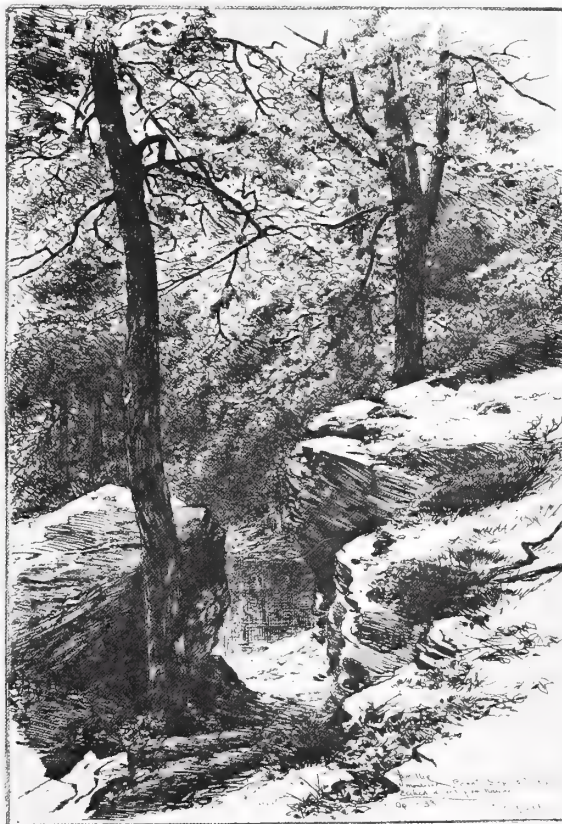


"GARDINER'S BAY"

BY MARY NIMMO MORAN

delicate impressions of light and color. With these two the locality receded before technical and artistic problems. C. F. W. Mielatz, although probably best known by his pictures of New York City, did landscape bits such as the aquatint "Winter Night," a scene not limited by geographical restrictions.

In recent years the number of artists who use printing in its various forms as a medium has grown as has the number of painters and of those who interpret the world by other means, and to attempt to list them and their works and to show their influence on art would be an almost endless task. It is interesting, however, to trace the spirit of our earlier days of print making when our artists had all the zest of discovery in our own land, for when all is said—and seen—it becomes



"MONTROSE"

ETCHING BY JAMES D. SMILLIE

more evident than ever that this matter of landscape in America is, after all, a phase in our history of mental and spiritual culture.

English ART in LUSTRE WARE

CHICAGO's international exhibition in 1893 and that at St. Louis eleven years later familiarized a few among discerning buyers of furnishings and decorations for the home in

America with the perfections of body and color that even then had been attained in modern lustre pottery. In those days, however, the demand for these masterpieces of the British painter and potter was extremely limited. In England then, as in the United States, the interest of the public in design, and also of most of those who catered to its needs in furniture, fabrics, wall-papers, hardware and pottery, was confined mainly to debased classical forms and highly ornate but misplaced decorative details embodied in a medley of so-called period styles. The public was not familiar with the new trend in color and decorative design that Walter Crane, Lewis F. Day, William Morris and their virile associates in the Arts and Crafts movement in England were endeavoring to incorporate into such products and which was later to make itself felt in lustre pottery and tiles. Consequently the sale of lustre pottery was restricted chiefly to artists and connoisseurs in ceramics.

Simultaneous with this British artistic renaissance, the efforts in another direction of the *Art Nouveau* movement in Europe and those of the later German Secessionists, the student of the decorative arts witnessed in the United States

Chemists and potters combine in producing glazes surpassing those of craftsmen of old . . . by

ARTHUR FINCH

European trained American architects and artists and a constant influx of Continental designers, through whose joint efforts the whole field of domestic and public architecture and the industrial arts dependent thereon was being slowly

toward the close of the first decade of the present century a growing appreciation of color, of sense of form and of good proportion in design. This was due largely to the courage and vision of

transformed. Then came the achievement of Louis Mullgardt in his architectural masterpiece, the Tower of the Ages, and those of color effected by Jules Guérin and his brilliant associates such as Frank Brangwyn in the mural paintings at the Panama-Pacific exhibition at San Francisco in 1915, quickening the public taste for color and line. Then after the war came the reaction of America's youth against the drabness of the devastating period in Europe. Color in the home—that was the demand that reverberated through the United States. This, in brief, is the explanation for the increasing demand for British lustre pottery reported from American shops today.

What, then, is this ware; what are its qualities and the technical processes of its

production? There are cardinal differences between true lustre and the imitative wares made a century ago and today in North Staffordshire and Yorkshire. The two main qualities that distinguish the former from the latter are in the surface



LARGE VASE DECORATED IN SILVER, RUBY AND PERSIAN LUSTRE

The design takes the form of the tree of life pattern with the serpent

texture and the color effects. These result from differences in the ingredients of the enamels, the manner of coating the biscuit—the ware as it is known after the first firing—the application of the lustre pigment, and the final firing. All pieces of the imitative lustre appear to have a plating on the surface, a characteristic even of the imitation *madre di perla*, the original ware of which, produced at Deruta in the middle Renaissance, possessed beauties that were acclaimed by Long-

seventy years ago the uncovering of their secrets was begun. First came the discovery of the receipt for the preparation and firing of Gubbio ware, the original of which receipt, republished in Rome in 1857, is now in the Victoria and Albert Museum in London. This ware, after receiving a coating of transparent lead glaze, was treated with the lustre pigment and then fired for the third and last time in a special furnace, dry broom being used for this purpose. Then in England William De Morgan



LEFT: VASE WITH LATIN INSCRIPTION AND ARABESQUE MOTIFS; SILVER LUSTRE ON A GRAY GROUND. CENTER: BOTTLE NECK VASE IN SILVER LUSTRE ON GRAY GROUND. RIGHT: TWO-HANDLED VASE IN SILVER LUSTRE ON BLUE GROUND

fellow in *Keramos*; of the purple “resist” ware; of the silver and gold lustre produced by the application of platinum or spirits of tar or gold chloride, some of which are excellent in themselves, or of the grosser metallic effects on the red body wares. In the true lustre ware, however, whether Persian, Renaissance or modern, the metal has been incorporated with the glaze in the muffle kiln so that the surface film produces an iridescent glow on the painted pattern. This is what the French call *à reflets métallique*. The lack of this reflective quality in the so-called lustre ware deadens the patterns and breaks the play of the color, rich as some of the golden hues are, while in the real lustre ware the glazes transform the surface with wonderful color effects that rival the myriad changes in the coming and the passing of the rainbow.

For centuries the lustre art of the ancients and that of the *Moyenage* lay in abeyance. Then about

began his long and trying experiments with glazes and enamels, which led finally to his achievements in lustre tiles, bowls, vases, pots and dishes. His triumphs were in the utilization of silver and copper by which he obtained ruby-red and yellow lustres, while in the Persian styles he produced fine dark blues, purples and greens and occasionally lemon yellow and Indian red. These lustre glazes are now produced successfully in the Moorcroft ware and by W. Howson Taylor, of the Ruskin Pottery. On the Continent the art of lustre decoration has been rejuvenated at Seville, Spain, by such men as Castan and Ros in their revival of Hispano-Moresque ware; at Florence, Italy, by Cantegalli; in France by Clement Massier and others and in Hungary by Zsolnay. With the work of all these men, however, little accurate knowledge has been obtained of the technical processes of the early products of the East and of

Spain and Italy. It is the modern chemist and his co-workers, as in the case of William Burton, who have mastered the theory of lustre technique by analyses of fragments that from time to time have been found in Persia, Egypt and elsewhere; by making constant experiments with glazes, and by testing the actions and reactions in the kiln so as to improve the management of the kiln itself. In the practical sphere, too, potters like Barnard Moore have achieved wonderful results with ruby-red lustre, while in the "Lancastrian" pottery the lustre pigments have achieved a success that exceeds that of the early Renaissance and Eastern pottery makers.

In these modern achievements in England, the makers of "Lancastrian" ware are pre-eminent. The Pilkington Tile and Pottery Company, Limited, of Clifton Junction, near Manchester, has been in the vanguard of the experimenters with glazes and has had the services of such designers and artists as the late Walter Crane, Lewis F. Day and Gordon M. Forsyth, the last of whom is art adviser to the British Pottery Manufacturers' Federation.

Consider, now, the lustred wares themselves, their intrinsic qualities of design and the processes by which the iridescent lustres are obtained. After the foundation body is prepared and while it is in the liquid or slip state, it is made plastic, when it passes to the thrower, who turns the shape on a revolving disc. Then, after drying, it is put into the biscuit oven. Here it is supported to prevent distortion by being bedded in the saggars or "setters," boxes and pans of fire-clay which are piled in the kiln. After being subjected to firing until it is rough to the touch, it is drawn. It is then that it is covered with the glaze composition, in the production and also in the application of which special skill and care are required. Afterward the piece is put into the glaze kiln, from which it comes with all its delightful,

variegated grounds. Then, unless the treatment is in under-glaze colors or the design has been incised on the piece in the clay state, the artist outlines his design on the glazed surface and paints in the lustre pigment, components of gold, silver or copper mixed with the clay. Then comes the final

firing in the lustre kiln, the most difficult and complex operation of all. The piece is placed in a muffle kiln and fired in a reducing atmosphere as were the Persian lustre wares before the Thirteenth Century. When the kiln is at red heat, the lustre pigment is fired on the glaze, and at the full temperature—experience shows that this must not be too high or the lustre com-

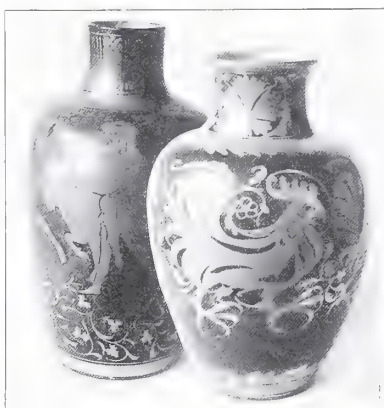
pound will fuse into the surface, being converted into a silicate that will form a non-metallic film—the kiln is filled with smoke. This smoking has the effect of reducing the oxide to the pure metal. The carbon in the smoke acting on the oxygen in the lustre pigment resolves it, the surface now being covered with a thin film of metal—gold, silver, copper or whatever it may be—that is incorporated with the glaze and radiates from the surfaces after the piece has been cooled, washed and polished. The making of true lustre ware has now been accomplished.

The individual pieces pictured herewith are representative of the wares of the Pilkington Tile and Pottery Company, the artist responsible for their shapes and painted enrichments being Mr. Forsyth. Mr. Forsyth gives evidence of having not only a thorough

knowledge of historic ornament but also a fine decorative sense and feeling for appropriate pattern in the shapes that he decorates. While most of his shapes are Chinese, Eastern or Italian, he confines himself to no one mode of decorative treatment. Mythology, history, the arts of the past and those of the present—all contribute to his repertoire of designs for glazing, and he has as great versatility in technique as in subject.



LEFT: VASE IN SILVER, RUBY AND APRICOT LUSTRE. CENTER: VASE IN SILVER AND RUBY LUSTRE ON BLUE GROUND. RIGHT: COVERED JAR IN SILVER LUSTRE ON GREEN GROUND.



LEFT: VASE IN SILVER AND RUBY LUSTRE ON COBALT BLUE GROUND. RIGHT: VASE IN SILVER LUSTRE ON GREEN GROUND.



"AUTUMN"

by

Walter Ufer

Courtesy of the Milch Galleries



"INDIAN CORN"

BY WALTER UFER

WALTER UFER—*Painter of Indians*

J. FRANCIS MURPHY once said that an artist had to "come out three times in his career" before he could be considered to have "arrived," and that the approbation of his last appearance by artists

and the art public was necessary to establish his permanent position. Walter Ufer has passed the first two periods and is now working toward the third. Whether he will reach the heights of the great ones whose art has had decades to prove its worth is still a matter of conjecture. But the sure and steady growth of his work, its individuality and strength, are strong factors in his favor. And, if it bears no relation to anything that has gone before; if it is personal to a point where explanation has often been necessary; if it betrays independence of thought that has yet certain spiritual aspects, it is the reflection of a temperament that in every way betrays the qualities of a born

Romance of the boy who drew portraits in school and later attained a leading place in art . . . by
LULA MERRICK

artist, thoroughly in keeping with his character and the events that have moulded his career. Never was there an artist who has made a braver fight against stern odds, facing and overcoming the keenest discour-

agements and disappointments, sacrificing, working and suffering for his ideals. The romance entwined about his life is as interesting as his pictures of the Pueblo Indians that are gaining him his place on the third rung of the ladder of fame upon which he is so evenly balanced.

Walter Ufer was born in Louisville, Kentucky, in 1876. There was nothing in the city of his birth to foster art talent, for it was a slow, easy going place distinctly Southern in character, and filled with people of refined tastes who would have been willing to encourage art had there been any to assume interest in. When the embryo artist, then six years old and a pupil in a public school,



"GOING EAST"

BY WALTER UFER

was observed to be busily engaged in making pencil sketches of his schoolmates in the fly-leaves of their primers, his teacher brought him to the attention of the principal, W. O. Cross, who saw immediately that Ufer had a gift for drawing. The principal asked Ufer to draw something on the blackboard. The little lad, not knowing what else to do, drew a portrait of the principal himself that held so much of his character that he was amazed. "What do you want to be when you grow up?" asked Mr. Cross, and young Walter replied, "An artist." Mr. Cross and his little protégé became fast friends, the principal advising and guiding him and reminding him too of the hard work and difficulties ahead if he would accomplish his ambition. He listened to all Mr. Cross told him, practising drawing every moment he could find. And soon he was made useful in the school by being sent to the various class rooms making drawings of maps, birds, animals and plants on blackboards for the teachers.

About this time, however, his father who was an accomplished goldsmith and an artisan of talent, met such reverses that the boy was obliged to earn money to help with his living expenses. He entered the employ of the local gas company as a "lamp-lighter" and became self supporting while still wearing knee-breeches.

He even managed to save something toward his future education. Presently he began his studies with a former pupil of Meissonier who gave lessons on Sunday mornings. He learned to draw from nature in pen and ink and later from casts, paying for his tuition, in addition to his board at home, out of his earnings. He became ambitious to paint in color; his father shared his hopes, even promising to send him to an art school when his scholastic education was completed. Ufer was preparing to enter high school, when fate, in the meeting of a kind-hearted citizen of Louisville, changed his purpose. Seeing the boy's drawings, this man gave him a letter of introduction to

one of the city's most important lithographing houses and used his influence with it to give him a chance as an apprentice so that he could learn and practise that phase of art. He was accepted on the quality of his drawings, and with high hopes of now making more money with which to go forward in his art he entered upon a business career. Alas for his dreams, he found that his employers cared nothing for his talents; they used him as an errand boy and, as he says, "a watch dog, stone grinder and everything else."

In 1893 he had enough money to go to Chicago to see the World's Fair. It was his first opportunity to see real pictures, paintings and sculptures. The trip opened up a new world to him. He realized the universe abounded in wonderful people who painted, modeled and composed fine music. He yearned to know them and to learn from them. The intensity of his nature is shown by the fact that when he returned to Louisville after those few weeks of greedily devouring the great works of art he had seen, of studying, planning and hoping with all the force of a highly nervous temperament and an imaginative soul, he had a high fever and was obliged to go to bed for several weeks. The hopelessness of ever reaching his goal because of the meagerness of the means at his disposal, almost broke down his



"SUN SPOTS"

BY WALTER UFER



"THE DAUGHTER"

BY WALTER UFER



"DON PEDRO DE TAOS"

BY WALTER UFER

nervous system and might very well have ended tragically had not fate again intervened in his behalf. This time the savior of the situation was the head designer in the lithographing plant who had taught him lettering and designing in his spare moments and who had resigned his position and gone back to his home in Hamburg, Germany, where he had bought a lithographing business. When success came to him he sent for young Ufer and offered him a position with the privilege of studying under him and of attending the Applied Art School at night. To the boy, now seventeen, the offer seemed like Heaven opening to him. But here again money was in question. Go he would, but how? At length he was able to borrow a small amount which enabled him to start for Germany, going in the steerage.

Arrived in Hamburg his new life began. He worked all day and studied at night and in less than a year he struck out for himself as a traveling

lithographic journeyman through Germany, designing in water colors and on the stone and learning much in each of the cities he visited. After two years of these experiences he settled in Dresden where he made as high as two hundred and forty marks a week (then about sixty dollars). He liked the people and they liked him, they called him affectionately "the little American." He entertained them with stories of America and although he had seen but little of his native land, he was able at least to interest them by convincing them that fables of Indians scampering about in the back-yards of city residences were false. When he had saved enough money he retired from his trade and gave all of his time to studying in the Royal Academy of Fine Arts in Dresden. He made friends among the intellectual classes and men of the army, and was

even admitted to the round table in the Café Koenig. When funds ran low he worked for a time at his lithographing trade. He spent three years in this manner, when, at the pleadings of his mother, he decided to return to America.

Ufer returned to Louisville, five years after he had left it, without a dollar to his name. America was then at war with Spain. Art, especially in the kind of work Ufer offered, was not saleable, for it was of modern tendency and every one said that his pictures were "too rough and unfinished." So in his home city he had to face another bitter disappointment. In Dresden he was credited with exceptional talent, in America he was not even taken seriously. His reception nearly broke his heart and he would have gone back to Europe if he had had the money necessary for his passage. The owner of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*, who remembered him as a little boy who sold the *Journal* in the streets, saw his sketches and offered him a place

in the art department of the paper. He remained with the *Journal* two years, during which time he had paid off all his debts and had the sum of fifteen dollars for his capital. With this he went to Chicago where he soon obtained a position as designer in one of the leading designing establishments with which he had contracted to remain three years. Meanwhile, he entered the J. Francis Smith school where he became a night pupil. This school was affiliated with the Academie Julien in Paris. Work of the students was sent over for criticism and in competition. Ufer won a prize every month and finally M. Julien wrote asking him to come to Paris. At the end of a year he had won the gold medal and was asked to join the faculty, which he agreed to do, conducting evening classes.

It was not until 1914 that Ufer received his first public recognition. After his return from Europe, where he went in 1911 visiting Sweden, Denmark, Italy and France, always studying the masters of each country, he returned to America and took up his residence in Taos, New Mexico, where he has since lived among the Pueblo Indians, whom he has painted with sincerity and knowledge of character.

He does not interest himself with affecting to copy his models in realistic aspect but rather uses them for the purpose of weaving beautiful designs, for it is conceded that his patterns are a most integral part of his work. Yet character deep and sincere is always reflected in his paintings. He paints the Pueblo Indians at their daily tasks, their religious ceremonies, recreations and in every natural undertaking that marks their lives. Force and decision are reflected in all that he does and the supreme spirit that gave him power to seek and find the means for an art education in the face of extreme difficulties is the keynote to the character of his work as it has been to his own life. Composition, balance, remarkable effect of light and shade, knowledge of values and an



"HUNGER"

BY WALTER UFER

adaptability for simplifying things are the technical qualities that prove him to be worthy of his fast growing reputation. But there is something infinitely more than technical acquirement in his latest work; there is vision, a deep insight into the human soul and the power to record with directness and simplicity the emotions which nature has stirred within him. He is constantly on the alert for subjects and records every detail that he thinks will be found necessary to the completion of a picture, going about always with a sketch book in his hand ready to catch any slight point that will add to his compositions. Every day he may be seen driving about Taos in his car with his beloved Airedale as his companion, talking to the Indians, gaining their confidence and learning their habits. His art consumes him; he talks it, lives it and works for it every minute of the day, and with the tenacity of purpose that is an integral part of himself, his deep sincerity, rare intelligence and hard-won knowledge, it will scarcely be said that the line is drawn too far when prediction is made for his future greatness. He has already received many honors, among them the Temple gold medal at a recent exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy.

Photographs by courtesy of the Milch Galleries

A Ticket for the Moulin Rouge



"M. LOYAL AND THE CIRQUE FERNANDO"

BY HENRI DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC

Courtesy of Paul Rosenberg, Paris

*Canvases were often the
medium of exchange among
the painters of Montmartre
and proprietors of cabarets
and restaurants*

HENRI DE TOULOUSE-LAUTREC, whose paintings were admitted to the Louvre last year and to whom a museum has since been given at his native town of Albi, depicted the demi-monde in the early days of the third Republic as Gavarni painted that of the second Empire. Beyond this the comparison does not hold good, for Gavarni was a little master, although perfect as such, while Lautrec was a master, simply.

The painting illustrated here portrays M. Loyal, famous manager and ring master of the Cirque Fernando. In its way this is an historic picture, in the same sense that Renoir's "Moulin de la Galette" is. For a long time it hung at the foot of the big staircase in the Moulin Rouge, having as a companion picture the celebrated "La Quadrille," also by Toulouse-Lautrec, portraying la Goulue and Valentin le Désossé, both familiar dancers at this establishment. The painter gave both of these canvases to the owner of the cabaret, M. Oller, in exchange for a season ticket.

Adapting BEAUTY to BUSINESS

*Suite of rooms in New York
bank combines dignity
and charm*

BELOW: ENTRANCE HALL OF THE OFFICERS' SUITE
AMERICAN EXCHANGE NATIONAL BANK

The English Tudor door of oak is the decorative key of this entrance hall, its effect being carried up by the vaulted ceiling in stone and the wrought-iron lantern. The oak cabinet and the old English gilt console table add to the impression of graceful solidarity.



ABOVE: THE PRESIDENT'S ROOM

An example of the stateliest Italian decorative style is reflected here in the walnut walls, the painted and polychromed wooden ceiling, the Levanto marble doorway trim and the beautifully inlaid walnut floor. The walnut furniture is covered with velvet and the draperies are of gold and blue brocade.



WITH the growth of civilization man's reaction to the appeal of beauty quickens, as may be well illustrated by recalling the meagre and unbeautiful furnishings of European homes in the Dark Ages and through the period of the Renaissance from its comparatively simple beginnings to the crowning splendor of its ultimate magnificence. This change came slowly and was significant of the life of the times, but it has always been noticeable that as the wealth of a people grew, appre-



THE LIMESTONE FIREPLACE IN THE DIRECTORS' ROOM

The overmantel of this fireplace is an exquisite example of modern craftsmanship in the carving of the heraldic design in the centre panel and in the other ornamentation. It is of oak, chestnut brown in color, with a fine patina.

ciation of beauty was so quickened that change and growth fell into markedly shorter periods, from centuries to scores of years. In our own time and in our own cities we have seen buildings transformed from the most austere façades to those full of the spirit of the Romanesque, Classic, Renaissance and Gothic styles. In common with this the interiors of our

business buildings have been transmuted from a loft-like aridity and "early General Grant" black walnut furnishing to apartments reflecting the rich and varied aspects of the new exteriors. Nothing could better illustrate this change than the photographs reproduced herewith of a suite of offices in the American Exchange National Bank, New York.



THE DIRECTORS' ROOM

With its plaster ceiling, dark oak paneling and leaded windows, the early English effect sought for in the design of this room is happily achieved. The conception is enriched by the Sixteenth Century table, the old English brown leather chairs, the electroliers in pewter and gilt, adapted from an old model, and the hangings of red brocatelle of the Seventeenth Century. The plaster frieze was modeled by hand.

RIGHT: DOOR OPENING FROM THE ENTRANCE HALL INTO THE DIRECTORS' ROOM

A superb example of contemporary wood carving. The door is carved from a solid piece of oak.



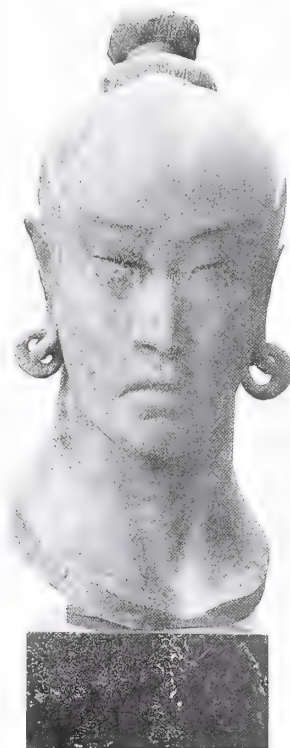
Photographs by courtesy of P. W. French & Company decorators of the suite.

Swiecinski—Sculptor and Potter

*Polish artist, familiar exhibitor
at the salons, excels in marble,
bronze and clay*



PORTRAIT OF DENYS AMIEL
BY CLÉMENT DE SWIECINSKI



RIGHT: JAPANESE ACTOR, BRONZE
BY CLÉMENT DE SWIECINSKI

ONE of the notable features of the salons in recent years is the fact that so large a proportion of the finest exhibits have come from the hands of Polish and Czech artists. Particularly is this true of sculpture, a field in which the Slavic artists have excelled. Clément de Swiecinski is one of the men whose work is familiar to visitors at the Salon de la Nationale and the Salon d'Automne. He was represented last year at the latter salon by a large statue of Moses and a portrait of the playwright Denys Amiel, one of whose comedies is soon to be played in the United States.

Swiecinski as a sculptor has a great deal of imagination and remarkable technical ability, as the examples of his work pictured on this page show. He is also a potter and, in his workshop in the Pyrenees, makes jars, vases and small statues that are beautifully formed and of excellent quality.



"JEUNE FILLE BASQUE"
BY CLÉMENT DE SWIECINSKI

Théophile Robert—Reactionary

THEORETICALLY, realist art should, one thinks, above all be accurate, while idealist art might have some excuse should it fail of strict veracity. But theory is often contradicted by

practice, especially where art, so refractory to rules, is concerned. Therefore we often find the idealist, also called the classic, artist, more closely observant of life and nature than the realist, who, when not actually a romantic, is an offshoot of Romanticism. Precisely the same paradox occurs between Prud'hon or Ingres and Courbet or Millet, let us say, as between, roughly speaking, the pre-Rembrandts and the post-Rembrandts. Quintin Matsys is, while more imaginative, more completely faithful to nature than is Frans Hals. Puvis de Chavannes is a greater draughtsman than Carrière. And there are other instances.

About the fidelity of photography there should be no doubt, yet it can, on occasion, be very unreal. Light does not only reveal, it also betrays,

*Having passed through the
Cubist influence, French-
man becomes the prophet of
a new-old order . . . by*
Muriel GIOLKOWSKA

and the artists who have built their art on it are much like unto the man who built his house, instead of on rock, on sand. Light is a factor of which use is to be made, not one to which art

should be subject. However, the method, whether stressing line and form or light and shadow, whether recording the permanent or the fugitive, whether closed or open, light or loose, has nothing to do with fundamentals. It is superposed on a more deep-lying principle. The sleek and polished paint of Ingres could be enormously real; Bouguereau's wax never was. Millet's ruggedness neither contributes to nor detracts from his verisimilitude; Monticelli's reliefs add nothing to his fantasy. This one, like Lautrec, emphasizes his outlines, and they are not obtrusive; Carrière effaces them and yet they are "there." The method is not the key. It is only the lock. Ingres was wont to tell his pupils to think for themselves. I heard Monet say the other day that only second-rate painters

"THE APPLE GATHERERS"

BY THÉOPHILE ROBERT





"COMPOSITION"

could make good teachers, because, added he, "what can a good painter say but 'Do as I do,' and this he should not say." In the ellipsis of this phrase there is a world of meaning for those pursuing fame, for a million paths lead to art and for each adept one is lying in wait, but he must seek it out for himself. Consequently we find the term of artistic probation varying according to individual natures and the facilities they meet. Some grope long, then, suddenly, having changed their guide or method, their style looms up before them like a signpost. Henceforth they have their path.

Years long Théophile Robert studied at the École des Beaux

Arts and in the academies. Being gifted with the clairvoyance which accompanies talent, he realized to his great disappointment that he was not making

headway and so forsook his teachers and retired into himself, also into the Louvre, whither the "professors" of twenty years ago did not encourage their pupils to resort. I, myself, perfectly remember a *cicerone* of this order blaming a student for excessive familiarity with the old masters. "You copy their style," he said reproachfully, as though youth could do anything better, but he no doubt thought an exclusive diet of his weekly "correction" and the fumbings of the fellow novices were



"THE SPANISH SHAWL"

BY THÉOPHILE ROBERT



STUDY FOR "AFTER BATHING"

BY THÉOPHILE ROBERT



"COMPOSITION"

BY THÉOPHILE ROBERT

sufficient and more suitable. These students were never taken to the galleries, not even into the open. No technical notions were given to them, except of the most rudimentary and even erroneous order; they were scarcely initiated into the mysteries of materials and tools, while the science of light and color was totally ignored. They were told most often what not to do, and that was a programme in conformity with the prevailing knowledge. In

revelation as to the distinction between Classicism and Academism. The importance of technical knowledge and accomplishment became clear to him. He acquired the conviction to which he has held ever since, and with growing fervor, that to be a good painter it is first and foremost essential to be a good artisan. Was it not for the acquisition of craftsmanship that the lords of Quattrocentist Italy sent to Brussels the students in whom they



"AFTER BATHING" (*Salon d'Automne, 1922*)

BY THÉOPHILE ROBERT

some cases, it must be admitted, there was a certain thoroughness within the very restricted field covered in the course of instruction.

Such was, with the exception of Gustave Moreau's, the much-vaunted artistic training dispensed in Paris twenty years ago and to which Robert fell a victim. It should be granted that elsewhere it was no better and, for want of the same stimulating environment and tradition, in most cases it was somewhat worse.

In the course of his retreat Robert had his

were interested for a term of apprenticeship under Roger Van der Weyden, considered the supreme technician of his day, as he is of ours? Robert attached himself to the study of the Italian, as also of the French primitives, notably Fouquet, but his enthusiasm was principally for Poussin, the Le Nains, Chardin, Corot, Ingres and David. In this he followed a family tradition for his great-uncle, Léopold Robert, had studied under David. It was in Rome, whither he went in 1818 and where he stayed more than ten years, that the

great-uncle painted the pictures of robbers in Italian prisons, of fishermen, of peasants, of Roman customs and costumes which at that time became celebrated all over Europe. Théophile Robert's father is also a painter, well known in his own country, for the Roberts are of French-Swiss stock, from the town of Neuchâtel, where the last representative of this artist-dynasty was born in 1879 to carry on the traditions of the family.

notably the portraits, are pure of "system." An artist who has submitted to this disciplinarian treatment for a short spell has no reason to regret it—if he has personality enough to take and to leave. In the case of a man like Robert it proves an inquiring mind, and as such a one is ever on the alert for discoveries conducive to the progress of his evolution, M. Robert is at the present moment puzzling out the geometrical plan on which, so he



"NUDE"

BY THÉOPHILE ROBERT

Through the *salons* and minor shows in Paris, where he resides, Robert is not the only swallow annunciative of the classical renaissance, which is more often preached than genuinely practised. He is, however, among the best inspired prophets in the movement. Like others of his reactionary contemporaries he has been in the grip of cubist influence, but traces of this not insalubrious schooling are gradually disappearing from his work. They still brand some of his larger compositions, but the smaller,

"L'ITALIENNE"
BY THÉOPHILE ROBERT



holds, were established the masterpieces of yore, more particularly those of his one especial idol, Raphael. When he has found it, he will have made a contribution to the principles underlying his own art which may have some visible effect on the work that comes from his hand. What else he may gain from studios contact with the paintings of the genius of Urbino remains also for the future to disclose, for none surpassed Raphael in versatility of style and in him were embodied the excellencies of the other masters among whom he was so outstanding a figure.

A Portrait by an American Master



PORTRAIT OF DAKOTA W. R. BALDRY BY FRANK DUENECK

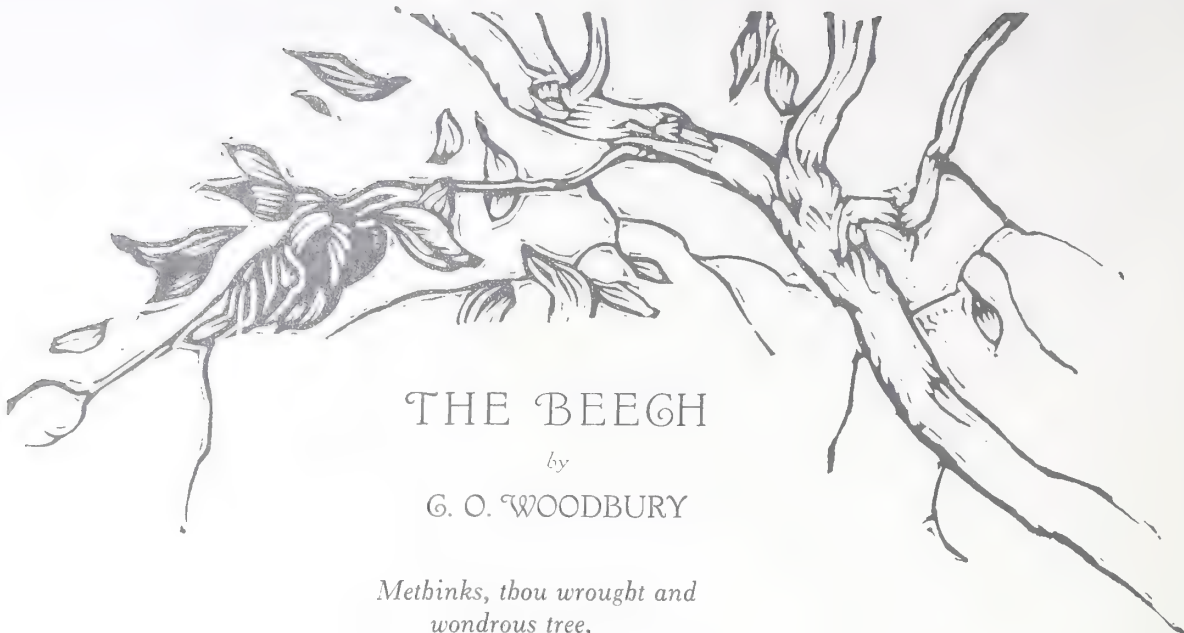
Courtesy of Mrs. Robert E. Baldry

*F*RANK DUENECK was born at Covington, Kentucky, in 1848. He studied in the Royal Academy in Munich and was a prominent figure among the American "moderns" of the seventies. Much of his time was spent in Germany and Italy, where he achieved great success. The subject of this splendid portrait, painted when she was nine years old, entered upon a stage career in New York in 1907 and played many important parts until her marriage in 1915 to Robert E. Baldry.



THE BEEGHES OF BURNHAM

Woodcuts by
G. O. WOODBURY



THE BEEGH

by

G. O. WOODBURY

*Metbinks, thou wrought and
wondrous tree,
Some queer thought has lodged
itself w' thee.
Some omen thou must signify,
Or mark'st thou where some foul
king dost lie?*

*Metbinks thy toil hast done thee
harm,
Thy face is marred, thou loos't thy
charm.
Old age hast crept on thee at last
And moulded thee in his rough cast.*

*Who rent thy sides to make thee
bleed?
Yet in thy strength thou wilt not
beed—
But steady in thy strong cold will
Thou livest, thy mission to fulfill.*

*But yet methinks thou hast some
fear.
Reachest thou not some new root
each year?
Fearest thou not some wind will
test
And tear thee from thy mother's
breast?*

*She has suckled thee well, old friend,
And in season thy God shall send
A host of angels to bear thee rest
When thou leavest, O thou strange
guest!*

The OLD FOREST FANTASTIC

To have had that very singular pleasure of enjoying a spring in England is to grow affectionately fond of that little island of the beautiful, the quaint and the wonderful.

In the environs of London, to feel the gradual changing of the winter's somewhat uncomfortable dampness to a steamy warmth that seems to coax forth the most astounding freshness of flower and tree gives cause for retrospective meditation. It was in this particular transitional season that I followed the advice of an English friend to visit the old forest of Burnham Beeches.

Boarding a train at Paddington Station, London, one April Sunday morning, I busied myself to adjust the sketching outfit in the cozy compartment. It was not long before I heard the queer little whistle signal the starting. The journey takes one about twenty miles west of London through the most delightful maze of sun-speckled red roofs covered with chimneys of uncountable number. What a joy an English landscape can be, with its garden-like effect, its hedge and stone fences, the neat patch work of divided fields! It is a land indeed where men and women love beauty instinctively and surround themselves with the simple joys of both natural and created art that nurture a serene and normal existence. Going with

*Impressions of two visits to
Burnham Beeches, historic
English wood that inspires
artists by*

G. O. WOODBURY

them on what seems only too short a ride, I find myself at the little village called Slough, which is the destination of the train journey; thence it is necessary to take a 'bus to the grove.

Now, even a greater pleasure, for a ride through the country, perched upon one of those ample English 'buses, affords an unrestricted and intimate view additionally charmed by the balmy air of awakening spring. After a somewhat short ride down an ever-winding road, there to my left I see the famous old church and graveyard of Stokes Poges where Thomas Gray wrote that immortal "Elegy." Having cherished this great song and work of art many years and about it built my fancied picture of the church and churchyard so that a fairy tale is woven, and here finding at last these fancies made real and the glory of it all, there was the complete satisfaction of the real with my phantom-like expectations. Here were the ivy-mantled tower, the yew trees seemingly untouched by time, perfect material for a perfect poem. What a stage setting for this great artist-thinker who wove from this fabric of the visible and invisible a texture of song-like words pregnant with the great truths of life!

On nearly three miles through this winding be-willowd road we reach the edge of the forest.





Here in ever prevailing English custom is the tea house and inn, and after having refreshments at the cunning little tables under the trees I proceed on foot to view the beeches.

The first beech—so amazing and breath-taking a creature of nature, like a monster, yet still a tree; twisted as though in agonized madness, yet without sound, like some unfortunate sinner turned to a pillar of salt because he had dared to look back. In the imaginative illusion, limbs become arms, knots and gnarls take form of faces. Fancy breeds its own creations and I am astounded at the invention which my own mind reveals. I push a little farther—here another, and still another, in clusters, some on knolls, some in ravines, some hanging on the edges of low cliffs with matted growths of roots in full view, each tree standing as if to register some emotion like demoned actors in a farce of phantasmagoria in some inferno.

What a joy Doré would have found in such models; yet how could such a fertile imagination add more to these already undreamed-of creatures. Dante might have found inspiration also, and what

a word picture he could have woven. Evidently Gray was moved, for in the twenty-sixth stanza of the "Elegy" he writes:

*There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high.*

It is very evident that two of our finest illustrators of the day, Arthur Rackham and Edmund Dulac, have made splendid imaginative use of such types of trees. In so far as I have been able to find out, here in an area of two square miles is the only place where such natural distortions of the beech have been known to grow. The trunks range from two to five feet in diameter and almost every one is hollow, some being large enough for four or five persons to stand within the trunk. The barks are light, bluish gray in color and unusually smooth, making the light on them attractive among the other kinds of trees.

I visited them again in the summer and, to my astonishment, found they were all alive and had normal and ample foliage. The reason for this peculiar growth at this isolated spot is not known

to me and lends a romantic nature to the many hundred years during which these hoary on-lookers have been watching the passing generations of the human family and the making of world history.

To be alone in the evening when the blushing twilight creeps in on all, to sit in silent communion with these relics of another time, to watch grayish cloaks take on a purple hue of mystery, is to go back to childhood and revel in the fairy tales of old, is to watch the dance of the goblins and hear the whisper of the elves enticing playmates out to frolic, is to see in every nook and cranny of these monsters the haunts of elfin folk and imps. The slightest stir of leaves might create the witch woman who sputters along with her cane and scolds the fairies for their frivolousness at play. Each old tree as a mossy sentinel standing guard in the quiet of the eve. Dumb friends they may be, yet, could they speak, what tales of knights and ladies, love and lore, of wars they've seen, of strange coincidences they might tell.

Here in the midst of a mighty civilization has nature persevered and been spared, and I trust the preservation shall be deemed worthy until the last gnarled snag has crumbled to its dust, for no

queerer sight of natural tree-growth is to be found. For the artist who enjoys the drawing of form in its most interesting and fantastic shapes, these trees will provide a happy study. The two visits that I have made to this forest have given me more than mere pleasure, for what was once a dry and uninteresting task of drawing trees has revealed itself, from these growths, to be a most fascinating interest in the interlocking movements or volume of form in the most astounding relations and variations, verging near to the subtle and complex forms of the human figure.

For the layman and the traveler seeking many wonders, a trip to the beeches will well pay one when stopping in London, for I am sure they will excite a deeper interest in nature study and appreciation. In the summer there are 'bus routes from London all the way to the beeches and return. To visit them in the summer is to miss somewhat the interest of limb growths, for the leaves cover what, at another season, is a most curious spectacle of the trees. May I repeat that the twilight period will show them in their most bewildering beauty and fill one's mind with the imaginative charms of a land enchanted.



A Much-Traveled Greek Goddess



NOT only the fate of humanity but also that of the gods has been in the balance since the war. After having been sequestered in Paris, the famous Grecian statue here pictured was transported surreptitiously into Switzerland. Bought in 1917 for a million marks by the Museum of Berlin, by which it is now displayed, it may be sent on a new journey, the Secretary for Fine Arts to the Italian government having asked for its exchange for the Palazzo Massimo, the German academy in Rome, which has been confiscated as war indemnity.

The identity of this magnificent work is not clear. Discovered in Sicily, it is thought to represent Demeter, her daughter Kora, or perhaps only a local divinity. That it is not a funeral statue is proved by the smile on the face. In Paros marble, the figure originally was colored, hair, eyebrows, lips and eyes having been painted in imitation of nature, while golden ornaments hung from the ears. Its style is that of the Fifth Century B.C., the period in which primitive stiffness in sculpture began to yield, the lines to take life, and beauty's smile to blossom from marble lips.

H. S. CIOLKOWSKI

Ten Centuries of French Sculpture

THE admirable continuity in evolution evidenced through well-nigh ten centuries by French sculpture has been remarked upon by M. Paul Vitry, curator of statuary in the Louvre Museum. There is no country where sculpture has, in modern times, attained to greater expression than France. This no doubt is for the reason,

people. From the instant that they descended into the street, however, they remained there. Sculpture was of a sudden conquered. The Virgin Mary, divinized against the commands of the clergy, carried Her Child into the crowd to show Him to the poor."

These humble carvers modeled their madonna



ELEVENTH CENTURY SCULPTURE FROM THE CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME DU PORT
AT CLERMONT-FERRAND, FRANCE

as M. Elie Faure suggests, that the French mind is eminently structural. "The men of our land," he writes, "have always loved to fix the form of their visions in matter."

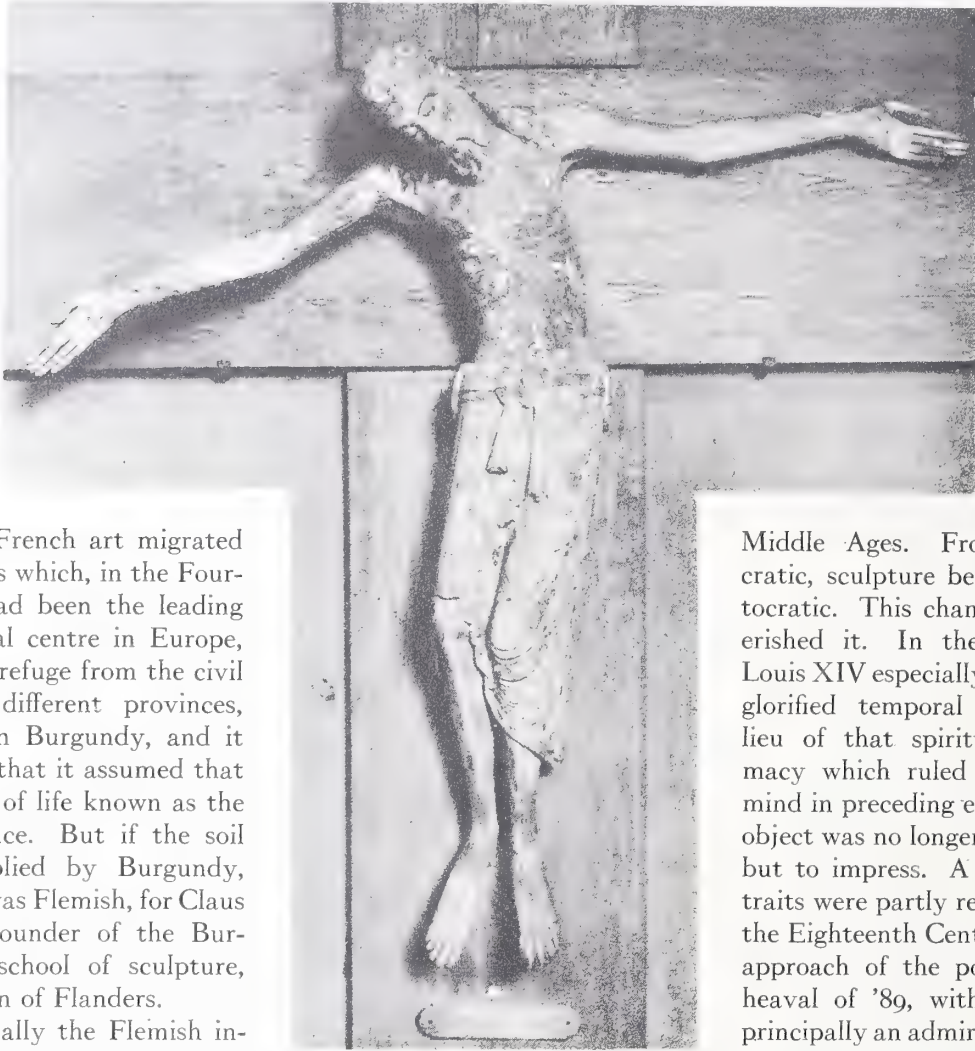
The social character of French sculpture, from the day when it escaped the cloister to mingle with the people, is illuminatingly set forth by this same authority. "Until then," he writes, "the saints were inaccessible divinities on the peaks of ecclesiastical hierarchy, barely perceived by the

after the wife and mother who, perhaps baby on one arm and basket on the other, was wont to carry their noon-day dinner to the yard where they worked. Rarely did they attempt a representation of God. Their eyes did not rise so high. They felt they were impotent effectually to portray Him whom they had not seen.

That sculpture went through much the same evolution in France as it had done in antiquity, especially between the Twelfth and the Fifteenth

Centuries, has been pointed out by M. Faure. Romanesque art, he finds, has the smiling force and the rhythmic stiffness of the Sixth Hellenic Century. The French Thirteenth Century is calm and mature like that of Phidias and his forerunners. Later in France, as had been the case in Greece, naturalistic and picturesque virtuosity was the dominating feature. In the Fifteenth

It will be observed that the nude hardly figured in French sculpture before the Sixteenth Century, the art, until the Renaissance, being almost entirely devoted to the representation of religious subjects and the expression of religious feeling. With the neo-classical spirit a different cult, that of physical beauty and architectural ornament, took the place of the monastic mysticism of the



Century French art migrated from Paris which, in the Fourteenth, had been the leading intellectual centre in Europe, to seek a refuge from the civil wars in different provinces, notably in Burgundy, and it was here that it assumed that new lease of life known as the Renaissance. But if the soil was supplied by Burgundy, the seed was Flemish, for Claus Sluters, founder of the Burgundian school of sculpture, was a man of Flanders.

Gradually the Flemish influence was substituted for the Italian. "At first it insinuated itself into ornament, then invaded bas-relief and statuary."

Despite this, as Salomon Reinach, archaeologist, asserts, the French element remained predominant with Michel Colombe, who died in 1512, and Germain Pilon and Barthélémy Prieur, contemporaries of Catherine of Medicis and of King Henri IV. The most Italian of the Sixteenth Century French sculptors, and perhaps the most gifted, was Jean Goujon. In the Seventeenth Century, French sculpture became pompous, theatrical, artificial, "official." Coustou and Puget were its most original representatives. It was the poorest period.

Middle Ages. From democratic, sculpture became aristocratic. This change impoverished it. In the reign of Louis XIV especially sculpture glorified temporal power in lieu of that spiritual supremacy which ruled the artist mind in preceding epochs. Its object was no longer to inspire but to impress. A few racial traits were partly recovered in the Eighteenth Century at the approach of the popular upheaval of '89, with Houdon, principally an admirable sculptor of portrait-busts; Clodion and Falconet, the Bouchers and Fragonards of the chisel.

The Nineteenth Century opens with Rude, the magnificent craftsman of the Marseillaise allegory on the Arc de Triomphe in Paris, and Barye, the greatest animal sculptor of these times, to attain to Rodin through Carpeaux and culminate in our versatile Twentieth Century with Bourdelle, who revives the medievals; Maillol, reincarnating the ancient Greeks; Despiau, who is our modern Houdon, and Jane Poupelet who, had she lived in those days, would have fashioned Tanagras.

—MURIEL CIOLKOWSKA

TWELFTH CENTURY CRUCIFIX OF
WOOD, PAINTED AND GILDED
In the Louvre Photo Bulloz

TEN CENTURIES OF FRENCH SCULPTURE



"SAINT MATTHEW WRITING FROM THE ANGEL'S DICTATION"
THIRTEENTH CENTURY STONE RELIEF

In the Louvre

Photo Bulloz



VIRGIN AND CHILD
THIRTEENTH CENTURY

*Courtesy Metropolitan
Museum of Art*



WOODEN STATUETTE OF AN ANGEL
THIRTEENTH CENTURY

In the Louvre

Photo Bulloz

TEN CENTURIES OF FRENCH SCULPTURE



VIRGIN OF THE ANNUNCIATION, MARBLE
FOURTEENTH CENTURY

In the Louvre

Photo Bulloz

MADONNA, CARVED IN STONE AND PAINTED
FOURTEENTH CENTURY

In the Louvre

Photo Bulloz



TEN CENTURIES OF FRENCH SCULPTURE



TOMB OF PHILLIPPE POT, LORD BAILIFF OF BURGUNDY. CARVED BETWEEN 1477 AND 1483, PROBABLY BY ANTOINE DEMOITURIER OF DIJON



"PIETA" FIFTEENTH CENTURY GOTHIC RELIEF



FIFTEENTH CENTURY WOOD CARVING

TEN CENTURIES OF FRENCH SCULPTURE



"SAINT ANNE AND THE CHILD MARY"

EARLY SIXTEENTH CENTURY

TEN CENTURIES OF FRENCH SCULPTURE



STATUE OF THE BOY LOUIS XIV
SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

BY SIMON GUILLIN

TEN CENTURIES OF FRENCH SCULPTURE



PORTRAIT HEADS OF CHILDREN BY JEAN ANTOINE HOUDON

Photo Bulloz

EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

TEN CENTURIES OF FRENCH SCULPTURE



ABOVE: "FLORE"
BY J. B. CARPEAUX
NINETEENTH CENTURY



"LA DANSE" BY J. B. CARPEAUX
GROUP ON THE OPERA, PARIS
NINETEENTH CENTURY

TEN CENTURIES OF FRENCH SCULPTURE



"THE VIRGIN AND CHILD" (1920) BY E. A. BOURDELLE, TWENTIETH CENTURY

COLOR-NOTES OF THE SEA

THE late F. Hopkinson Smith wrote excellent stories and painted some fine pictures. Although he never wrote tales to illuminate his pictures, he painted some pictures to

illustrate his tales. Carping literary critics said of his stories that he ought to have stuck to painting. Some ungenerous fellows of the brush expressed the thought that he ought to have confined himself to literature. On the other hand, Dante Gabriel Rossetti achieved distinction as both a painter and poet. As a painter he ranked high, even with painters, and as a poet he is still the admiration of even great poets and certainly the envy of lesser. Granted that art is an expression of things beautiful, it would seem that the gods gift a select few with the power to express the same idea in differing forms of art. But the gift is rare and not easy to recognize without danger of error, for your artistic jack-of-many-arts is, in nine cases out of ten, master of not one.

But now comes another of the select few; one who, it seems to the writer, combines the rare dual gifts of word-painting his scene and limning it on canvas with equal charm and distinction. Strictly speaking, R. Clarkson Colman does not "come"; he arrived before a great many persons knew it. He is now, in a manner of speaking, hailed forth to answer a soft impeachment, and the reader, as jury, is to say whether he is, or is not, a poet. Nobody who ever has seen his work with the brush will deny that he is a marine artist of high merit.

As a poet, Colman is not conventional. He is strictly a poet untrammelled—as is, for example, the skylark, which varies its song with its mood and has a joyous disregard for measure, or what poetic technicians call rhythm. Strictly a technician in his paintings, he is almost an extremist in verse freedom. But the present writer, who has been not unidentified with poetry production for some twenty-odd years, has always nursed a theory that where words themselves are pregnant with force and beauty, these words need not depend upon mechanical devices of rhythm and rhyme to make for lasting impression. I do not speak of prosaic matter sawed off in short lengths and arranged like the Chinese alphabet, but that sort of "free verse" which Shakespeare did not despise when conventional rules got in the way of his meaning and which Henley made beautiful a quarter of a century before the Spoon River school brought

R. Clarkson Colman, painter of the Pacific, makes "sketches" for his canvases in colorful poetry . . . by
STEPHEN GHALMERS

vers libre into more or less ridicule with the public.

Rhythm and rhyme have no place in the method of R. Clarkson Colman, color- and word-artist, if indeed he is conscious of having a

method in any expression of art beyond painting. Perhaps he is only vaguely aware that in the making of written notes on marine studies, later to be transferred to colors on canvas, he is creating not only free verse of high literary merit and force but establishing a new and charming medium of understanding between the painter, generally, and his public. Unlike F. Hopkinson Smith, Colman never creates pictures to illustrate his word-paintings. His poems are but preliminary color-notes for that which is his one aim and end—the ultimate, fixed expression in oils. And unlike Rossetti, many of whose poems are for the select few and few of his paintings for the great many, Colman strikes a medium likely to make for the happiness of that class neither too high nor too low of forehead, which loves painting, loves poetry, but lacks the detailed knowledge of either, as a subject, or the self-confidence necessary to bold discussion and expression of opinion on the merits and demerits of this and that. Perhaps the reader will presently agree that to have the painter stand alongside as one views his paintings and let one hear, without spoiling one's reverie, what was in his mind and heart when he painted that scene, should go a long way toward making the viewer's mind and heart clearer and more responsive to that which one sees but may not have the technical knowledge to observe with full understanding of the wonder of the thing achieved.

But let me tell you the story of how a poet was discovered latent in a painter, to the astonishment of his friends and no less of the painter himself!

All artists have probably heard of Laguna Beach, California: a sea-coast village which has of late years become the residential "art centre" of the Golden State. Up to a few years ago, here dwelt almost exclusively fishermen and color-artists. Recently it has been found necessary to write it "artists" because of the influx of authors, poets, sculptors, musicians and other relatives of the graphic art, attracted by the "atmosphere." One of the earliest painters to arrive in the village was Roy Clarkson Colman, an artist who, after studying in Chicago and later in Paris under Jean Paul Laurens (*Académie Julian*), painted in

France, Italy and Switzerland. He then went to California, the entire coast line of which has been his sketching ground. A member of numerous prominent art clubs, guilds and associations, he is annually represented in the foremost western exhibitions. He was one of the organizers of the Laguna Beach Art Association, of which he is vice-president. He was born at Elgin, Illinois, in 1882.

When the writer, a maker of fiction and verse,

again. . . . I was conscious as I did so that to say they were "quite pretty" would hardly cover the matter. "It is that 'Moonlight' over there," said the painter's wife. I looked at the painting that she indicated—a moonlit rocky promontory near Monterey . . . and read the "notes" again. Here they are. Look at the picture sprung from them; then read the color-notes—and discover if you, too, register the impression that I did:



"MOONLIGHT"

BY R. CLARKSON COLMAN

first arrived at Laguna Beach, he met this painter and admired, as do so many, his canvases depicting the sea in all its various moods. For three years the literary man, who knew not a great deal about painting, felt comfortably certain that the painter knew no more about literature. When, last Christmas Eve, the painter presented the word-juggler with a can of tobacco appropriately tagged with an original "verse," the recipient was convinced that, while R. Clarkson Colman had good taste in tobacco, he would never win laurels as a poet.

Some time later Mrs. Colman showed me, rather tentatively, a sheet of paper on which were written several short, staccato, broken lines—mere key-words, exclamations, fragmentary utterances of thought; memoranda, in short. These, she explained, were some of her husband's "color-notes" for pictures made or to be made. She thought them "rather good," as might be expected in a loyal wife. I read the notes. . . . I read them

MOONLIGHT

*Light of mystery . . .
Cold; quiet;
Blue-green and yellow.*

*A cool glow
Lights the cliffs
With a ghostly hue.
The lazy sea,
Seemingly half asleep,
Creeping forward,
Breaks on the shore
With a dull thud . . .
As though afraid to waken
The spirit of quiet.*

*Black-blue . . . purple . . .
And foam of opals bright.
Shadows of wonder and doubt,
Moving and whispering,
With sometimes a stronger note.*

*Voices of the sea?
Or is it the murmur
Of night itself
I hear?*

The unaffected simplicity of a man not trying to write *poetry*; the unconscious sincerity of a painter alone with his own thoughts; the curious feeling engendered in the reading of an observant eye asking the reflecting mind behind it for the

that at its simplest and best—the matter self-sufficing, needing no verse-maker's trick of rhythm or rhyme to make it a sort of pretty balloon, pleasing but lacking depth of matter:

LURE OF THE SEA

*Swelling surges
Of ebbing tide.
Rocks,
Sea-swept and dark.*



"LURE OF THE SEA"

BY R. CLARKSON COLMAN

right word to fix in memory some detail of shade, or sound, or simile—all this filled me with that respect which, no matter how crude any achievement may be, does not permit of even a smile over the attempt. I asked to see more of these "color-notes of the sea," as the painter—or I think it was his lady—called them.

There was one of many paintings on the studio walls which had frequently held my eye for a certain atmosphere of romance about it, reminding me, as it always did, of lines in Longfellow's "My Lost Youth," the "boyish dreams" of high adventure calling beyond the far horizon of a summer sea. I found, coincidentally enough, that Colman had titled this picture "Lure of the Sea," although his notes, as I presently discovered, dealt only with the material effects to be utilized toward the creation of that feeling. Here, then, is another example of poetic imaging in what the author of the lines does not even call "free verse"; but it is

*A cliff of tawny yellow,
Bathed in the evening light;
Majestic and strong,
Creviced and rutted,
Where the wind-swept sea
Has hurled
The white crests of a thousand storms.*

*Waters of amber and blue . . .
And jade.
Cloud shadows and reflected light.
Foam of yellow and violet,
Weaving a pattern among the rocks . . .
Lace-like
Against the dark green water.*

Seeing the painting and studying it with the aid of these charming "notes," so fortuitously known outside the family circle, one can almost sit with the painter during the hours when he conceived the later completed "poem" in oils. One can almost follow his eye as it moves over "rocks,



"WIND AND RAIN"

BY R. CLARKSON COLMAN

sea-swept and dark" and cliffs "of tawny yellow." One can feel the mind's pause upon a detail—that "foam of yellow and violet"—and understand the ensuing reverie, detached, concentrated, before that single hyphenated line is added—"lace-like."

Probably no painter in the West has, more than Colman, made so intensive a study of the sea—its vagaries, moods; its colors, clear or vague, shifting and merging; its everlasting, ever changing grace of movement. You suspect this in his paintings. You are convinced of it after reading his own analyses in words—word-paintings of what he has portrayed or is about to portray on canvas with a brush for his pen, dipped in pigments. To one whose more accustomed medium is the brush, I think the penning of these word-paintings must be the more difficult task. Yet no poet, no matter how facile in the use of words, could ever have written these half-utterances of the sea's glory and beauty who had not made as close and as loving a study of his mistress as Clarkson Colman has done through many years. The odd part is that this lover of the sea and interpreter of her whims was born in an inland town. He never saw the sea until he had reached manhood. We are told that Cortez—or was it Balboa?—"stared with surprise upon the vast bubble of the Pacific." But it was a material discovery to the conquistadore. What was it—what must it have been—to this painter-poet whose whole artistic ambition changed and became fixed that day in 1903 when the jeweled bosom of the Gulf of Mexico spread before his gaze?

All through these "notes" I find this groping

for the right word or phrase—as in the sudden "lace-like" in the preceding poem; a groping for the exact simile, regardless of whether, as in this instance, it is poetic, or—as in another where he speaks of the waves "shouting" or breaking "with a dull thud"—it is not. There is the charm of this painter-poet. He does not compromise. Had he been writing poetry for a popular magazine, doubtless he would always have avoided telling the exact truth. It is, I think, in his shortest, most staccato lines—even a line of a single word—that this painter of preliminary word-pictures achieves his strongest ef-

fects. "Waters of amber and blue," he writes; then, perhaps after a half-hour's further study, he adds, "—And jade!" Again—"Rocks," he writes in one line; then, after who knows how long but himself—and perhaps he doesn't!—he adds another line as an accessory simile, "Sea-swept and dark."

This direct thrust at the salient of whatever he is considering is very much in evidence in the "color-notes" to "Wind and Rain"—a squally picture making one sense the need of a macintosh to withstand the fury of damp wind, the sea's raw breath, the sting of driven salt spume and wet sand and the clammy touch of dead leaves. The small capitals in this poem—yes, it is a poem!—are mine:

WIND AND RAIN

*A wind-swept sky,
Gray and dark
Over a storm-tossed sea.
FOAM,
Of a startling white.
WAVES,
Of a brilliant green.
Nearer the shore,
A yellow tinge—
SAND,
Carried out to sea.*

*High in the air
The sea-gulls call;
Soaring and turning;
Gliding—gliding;
Slowly forging against the wind;
Then turning,*

*Speeding back,
CIRCLING
To breast the storm again.*

*GRAY-GREEN LEAVES,
Torn and wet.
TREES,
Bending and swaying,
Cracking and moaning . . .
AS THOUGH AFRAID.*

Just outside Colman's studio, which is perched high, back of the sea-rocks a mile south of Laguna Beach village, is a grove of quite-old eucalyptus trees. Through them you see Laguna bay and the coast-line sweeping westward to Point Firmin at the entrance to Los Angeles harbor. These eucalypti are locally known as "Colman's trees," for the poet-painter long ago made them familiar and famous from San Francisco to San Diego in his fine canvas, "Westward to the Sea." I was eager to get his "notes" on this painting. Here they are. Which is the painting—the canvas with its colors, or the word-picture with its appeal not only to the sense of seeing, but of smelling, tasting, hearing? Catching the aroma of eucalyptus gum and of sun-warmed sea-kelp, tasting the salty tang of that summer sea, hearing the long roll of the Pacific and the Æolian murmur of the west-wind in the swaying trees.



"WESTWARD TO THE SEA"

BY R. CLARKSON COLMAN

*Far in the distance,
Through the haze,
A point of land—
Low and vague—
Melting into the deep
And quiet sea.*

*The nearer cliffs,
All yellow and gold
Against the blue—
Blue of southern waters;
Radiant . . .
Warm . . .
All glowing with reflected light.*

WESTWARD TO THE SEA

*Without my door
Is nature's canvas spread.*

*Trees, old and tall,
Reaching upward,
Spreading outward,
Leaning landward,
Bent by stronger winds
From off the sea.*

*Gray-green leaves
Against a turquoise sky.
Trunks of silver,
Branches red,
With strokes of lavender,
And shadows, blue.*

*Drifting clouds
Of glowing light . . .
Floating veils,
Slowly moving
With the summer breeze.*

There are men, particularly portrait painters, who finish a canvas at one session, holding that no man can lay down his brush and leave his easel for a time and return to them to find his mood unchanged, the spirit of his subject unaltered. It may be that without fully realizing the power that lay in his method, Colman, with his twin artistic abilities, called the one into play that it might evoke for the other at will the feeling engendered, the atmosphere existing when first a scene of beauty takes hold upon his soul. Therein is he fortunate beyond the many.

This thing is interesting: it may be more than that—important, as making for a happier *entente* between the painter, generally, and the public. How often one hears the modest uninitiate in pictures say, "I know what I like in art, but the trouble is—I can't express it!" The "color-notes" of R. Clarkson Colman seem to me to help the uninitiate—of whom I am one—to know *what* it is we like and *why* we like it. He helps us to express it!

ON SELECTING WALL-PAPER

*I*N the last decade we have come to have certain "conclusions" about wall-paper, and just as we have decided that it must be plain, one colored, non-patterned and uniform

throughout the house—and that it would be better to use wood panels or paint anyway—along come new conditions and new reactions, and all our carefully nursed conclusions are reversed. There was that logic-bearing precept to do all the walls on one floor alike, especially if they communicate, so as to increase the apparent size of the rooms and avoid a lot of disjointed effects. That was such a sensible conclusion that we just naturally agreed to it. But today, the directions differ. Rooms that communicate may face north and south respectively, and of course we all know that it would be better for the former to have a "warm" paper while the other needs a "cool" one. Or one of them may be a living room in which a light, cheerful paper makes it a happy setting for family activities, while the other is a formal dining room without pictures, in which the paper itself should be decoration and not merely background.

It undoubtedly is monotonous to see the same wall-covering throughout an entire floor. We do not have the same kind of draperies or the same style of furniture in each of various rooms; they would be obviously inappropriate. If we only realized it, this is equally true of treatment of our walls.

Backgrounds must not be so inconspicuous as to be not noticed at all, else they lack the strength to make them suitable boundaries for the room and their whole decorative purpose is lost. To use colorless shades of neutral grays and tans often serves a good purpose, but to use these and nothing else makes for monotony and uniformity in types of houses that have nothing in common—that otherwise vary in every detail of scale, standard and purpose. So easily are backgrounds made dull or restless that it is often diffi-

An understanding of its possibilities is essential to the proper decoration of the home by

ESTELLE H. RIES

cult to select the best thing for the special requirements. There should be a reposefulness about the wall-paper that will keep it from asserting itself annoyingly, and yet it must support and

enrich a definite scheme. Whether we regard the wall merely as background or as decoration, it is always invariably both, for no matter how decorative it is, all the furnishings and the occupants themselves are constantly and inevitably displayed against it. While the wall-paper, then, should not be vague, neither must it be blatant or ubiquitous. Its color should be subordinate to the occupants, for few faces can compete with the warm glow of bright orange which only emphasizes their pallor.

Walls are perhaps the chief feature of our environment and whether the room is formal or informal, friendly or forbidding, merry or dull, the walls at once reveal its character. The color alone produces all sorts of effects upon us, wholesome or not, according to what we select. Colors do strange things to us and each color has its special significance. Yellow, imitating the sun, cheers and stimulates; red is called an advancing color and

makes a room look small; blue recedes and makes the room larger. While red excites, blue is quieting. For ordinary purposes, light papers are a safe selection because they give a sense of spaciousness to our small rooms and because they permit of accent and character in the other decorative furnishings. The popularity of yellow with its many modifications from the golden tans



A peaceful, charming attic room made taller and roomier by thinly striped wall-paper.

to the most delicate primrose is pleasantly increasing. One of these tones in the bedroom starts us off cheerfully in the day's work, and in a dining room with western exposure it compensates greatly for the absence of the morning sun.

It is a common experience to be obliged to rent a house where unpleasant colors appear in the permanent fixtures. Such tones of color may be used on the wall as will soften rather than empha-



Scenic papers are popular in the Colonial type of room, and are in keeping with the traditions of early days

size the crudity of woodwork where it exists. The cherry wood may be modified by using grayed tones of red in the paper or draperies; the imitation oak may be softened by using grayed tones of yellow. The disagreeable effect of a bright blue or green tiling about the fireplace may be made less insistent if its color is repeated in a softer tone in the wall-paper or the floor coverings. Any crude color that is a fixture in the room may be made less conspicuous by relating it to the general scheme.

One of the exclusive features possessed by wall-paper is its value in correcting architectural shortcomings. Where ceilings are low, simple vertical stripes will increase the apparent height. Where they are too high for their width, as in a narrow hall, tapestry effects with depth and distance may be employed. It is within common experience that rooms on one floor usually have the same height. This means that they cannot then all be correctly proportioned, and the service of frieze or border may be called for to make the necessary alteration. Friezes and borders, by their very nature as decoration and accent, are conspicuous portions of every wall that they are expected to adorn. Like every form of decoration that meets popular approval, they have unfortunately been so widely abused as to work them-



A narrow hall, dimly lighted, is greatly enhanced as to size, brightness and decorative interest by the use of a light toned tapestry wall-paper. Its shadows give the effect of greater breadth and the hall is made a feature of architectural dignity



Since the bookcases and wainscoting tend to lower the ceiling, striped paper was selected to rectify the illusion. These are bold stripes without any effort at camouflage. They form a pleasing background for pictures, they complement the plain curtains and the figured chair covers and harmonize with the striped upholstery of the sofa

selves almost into disfavor. It becomes necessary to know exactly how to use them properly and effectively to keep alive a failing interest in their possibilities. There is something satisfying about the frieze at the top of a wall. It gives a sense of finish, emphasizing the feeling that we have a roof over our heads and are not simply surrounded by walls that extend into a boundless reach of sky. Friezes may be placed either above or below the picture molding according to whether one wants to increase or decrease the apparent height of the room. Avoid the disaster of a half man or beast at the end of a frieze, and also avoid realistic scenic designs such as fifty ships sinking tragically into fifty oceans all around the room. Small patterns in a large room will hardly be distinguishable from the center of the floor, and large patterns in small rooms will be restless and insistent.

much of our better types of furniture it is generally heavy and carved. Wall-paper of strong, coarse texture should be selected, such as tapestry and rough plaster finishes, never satin damask or other

delicate varieties. Where mahogany is used, the opposite is true. This wood is smooth and finely grained, so that delicacy in the wall-paper is appropriate and coarse textures must be barred. For mission furniture may be suggested rough plasters, grass-cloth, leather and tapestry effects. For walnut and mahogany, the oatmeals, damasks, chintz, Venetian and similar types of finer finish may be had.

Period papers may be had for formal rooms. It sometimes

happens, however, that while we may have a little furniture in "period" style, our rented house is a simple cottage style of no "period." It would then be better taste to select simple wall-paper to



Paneling immediately gives character and dignity to the wall-paper, calling attention to it by framing it like a picture. This is a good example of the use of pattern in the paper and in the furnishings at the same time. There is complete harmony here.

A silk damask goes well with delicate, rich furniture

conform with the house than to try to adjust the wall-paper to the period furniture. Where furniture is upholstered in tapestry, do not use tapestry wall-paper if you would avoid monotony of effect. Any of the other coarse textures will be more successful. To have things match may be safe, but it is also dull. The wise person will have them conform to the same conditions of architecture, exposure and purpose. If they do, the room will be a unit in harmony with itself, and the result will have interest and character. Tapestry papers are characteristic for strength and coarseness of texture. Where delicacy is desired, they should be avoided. Indeed, to have a roomful of gilded furniture in the French style surrounded by heavy tapestry wall-paper is to destroy the harmony of the room, for while the furniture tries to be frolicsome and gay, the background is dignified and serious, and a conflicting character is established that destroys the purpose of both. Pictures cannot be hung successfully upon tapestry paper since it is itself pictorial. Occasionally in an indefinite foliage pattern of light shade, a fairly strong picture might be permissible, but no water color or etching can with propriety be placed upon it for the strong color of the tapestry paper would make a background stronger than the foreground, which would be a new relativity that even an Einstein could not endorse. Pictures may, however, be hung upon a patterned paper if its color is not antagonistic to the picture, either in kind or in degree. A conventional, not a realistic, pattern may be chosen and will often relate the picture to the decorative scheme better than a



This delicate, painted furniture requires something light and cheery in color and fine in texture, a need that is pleasingly fulfilled in the choice of wall-paper. Its placing above a dado affords relief from sameness. Note that the curtains are without pattern, leaving the wall-paper without competition

perfectly plain wall-paper against which it hangs quite isolated. Pattern may also be used simultaneously in wall-paper and other draperies—depending upon the pattern in each case. It is undoubtedly true that a wise selection of harmonious pattern yields a pleasing inter-relation between the furnishings and may often give a more satisfying result to the occupants than the harsh, flat, non-patterned wall. What one may do with walls is without limit. Thoughtfully cared for, they have perhaps more to offer toward the making of a successful room and wholesome surroundings than any phase of home furnishing. To obtain the best results from the artistic viewpoint, which generally are best psychologically also, presupposes a knowledge of the principles of interior decoration. Most home makers, however, find it necessary to rely much on instinct, lacking this special class of information, and for these a careful application of the ideas herein expressed will go far toward producing satisfactory effects.



The deep dado and other woodwork leave comparatively little space for wall-paper, so that what there is may be bold and striking in color and pattern without seeming overbearing

THREE MINIATURES
from
OLD INDIAN MANUSCRIPTS
by
EDNA WORTHLEY UNDERWOOD

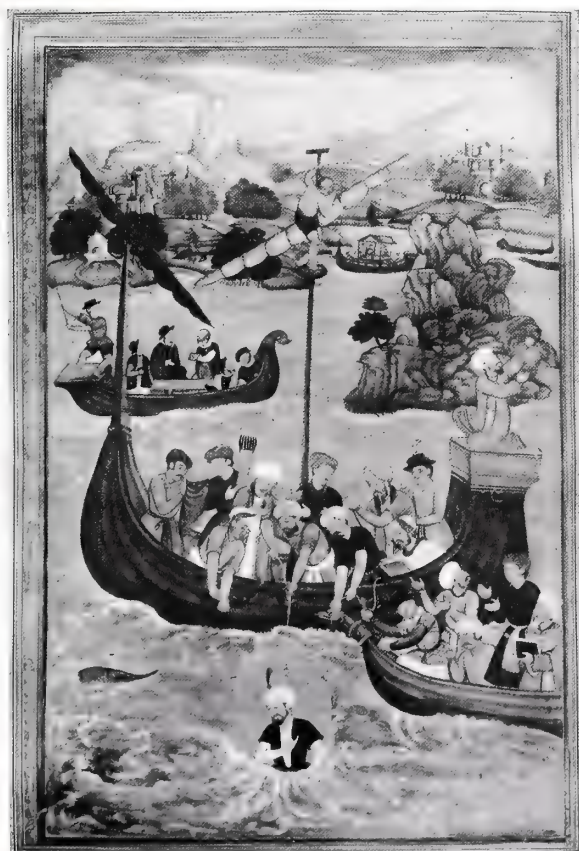
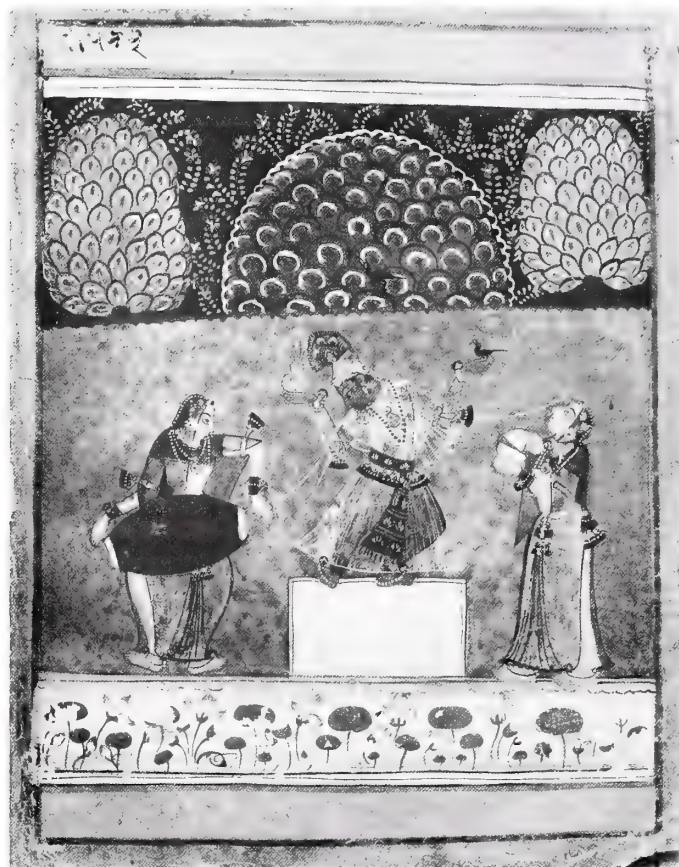


*SUPERB and sumptuous is the
painted page
This unnamed Hindu drew:
A royal visit by a palace porch;
Slim women dressed in colors unmixed,
pure,
Gum-pink and faded violet, apple-green;
The tracery of inlay; marble gemmed.*

*A little maid beside the entrance wears
Toe-slippers that like melted sapphires shine.*

*And framed in borders many, intricate,
Where sometimes there is gold like sad sunshine.*

*THE borders of old Indian prints are
sweet
With multiple complexity of line and hue,
With wise-eyed little flowers, so fine, so
fresh,
So strangely innocent despite the years,
So filled with wonders of the whispering
wind
I've caught the burnished peacocks
listening.*



*A BLUE as gentle as forgiveness is,
And gracious as good deeds, unsought,
yet done—
Mark well the winding river on this page.
Nearby are little figures—white, sad red—
And life is there, and movement, and delight.*

*Old lilyed paper frames it, faded, faint.
And nowhere there is sun, but sweet, strained
light.
And no wind blurs the long, lean lily leaves.*

The WIZARDRY of RACKHAM

AN artist is not forced to stay in the realm of reality to be convincing. There are those who have made an imaginary world more vivid to us than an actual place. But what is actual and what is real seem to grow more debatable every day, and science encroaches on the prerogatives of the imagination. The existence of fairies is even defended with spirit, and this long discredited little people seems to be in danger of being incorporated into the body politic as a kind of fifth estate. If this is to be, then Arthur Rackham may declare himself to be an explorer rather than a creator, and his pictures of fairies may be filed among state archives as the work of the official artist of the fairy realm. However, whether Rackham believes in fairies is not so important to most of us as the fact that he has breathed into his elves and gnomes, his ogres and witch-wives the breath of life, so that they seem to be more real to us than, say, the inhabitants of Tibet, or even those residing in the street next to our own.

George Inness, Jr., made an interesting comment on the art of Rackham in an interview for the *New York Times Book Review* several years ago, a comment which, like many sweeping assertions, does not always hold true and yet in the main is a just and pertinent estimate. "When he works with real life," remarked Inness, "he turns out fiction—things absolutely without reality. When he blindfolds himself and allows his imagination to do the trick, he evolves reality. When he shuts his eyes to the world around him, he becomes most plausible." Rackham early discovered his own province and has stayed within it. After a brief time spent as a free lance artist, in which he executed drawings from real life and scenes from the theatres, he found his own particular bent in

The world of children, fairies and goblins finds in him an inspired interpreter whom adults also appreciate · by

JULIAN GARNER

making his illustrations for *Ingoldsby Legends* and *Gulliver's Travels*. These two books came out in 1898 and 1899. In 1900 he made drawings for Grimm's *Fairy Tales* and his reputation

was established. He had created a world of his own, and an assemblage gathered to watch the events that took place there. Whether that assemblage was and is largely composed of children is hard to say. His has always been an art which grown-ups, too, have enjoyed, and yet his pictures, designed for boys and girls, have not suffered the sad fate of being appreciated only by those who

are no longer young. Perhaps Rackham's children are most appreciated by older persons, for youth does not know its own charm, while children themselves like his fairies and giants and the whole cosmogony of fairyland which he shows them so vividly.

The richness of Rackham's imagery can be appreciated by only those who have an inborn love of the fanciful. He is not to be classed with imaginative artists because he takes fairy tales for his subjects, as one critic rather naïvely

affirmed several years ago. The quality of imagination is not a matter of choice of material, and your faithful realist can not possess himself of a rich fancy by starting to paint fairies instead of cows. It is in Rackham's treatment of the subject that his invention is displayed. The remarkable thing about him is that he seems to have an inexhaustible supply of inventiveness, which is responsible for the variety of his work, for its spontaneity and for the freshness of its character.

Although Rackham is city born and bred, his spirit seems to be more at home in the country. Trees and hills and sky and flowers are his loves, and also animals. Into this world he introduces children and fairies, but he leaves grown-ups out.



"BELEROPHON FIGHTING THE CHIMAERA"
BY ARTHUR RACKHAM



"POMONA"

BY ARTHUR RACKHAM

His children are different from those of other artists. Some of them look as if they might be distinctly related to Kate Greenaway's, but it is a family resemblance only, for they have a sturdy air of individuality that admits of no mistake as to who portrayed them. They do not seem to be children of today rather than of the past—eternal children, rather; boys and girls whom our grandfathers would have liked and who will certainly be understood by our grandchildren.

Rackham, like many another artist, was launched in a business career through the choice of his parents. His father, a marshal to the British

admiralty, put him in an insurance office. The desire to be an artist, however, was inborn and led him to attend night classes at the Lambeth School of Art. Sir William Llewellyn, R.A., was chief master and among his fellow students were F. A. Townsend, afterward editor of *Punch*; Charles J. Shannon, Charles Ricketts, Raven Hill, founder of *The Butterfly*, and Sturge Moore, poet and wood engraver. In 1902 he was invited to become a member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colors after an exhibition of that organization in which he participated. In 1906 he was represented in an exhibition at Milan, winning a gold medal.



"FAIRY FRUIT"

BY ARTHUR RACKHAM

particularly to his liking. *Ingoldsby Legends*, *Gulliver's Travels*, and Grimm's *Fairy Tales* followed these in close succession. Rip Van Winkle, as Rackham pictured him, was so convincing that he was accepted even by the family of Joe Jefferson, which guards the Rip tradition jealously. In 1906 he illustrated Kipling's *Puck of Pook's Hill*, in which he visualized the past of England for many a boy and girl. He was the inevitable illustrator of *Peter Pan in Kensington Gardens*, no two geniuses being more closely allied than his and Barrie's. He next turned to the immortal *Alice*, and although he could scarcely add to her popularity, he at least made her more tangible.

In 1910 and 1911 Rackham illustrated *The Rheingold and the Valkyrie* and *Siegfried and the Twilight of the Gods*. In these his dramatic power had full play and he proved that he could be stern and splendid where before he had been gentle and sweet. Whirling clouds, torrents of wind, rushing waters, flaming sunsets, and all the wealth of Norse myth with its rich nature imagery seem to have entered into his blood and mixed with his spirit. Wotan, who rides as the storm wind; Siegfried tasting the blood

This honor was repeated in Barcelona in 1911. A group of his works was shown by the Société Nationale des Beaux Arts in Paris in 1912 when he was elected an associate member of that body. He is represented in permanent collections in Barcelona, Vienna and Melbourne, in the Luxembourg in Paris and the Tate Gallery in London. But his most important collections are in the countless homes of many lands where the books that he has illustrated are cherished. Through them he has become the intimate friend in thousands of homes. Fifty-five such books are recorded in the list* which Frederick Coykendall has compiled, and another may now be added, Hawthorne's *Wonder Book*, issued in 1922.

The list of these books begins with *Dolly Dialogues* by Anthony Hope, appearing in the *Westminster Gazette* in 1894. Then came Washington Irving's *Sketch Book*, *Tales of a Traveler* and *Bracebridge Hall*. In 1898 he illustrated Frances Burney's *Eveline*, with which he was unusually successful, "period" pieces being most

*Arthur Rackham, a list of books illustrated by him, compiled by Frederick Coykendall with an introduction by Martin Birnbaum. Printed privately.

"THERE'S WHISPERING FROM TREE TO TREE"
BY ARTHUR RACKHAM





"THE WITCH BREWING STORMS"

BY ARTHUR RACKHAM

of the dragon; the guardians of the Rheingold plunging after Alberich, the giants Fafner and Fasolt with their uncouth locks and brutal aspect—these he draws as though he had seen them with his own eyes. Illustrations for Æsop's *Fables*, *Mother Goose*, Dickens' *Christmas Carol*, Swinburne's *Springtide of Life*; *Poems of Childhood* and James Stephen's *Irish Fairy Tales* are among his

more important works between 1912 and 1920. Then came some of the loveliest things that he ever has done—the illustrations for Milton's *Comus*, published in 1921. The original drawings for these, for Hawthorne's *Wonder Book* and Eden Phillpotts' most recent book of verse, *A Dish of Apples*, were shown in the galleries of Scott and Fowles in New York and are among those reproduced

here. Rackham always has been a draughtsman rather than a colorist. In speaking of his favorite painters of the past he has indicated a preference for Holbein and Dürer, the painters of the Flemish school, Francesca and Fra Lippo Lippi. His own exquisite refinement of line reflects the preëminent

tendency to make his colors more intense" and "an accentuation of his warm browns and ivory tones with slight touches of gay color."

Rackham's popularity with the majority, however, is not based on fine drawing or beautiful color, qualities which may be left to the apprecia-



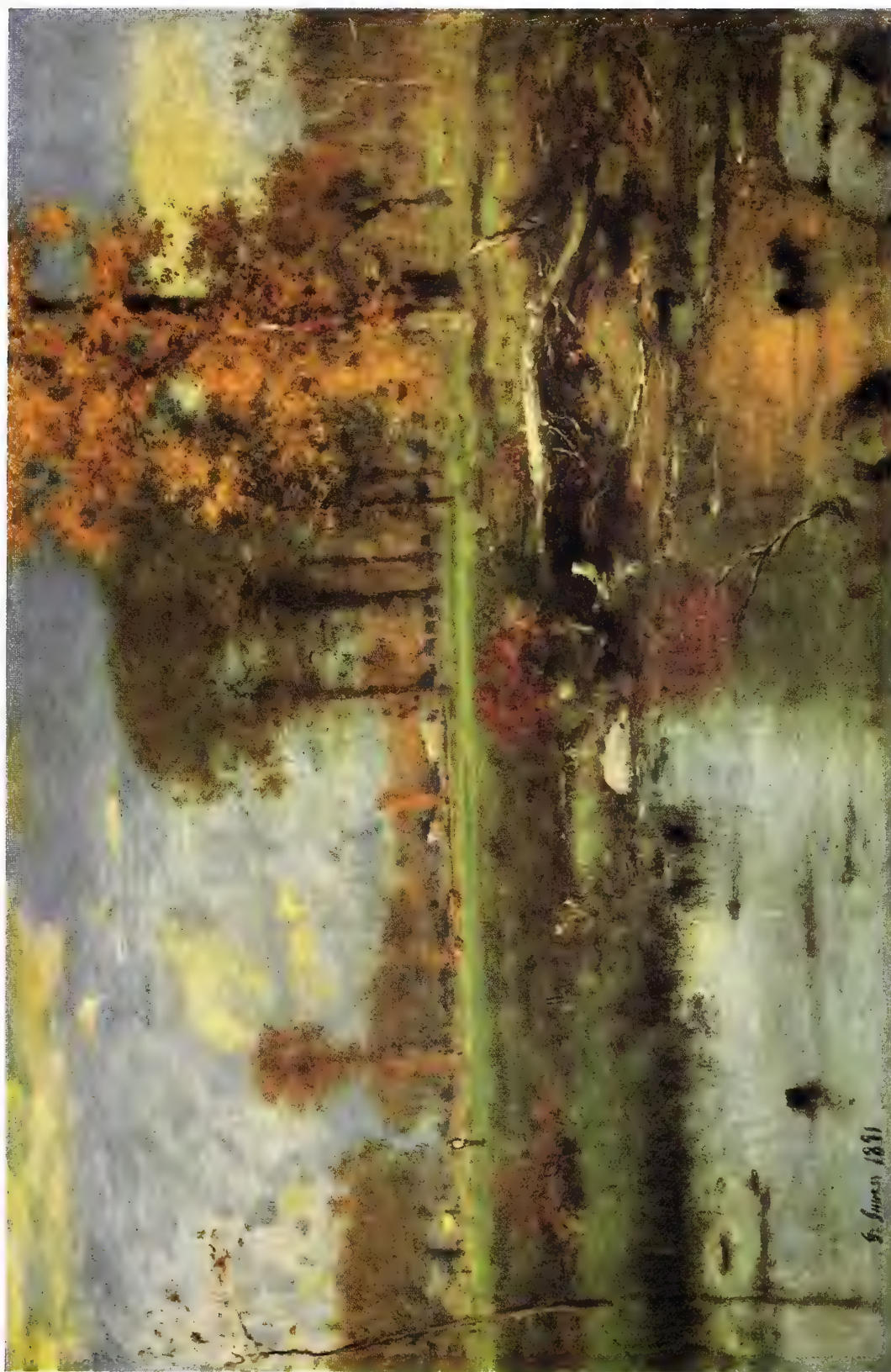
"THE DAUGHTERS OF THE OLD MAN OF THE SEA"

BY ARTHUR RACKHAM

draughtsmanship of these particular painters. Color, or rather brilliant color, interests him to a less degree. He frequently seems more interested in tone relation than variety of hue. The subtle blues, the gray greens, golden browns, and that quality of warm old ivory with which he envelops his drawings are more potent than mere brilliance. Martin Birnbaum remarks, however, "a gradual

tion of the connoisseur. It is his genial spirit that makes him beloved, and by his unwearied inventiveness he holds the delighted attention of his audience. He has charm, an attribute which does not need to be understood to be enjoyed.

Illustrations for this article are used by courtesy of William Heinemann, Doran & Co., Hodder and Stoughton, publishers respectively of "Rip Van Winkle," Hawthorne's "Wonder Book" and "Poems by Eden Phillpotts."



"THE SPIRIT OF AUTUMN" by George Inness

Courtesy of George B. Harrington

TUDOR HOMES of Colonial Days

THERE still exist several notable examples of the rare but picturesque Tudor or Elizabethan architecture of our early Colonial period. The best of these is "Bacon's Castle" in Surry

county, Virginia, the walls, gables and massive chimneys of which are today practically as they were when built nearly three hundred years ago. Equally interesting is a wing of a mansion at Middleton Place, near Charleston, South Carolina, built about 1770. To these until recently could be added the Province House, erected in Boston in 1679 and for many years the residence of governors of the province of Massachusetts, but the last remnants of this were removed to make possible the construction of a modern commercial building on its site.

In the course of the demolition of the Province House, the architects discovered brackets or sections of its original gables. These were constructed in the Tudor style with curved and step sections and their presence explains the small horizontal projections above the roof near the eaves, which look odd in pictures of the building taken many years later. Each of these probably was the lowest step of each gable. It is thought the chimneys once were surmounted by three slender shafts set diagonally in a row and that the windows were fitted with casements with diamond panes set in leaded sash, so that the first appearance of the historic structure can best be understood by studying "Bacon's Castle." When the changes were made in the building, is uncertain.

Thirty-seven years after it had been built, or in 1716, the Province House was purchased by the colony. Although the grandest house in the province, it was then in need of many

Notable examples of the old English style of architecture still exist, particularly in the South by
EDWARD B. ALLEN

repairs and one hundred and sixty-four pounds or more were spent in conditioning it for the new governor's use. The gables may have been removed at this time to make the building

conform with the classic style of the famous Clark and Hutchinson mansions, then recently completed. In 1734-5 new stone steps were constructed with iron railings to enclose them at a recorded cost of about four hundred and forty-seven pounds, which amount probably included also the building of the great portico. Subsequently many changes were made in the interior of the building as the paneled wainscoting, the balusters and the one remaining mantel, which are preserved, are of the Georgian style. When the house was demolished, the mantel and chimney piece passed into the hands of Benjamin Perley Poor and were placed in his residence, India Hill Farm, near Newburyport. The chimney piece is flanked

on either side by fluted Doric pilasters. Only the upper part of the old mantel remains. This is of wood, and beneath a cornice of dentils is a frieze of classic figures of women and horses in what seems to be a boat with a high curving prow.

"Bacon's Castle" was built about 1650 by Arthur Allen, who had settled in Surry in the previous year. The original section has massive brick walls two stories high and with curving tops surmounted by copings, and a high pitch roof which terminates at either end against the higher wall. Projecting from each end wall is an unusually large chimney, the upper part of which consists of three tall slender square

flues set diagonally in a row. On either side of the house at the centre is an enclosed porch two stories in height with a gable. The windows in the



GABLE OF HOUSE BUILT IN CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY



ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S CHURCH, BURNED BY THE BRITISH AND REBUILT IN 1798

Drawings by John Bennett



WAINSCOTING, MANTEL AND FIREPLACE FROM THE OLD PROVINCE HOUSE, BOSTON

house are high and narrow, those in the lower story having curved lintels. Those in the porches are wide and, except in the basement, have straight lintels. The high narrow door has a molded pediment, above which is a molding like a drip stone on which a high, narrow window seems to rest. Within, large beams support the ceiling, and there are large fire-places and deep window-seats and a circular staircase which is believed to be original. In the centre of the state room, the beams of the ceiling are supported by a turned post with square, notched ends which bears some resemblance to staircase balusters of the Tudor period. The dado and wainscoting at the end of the room belong, however, to a later style. A fireplace of unusual dimensions converted the basement into a living room and work room for the servants in cold weather. Built with strength to withstand attacks from Indians, as were most other houses in those days, the building, as records show, was seized and held by William Rock, an officer of Nathaniel Bacon, as a stronghold in the rebellion of the latter, and from this



Province House.

PROVINCE HOUSE, BOSTON, FROM AN OLD PRINT



BACON'S CASTLE, SURRY COUNTY, VIRGINIA, BUILT IN 1655; FROM AN OLD PRINT
Courtesy of the Virginia Historical Society

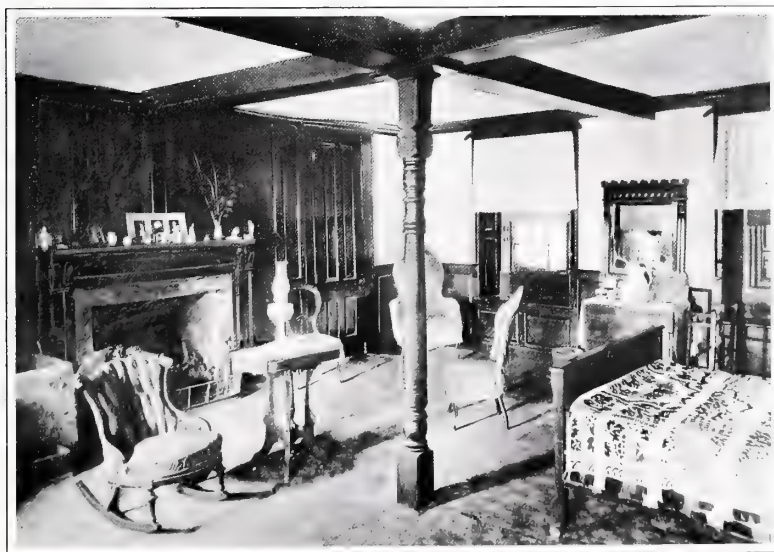
fact it came to be known by the name which it now bears locally and in historical records.

A few other buildings of Tudor style still stand in Virginia and South Carolina. These have the distinctive manor-house plan with gables and chimneys. In fact, several of them were copied from the homes which their owners had left in England. One of these, the Carter House at

Carter's Creek, Virginia, built previous to 1692 and no longer in existence, was in the form of a capital letter E, with a great hall in the long section, a wing at either end and an entrance porch at the centre of it. The chimneys rose in solid masses to the eaves, above which point they were continued in two or three slender shafts set diagonally in a row. The interior of the old house

is said to have had a wainscoting of the linen-fold panel design. Malvern Hill mansion, around which was fought one of the battles of the Civil War, was of the same general plan, with a characteristic porch at the centre and, at one end, a huge chimney with a decoration of diamonds and lines composed of glazed headers of rich colors which appeared to be white when light was reflected from their polished surfaces.

Of the examples in South Carolina, all of which vary in



STATE APARTMENT, SECOND FLOOR, OF BACON'S CASTLE

detail, the oldest is the Back River plantation house of Landgrave Smith on Goose Creek, supposed to have been erected between 1670 and 1680 and reputed to have been the first brick house in the colony. An old print published in *Harper's* in 1875 shows the main section of the house to have had a high pitch roof with stepped gables and a chimney at the peak of each. A longer section, one story in height, also had a chimney at either end, and, at the centre, a porch from which opened a double door with transom and side lights, while above it rose to the dominating height of three stories a somewhat tower-like structure surmounted by a heavy stone coping which supported a narrow pediment.



HOME OF LANDGRAVE SMITH ON THE BACK RIVER PLANTATION, BUILT ABOUT 1680
Said to have been the first brick house in Carolina

At Middleton Place on the Ashley River, seventeen miles from Charleston, stand the walls of the home of Arthur Middleton, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Its gables are interesting because of their similarity to those of "Bacon's Castle," which had been built a century earlier, and because the main part of the house was in the Georgian style, the wings being added about 1770. The buildings, before their destruction by Union forces in the Civil War, fronted on two sides of a quadrangle with an esplanade with marble urns and broad steps at the centre, from which terraces descended to the river, while to right and left extended a formal Elizabethan garden with hedgerows and flowering shrubs, the whole set among huge live oaks festooned with Spanish moss. In the midst of these the melancholy, vine-clad ruins still proclaim the stateliness of the old structure.



MIDDLETON PLACE ON THE ASHLEY RIVER NEAR CHARLESTON, BUILT 1740

In Charleston at 97 East Bay Street is a building of the Eighteenth Century which has a Tudor balustrade and false gable, while at 103 is another house which had a similar gable. Other

examples of the Tudor influence on early American architecture are the chapels and small churches which were built in the colony that the planters might worship. Among these are St. Bartholomew's, built in 1753; Prince George's, at Georgetown, about 1700, and St. Stephen's at Santee, dating from 1767, all of which have the characteristic curves and steps.

The influence of the Tudor style of architecture was much stronger in the South than in the other sections of colonial America, and was particularly marked in the Carolinas, Virginia and Maryland. The explanation is probably to be found in the racial characteristics of the Colonists. Tudor architecture

changed little under the Stuarts, so little that the name is generally used to include most of the buildings of their time. It lends itself to the expression of a more sturdy aristocracy than does the delicately classical Georgian; its stepped gables, arched openings and lofty chimneys suggest battlements and towers, houses that are truly a man's castle. It was natural that the Jacobite descendants of the Cavaliers should build such homes.

Although the style of the exteriors changed little, so little that in many cases the omission of the rose as a unit of decoration is the only change, quite the opposite is true of the furniture. Under the Stuarts there was a great advance in the luxury and comfort of the interior appointments of the rooms, and a distinct style of cabinetry was developed. It is probable that most of the Tudor mansions of the Colonies were made complete and harmonious by Jacobean furniture imported from England, and that the woodwork of the interiors was in character, some of the rooms having been furnished with panels brought from houses in the older country.



ART BY THE WAY

Guy Pène
du BOIS

THE public opening of the Freer collection in Washington was one of those long-anticipated events in the fulfilment of which there is, so often, considerable disappointment. This one of our collections could have been listed among myths, a thing full of hidden splendors. In Washington we may find it to be a collection of the Whistlerian epoch, although the pre-Raphaelites are absent; a gathering of works from slim-handed aestheticians. The exception to this on the walls is a Winslow Homer, a man's work, with no mixture of aesthetics, no suggestion of that art, a limited affair, carefully concocted and nursed, with effete gestures and secret words, for their own kind and themselves, by snobs.



The collection is, as you must have heard, superbly housed. Charles A. Platt was the architect. In the patio, a peacock struts for the crowds which casually glance through the long French windows. From another angle, he may be a very good symbol of the collection. He is a gorgeous bird with a very empty voice.



The collection might have been made with the intention of keeping to the chastity and spirituality of Chinese art. It travels from China through Whistler—I can imagine no greater distance—to Dwight W. Tryon and Thomas E. Dewing. This seems to me to be a trip from museum to old department-store art or from super-aestheticism to the frivolous imitative gestures of refined banality. Dewing and Tryon are condemned here. They are products of a spinster period, spinster in thinness, paucity and exaggerations of guest-room manners which we have outgrown. No one has strummed the squeaky high strings harder nor been more meticulous in stressing the trivial. The view of the larger structure is lost in the study of the nails which hold it together.



The collection is almost bare of any suggestion of sensuousness. It rises to great spiritual heights and falls to paper-thin and hollow mockeries of them. The artist of the time which saw it come to life was wilfully, certainly not wantonly, a queer bird, an anomalous figure in communities, a strange thing, whether seen from above, from below or even, if such a feat were possible, from the same

level. He took art with a confused frown and was convinced that delicacy is the synonym of aesthetics. To Dewing, as an example, a silver-point drawing, which the near-sighted might not be able to decipher, must have, because of faintness, an exquisite indefiniteness, more aesthetic ponderability than a charcoal drawing, which, by its very nature, being blunt and forceful, would run the danger of all loud talk, the danger of being considered vulgar. This deduction has much in common with the white rooms, bare and ascetic as monks' cells, and the noiseless appliances of hospitals. (It has much in character with slippers and sneakers.) Perhaps in producing a sterilized it also produces a sterile art. This is not for me to say. But Dewing, even more than Tryon, was the great American in certain essentially elegant quarters, which, with a calmly modulated voice, dictated the nature of good taste a decade or two ago. Today we may be pardoned the fear that Rothenberg on Fourteenth Street will catch him if he doesn't watch out. But this also may be left floating. The Rothenberg clientele is a large one. I question whether any appreciable proportion of it cares for "blue stockings," and Dewing's thin, hard women come very near to resembling nothing else. They are the symbol of an ideal cast in a mould of iron or tin, and properly disliked by the well mannered and, austere, well meaning persons who, in Dewing's youth, tried to reach it. But this is not even American art of pre-golf Sabbaths and of the epoch of the flagellation of the flesh. Indeed there is more real ascetism in an El Greco finger nail than in a roomfull of Freer Dewings. And the count of delicacy with them is taken in brush marks. Spiritually, his ladies are scrawny imitations of their Florentine betters. No spark of humanity lightens their wooden fortitude nor the stiffly fitted leather drawn over their angular bones.



How did the man who began with Chinese art go on, or slip down, to Dewing? The identity of the famous Man-in-the-Iron-Mask is a comparatively simple riddle. However, it might be well to stop and consider. Epochs may entrance some persons. They take autocratic grips and insidiously work flukes of vision. An *a priori* notion would accomplish the latter. Having once made the acquisition, one goes around carrying it like a shawl to throw over and bedeck the first likely

subject. It is at least imaginable that this shawl—Chinese in the present case—could have been slipped one dark night over the figure of Dewing. After that, we have only to deal with the fallacies which follow the wake of stubbornness and pride. Here you have the thing explained—perhaps.



But Abbot Thayer, quite well represented, is easier to explain than Dewing. He painted white as few men have painted it; put a quality there, made it rich without loading it with sensuality. His angels do not matter much as angels. Moreover, Mr. Freer never collected a Chinese bottle to use as a bottle. No collector ever does. The other causes are multiple. But color itself is reason enough. Thayer therefore is placed. His landscapes with their empty foregrounds are never thrilling. He looked always at the peak of Monadenock. It may have been beyond this peak that he saw the angels. This is, in any case, a nice belief. If we have enough nice beliefs about Thayer—it is easy enough to have enough—we shall forgive him a great deal. The opulence of that white! And its chastity! If he had loved nothing else, he could, at least, have got along with his pigment.



I do not know how many Whistlers—paintings, water colors, etchings, lithographs—there are in the Freer collection. The array is almost overwhelming. So are the good examples, although strangely, for their glory has traveled far and been drummed for many years, they are not many. Two or three portraits, the "Music Room," "The Princess of the Porcelain Country," two or three nocturnes, several etchings and lithographs, and you are through with the lot. This is said in a spirit of disappointment. Truly the best examples of James Abbott McNeil Whistler are still abroad. There is nothing here comparable to the "Mother," the "Miss Alexander" or the "Carlyle." It is even possible that most of the Freer examples will do more damage than good to his reputation in this country. The oils, with a few exceptions, and practically all the water colors are insignificant. They are worse than that. They accentuate Whistler's one great weakness, which, while it was never entirely absent from the masterpieces, has never been so palpably displayed as it is now. This is dilettanteism, a super-aestheticism, a liking for art which seems to have been stronger in him than the one for life. This, at times. He talked that kind of thing himself. He put on his pictures titles which had an undoubted dilettante flavor. He may have detested British art of his

time, the Burne-Joneses, Rossettis, Wattses, with reason. They were doing things to him, making him conscious in his professional attitude, turning a man into an aestheticism. I believe the latter, for the good of these notes, as you may have gathered earlier in them, while all very well for the art lover, connoisseur, collector, etc., will never do for the artist. His art, to own vigor, any bloom of health, any readily computable honesty, must be the product of a love of life or be balanced in life's favor. He can not be a painting admirer of other painters' work and make an even respectable place for himself in the sun. Whistler, in this collection, often gets dangerously near, in spirit, to men of ideals purely aesthetic. This is especially true of a little group of anemic nudes. Anything so slight as these in the matter of form cannot be considered with any seriousness today. I do not know about tomorrow and future standards. His adaptations from other arts, the Chinese as an example, or Courbet as another, are rare enough and then not always discernible. The direct art influence is probably not the point with Whistler himself. He could cover his traces with the strength of his own individual whims. The fault lies, if it is one, in the art attitude with its snobbish approach to life. It became a pair of artificially colored glasses between himself and the thing seen, a device defeating fresh vision or any empirical deduction. A symbol for this might live in his habit of beginning almost every work with a sauce, one that reminds of Velasquez, in which he soaked every subject that he served. The literal expression of this is, as we gather here, that his attack upon any given subject was made consciously as an artist. In the excitement of the great things, this consciousness was lost. In others, its control was unceasing. We feel the long stick, the white lock of hair, the poses, the inconsequential quips. We feel a really terrible consciousness of taste in the matching and arrangement of colors. A kind of futile dandyism is in this ribbon-counter, dressmaker activity. Life or nature, the only permanent theme with which the artist may deal, is assuredly sacrificed to it. Taste changes. A harder race may become impatient of disguising sauces. Good taste is mere froth on epochal beer. The body of the beer is alone worth bothering about, for it alone could be of service to future generations.



Most of us have seen too many interiors of chop-suey houses—we call them "joints"—to be greatly impressed by "the peacock room"—so long famous—which is put together here in prac-

tically its original shape. But in the early eighties and nineties, ginger-bread architecture, as is proved by so many of the cottages of the period, was greatly favored by the modernists. Whistler must have had some misgivings about Leland's Chinese room. Some of them, I believe, are recorded. There could have been no question of a fine wall space for a picture in his mind. The room is without any such space. Its walls are marred by a lacework of little shelves which could have held, at one time, a tremendous quantity of Victorian rubbish, and which, at the present time, serve no purpose at all. Whistler's sole reason for attacking this job then must have been the improvement of the room. It was too much for him. Even the beauties of the "Porcelain Princess"—she is framed in a band that might have been designed by Stanford White—are dimmed by the fragile gold sticks which cross each other to form the silly little shelves all over the place. The atmosphere remains, after efforts which we shall call Herculean, one of gim-cracks and tinsel. And this is more particularly accentuated when one happens to enter the room after having just left one of the many galleries here in which the serenity of real Chinese art is so palpably manifest.



Perhaps it is scarcely justifiable to thus so violently attack so generous a gift to the nation. But it is done more in, as has already been said, disappointment than malice. We needed Whistlers, and we have acquired, with all the promise and fanfare which preceded this installation, a comparatively shoddy lot of them. Not the sweepings of the studio these, exactly, but things done, with a poseur's flourish, by an artist too weak, perhaps physically, to reach, more than a few times in his life, the heights which he was capable of ascending. About the Dewings and Tryons and three very banal landscapes by John Singer Sargent, Freer was as wrong, fundamentally, as he was right about Whistler. And besides, whenever we shall desire to review the taste of our forbears of the nineties, we shall need nothing more arduous than to jump on the train to Washington and move over to the Freer Museum. Some time this may seem more humorous than it does just now. Just now, it has all the aspects of a terrible disaster.



Another collection in Washington, at the present writing far from completion, is one being formed by Duncan Phillips and now housed in the Phillips Memorial Gallery on Twenty-first Street.

Just now one small gallery is devoted to the works of French painters, impressionists, or in some way associated with their movement. This represents but one small portion of the collection. The major part consists of American works. There are a few deviations from the art, so thoroughly associated, of France and America. Of these I remember most distinctly a Guardi, an El Greco and a Zuloaga. The El Greco is a saint's portrait of the type which he knew so well how to make ascetic; the Zuloaga is the head of a girl, a product of a much more sophisticated Spain. I have no notes of this collection and saw, at best, but snatches of it. The impression it made, however, was of an immense variety of matter which, having aspects of no limitation, still was kept well within the taste of a generous but not too catholic editor.



A collection without restrictions is one without flavor. This one, nevertheless, on the face value of the names represented, spans a wide area. It goes, as one example, from Puvis to Daumier, which might be from a spiritual to a material manifestation, and as another example, of much the same color, from Twachtman to Luks. Luks' "Dominican" is indeed one of the most corpulent of American pictures, a work stressing the richness of matter; the snow picture by Twachtman, a slight thing to the casual glance, is really a document on the essence of nature—the spiritual essence. Here is no ponderable weight, no spadeful of earth or snow, no thing on which to sink a hob-nailed boot. A poet whispers this note in clear tones and we are left believing and wondering. The apparent weakness of Twachtman's statement must be its strength. But this is not the answer either. He seems to have caught the clear tones, the white purity, of an untortured soul. He and Weir and Hassam, at rare times, represent to me the real youth, the real innocence, of the America of their time and place. The place of this particular picture is unquestionably Connecticut, a state entirely bare of any topographic voluptuousness, of any richness in soil, and in which the air is especially clear and dry. These painters are New Englanders. Any special conception of fertility to be got out of their soil will be broken, negated, by the presence of much stone.



But I stop too long with them. There is less aridity in the French purist than in the American Puritan. However, this is too general a conclusion. Twachtman—he is the best, to me, of the three men mentioned; as one of the impressionists or as

a follower of their dictation, he could not compromise with the facts of nature. He must sit before it in the attitude of a camera, displacing nothing by personal whim, reporting even the momentary presence of an atmospheric condition. Twachtman, the American, stuck to that last in fact; in spirit, however, he soared so far above the scientific subject that one can not consider him as an impressionist at all. The difference between Twachtman and a French purist is really in the matter of consciousness. Twachtman knew not what he did. Puvis was far more fully aware of himself. He had some sort of literary, or explanatory, grasp of the material that he handled. He could accentuate a mood, use the turn or twist or metaphor which would give it its full value in the eyes of the most indifferent of ordinary art lovers. Twachtman will always be a fine hint of an unfully realized temperament. He never will appeal to a large number of persons. His whisper is clear and fine, but it belongs to a dreaming youth who found beauty, brushed it on canvas and let it go at that, without troubling to give it particular

cogency or emphasis. Puvis' figures, in their archaic lines and dignified groupings, like the pervading color, are in themselves a key to the spirit that moved the painter. He explains himself. He makes sure that we shall understand.

☉ ☉

But more on this collection shall be written later. It reminds one a little, in its balance reached by opposites, of certain men who are most interesting when they are either, symbolically, of course, laughing or crying.

☉ ☉

As the Orient may influence an Occidental artist, so the Occident may affect the work of one from the Orient. Such a one is Yasuo Kuniyoshi, a Japanese, examples of whose art have of late been seen at the Whitney Studio club, the Daniel Gallery, John Wanamaker's and the Spring Salon. There are apparent in them characteristics of the artistic viewpoints of both sides of this mundane sphere.



"THE SHORE"

BY YASUO KUNIYOSHI

Manship in the Toledo Art Museum



DANGER AND GAZELLES

by

Paul Manship

Courtesy of Scott & Fowles

THOSE classical influences which have made so marked an impression on all the work of Paul Manship—save in that marvelous piece of realism in marble, the head of his infant daughter Pauline—are strongly felt in this life-size bronze group, “Dancer and Gazelles,” which has recently been acquired from Scott & Fowles of New York by the Toledo Museum of Art. The profiled head and the modeling of the torso are of the last period of great Greek art while the draperies suggest that of ancient Asia. The position of the fingers of the left hand and the awkward heads of the two gazelles are Mr. Manship’s contributions to realism. The group was modeled in 1916 and has been cast twice, the first group now being in the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington.

A SHELF of NEW ART BOOKS

THE ART OF E. A. RICKARDS. By *Arnold Bennett, H. V. Lanchester and Amor Fenn.* George H. Doran Company, New York.

E. A. RICKARDS was an English architect by vocation but in his avocations, as shown in the many illustrations in this handsome and entertaining memorial volume, he was a many-sided artist, working, apparently with equal facility and skill, in water colors, lithography and black-and-white,

THE ART OF E. A. RICKARDS

(CONTINUED)

A Collection of his Architectural Drawings, Paintings, and Sketches with a Personal Sketch by ARNOLD BENNETT an Appreciation by H. V. LANCHESTER and Technical Notes by AMOR FENN

GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY NEW YORK
TECHNICAL JOURNALS LTD LONDON

his illustrations in this last medium including inimitable sketches and caricatures, designs for public monuments, programmes and book illustrations. He was self-taught as an architect and made himself distinguished in this field, as numerous public buildings in England and Wales stand to certify. Born in 1872, he died in 1919 as a result of his services as a field architect in France in the war and just before this volume was ready for presentation to him by a group of

his friends and admirers as a proof of their regard.

We have said the book is entertaining, and it is this in a double sense: through the infinite variety and charm of its illustrations, many of which are in color, and through the personal sketch of Rickards contributed by Arnold Bennett, which is in the most Bennettian vein of downright positiveness as to Rickards' ability as an architect and an artist and his equal enthusiasm for Rickards as a man and a friend. There are also an appreciation of Rickards' work as an architect by H. V. Lanchester and critical notes and comments by Amor Fenn. Happy is the man who inspired a memorial such as this, in which the beauty of his own art and the affectionate tributes of his friends are combined.

THE SPIRIT OF AMERICAN SCULPTURE.

By *Adeline Adams.* The National Sculpture Society, New York.

AT the request of the National Sculpture Society, Mrs. Adams, wife of Herbert Adams, sculptor, has written this little volume as a literary contribution to the spirit of the notable exhibition of American sculpture arranged by the organization in New York for this spring and summer. The plan of her text is to present a general summary of American sculpture from its baldly realistic beginnings in the work of Mrs. Patience Wright up to the present day, pointing out the growth and change and marked improvement in our native art in this field with slight sketches and appreciations of the chief figures of the various periods which, with rare perception, she sets between our great international exhibitions beginning with the Centennial in Philadelphia in 1876.

Mrs. Adams is a cheerful and witty disciple of appreciation in criticism, her few depreciations being directed against special movements rather than against individuals or their works. She is ready to recognize the place that the

much abused "Rogers groups" had in the life of their time, just as she is to recognize the noble works of John Q. A. Ward, Saint-Gaudens and French, and she makes plain to the reader the satisfying qualities of the Rogers groups with the same intelligence and sympathy as she applies to the works of the creators of more splendid sculptures. We know of no work on American sculpture so thoroughly satisfying as this and none written with such grace, wit and charm. It is a little book to read, re-read and treasure.

THE EARLY NORTHERN PAINTERS: Their Art and Times as Illustrated from Examples of their Work in the National Gallery, London.

By *Mrs. C. R. Peers.* The Medici Society of America, Boston.

THE limitations, and they are very marked, of Mrs. Peers' book are indicated in its title, for it is anything but satisfactory to attempt to study Flemish, Dutch and German pictorial art from the middle of the Fourteenth Century to the middle of the Sixteenth on the basis

of so unsubstantial a background of these schools and periods as the British National Gallery presents. With only three of Jan van Eyck's works to be studied, with none by Hubert van Eyck, two by Holbein and one "almost unanimously given to" Robert Campin, and with Roger van der Weyden "unhappily but poorly represented in our national collection," the student would make limited headway in acquiring a general knowledge among these old painters'

THE EARLY NORTHERN PAINTERS: THEIR ART AND TIMES AS ILLUSTRATED FROM EXAMPLES OF THEIR WORK IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY, LONDON. BY MRS. C. R. PEERS

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works, the instances quoted being characteristic of the whole summary as it is given in this volume.

In the introductory chapters on the origin of medieval painting north and south of the Alps and on the influence that the guilds and traveling had on these old painters, Mrs. Peers, in common with many English writers, can not see across the Irish Sea, and nowhere in her text is any direct reference made to Ireland's wonderful early medieval art which had such a profound and far-reaching effect on design in that age both in England and on the Continent.

PAINTER AND SPACE. By *Howard Russell Butler.* Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price \$4.

THIS story of the gradual conquest of space in painting, from the first crude outline drawings of antiquity up to the scientific developments of the Renaissance and ending with the summary handling of perspective by the "modernists," is written by a man who has no ax to grind, no theory to champion, although he takes a decided position. The presentation of space is to him the greatest feat of painting, and those who do not aid in mastering the principles that govern it have made little or no contribution

to art. Renoir, in his estimation, injured the cause; Cézanne did nothing to further it, Gauguin sacrificed values, and our own Henry Golden Dearth renounced a nobles road to weave charming color patterns.

The first half of the book is a history of the development of perspective through the time of the Renaissance, the two culminating steps being the development of monocular perspective and the discovery of the binocular system, the latter not yet completely mastered but offering an opportunity to some future school. To read the book is a pleasure for it is written by a man who does not seek to dazzle with his scientific knowledge but who is trying to keep his statement of a perplexing subject simple and clear. Artists will like Mr. Butler's advice about sketching, showing his own system of recording values and colors in a black and white sketch. Among the book's thirty-four illustrations is a reproduction of the author's painting of a solar eclipse, which furnished unique material for the final chapter.

CHARACTERS. By George Belcher. George H. Doran Company, New York.

GEORGE BELCHER is an English artist who contributes humorous drawings to *The Tatler* and occasionally to *Punch*, his subjects being chiefly persons of the humbler walks of life in the British metropolis and the general manner of his style reminding anyone of the work of Phil May. Eighty-five of his drawings and a few etchings have been gathered together and reproduced in this book. For this, Frank Swinnerton, novelist, has written a brief appreciation which is devoted entirely to the artist's work and contains no helpful biographical facts about the artist himself, who must be unknown to most Americans. The drawings are really humorous, and Mr. Belcher has the distinction, unusual in a British artist concerned with the comic aspects of life, of not using the cricket field as a peg on which to hang any of his jokes.



HUMAN ANATOMY FOR ART STUDENTS.

By Sir Alfred Fripp and Ralph Thompson. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. Price \$5.

THE authors of this volume, both of whom are distinguished English surgeons, have presented a much more thorough treatise of their subject than is usual in books designed for art students. In addition to the consideration of the form and structure of the body and its parts, they have sought to give the reader a knowledge of the inter-relation of the components of the figure. They have also included a study of the effects of age upon structural form and the resultant changes in outer appearance that is highly instructive. Of more doubtful value is the complicated chapter devoted to facial expression. The study that has been made of the muscular activities which combine to indicate emotion is suggestive, surely, but there is danger that the student who follows it too closely may fall into the use of a stereotyped convention which, while it may be quite correct anatomically, will lack verity.

HISTOIRE DU COSTUME ANTIQUE. By Léon Heuzey. Édouard Champion, Paris. Price, 60 francs.

THE late Léon Heuzey was an archaeologist, a member of the Institut and professor in the École Nationale des Beaux Arts. This book, written in the author's eighty-eighth year and a short time before his death, contains the substance of a course of lectures which he gave at the Beaux Arts from 1862 until his retirement in 1910. His method of teaching was largely by illustration with the living model, and in writing on the subject he uses more than 150 illustrations taken from vases, wall paintings, reliefs and figurines, and also from photographs of the living model dressed under his supervision. The book is more than 300 pages long, and of its numerous illustrations five are in color.

There are two points of which Heuzey made much. The first of these is that the antique costume preserved the same character across the ages, its different pieces, tunic, mantle, chiton, himation, varying only according to the purpose for which it was intended and the size of the individual. The second point is that the material never was cut or shaped, the complete costume being assembled of unchanging elements, instead of becoming the slave that fashion manipulated today.

Edmond Pottier, a curator of the Louvre, has written for the book a preface in which he ascribes to Heuzey the inauguration of many ideas which have since appeared in print in all countries, the professor's own preference for teaching having deferred his writing on the subject until the very end of his life.

STUCCO HOUSES. By Henry T. Child. Printed privately. Price \$10.

ONE of the greatest problems that faces the prospective home builder is usually that of making a start. So many questions as to style, size and cost arise that the actual construction is frequently delayed far longer than is needful. Anything, therefore, that will help to clarify the builder's ideas or offer suggestions that can form a working basis for their development is of real value to both the builder himself and the architect whom he may select. This book accomplishes that service. The designs, adapted from European types of stucco construction, are of houses that range in price from fifteen thousand to one hundred and forty thousand dollars.

In each case the publisher has reproduced a perspective drawing of the building and the floor plans, most of which are by E. S. Child. The plans are carefully studied and show arrangements that lend themselves to both beauty and convenience; they seem to be more successful than the exteriors, although several of these are interesting and all of them offer valuable suggestions. Anyone who is considering the building of a stucco house will find this book helpful particularly so since it shows at a glance the approximate costs of various types of houses. It is presented in a loose leaf binding which adds to its practicality.



ONE GESTURE in defiance of the ever-execrated present is found in Modernism, which champions a violent elementalism—an experiment in studied crudity, an invocation of technic rather than of subject matter. Some there be, however, who can find surcease in Horatio Walker, who, as F. Newlin Price says, “sings of olden times, of thatched roofs and pioneer winters.” Mr. Price devotes a characteristic article, which with its color reproduction will lead the August number of *INTERNATIONAL STUDIO*, to this painter who has become famous as the artist-protagonist of the *habitants* of Quebec. Walker's pictures have an Old World atmosphere. They carry one back to an age that is the antithesis of the present. A priest in Normandy once said to him, “You were born two hundred years ago, old Norman friend.” Any article by Mr. Price is a delight, and his presentation of Walker is one of the best things he has written.

SIDON the Great, as the city is called in the book of Joshua, was the mother city of the Phenician world. She was the founder of Carthage, of Cyprus, of Creta, of Thassos, of Calchis. She sent Cadmus, reputed father of literature, to Greece. She was a rich and glorious city in the days of Tut-Ankh-Amen. Later she withstood the onslaught of the Jews when they conquered Palestine. Many centuries later she supplied ships to Xerxes when he invaded Greece. But one of her brightest jewels is that provided by Pliny, who credits her with the discovery of glass-making. This tradition has sometimes been disputed, but Dr. Gustavus A. Eisen is inclined to give it credence in an article on Sidonian glass that will appear in the August number.

ONE DAY, when Ingres was living in Rome, a visitor knocked at his studio. “Does Monsieur Ingres, the celebrated draughtsman, live here?” he asked. “Monsieur Ingres, the celebrated *painter*, lives here,” shouted Ingres, full of wrath, and slammed the door in his face. Albrecht Dürer's pathetic plea that he had silenced the people who said he was only fit to engrave, that in painting he knew nothing about color, tells much the same story. Unfortunately, the prejudice of which he complained survived him; for the world likes specialists and universal attainments are too often beyond its grasp. So it happens that H. S. Ciolkowski's classification of Dürer, in the August number, as a great pioneer of our Modernist schools in painting is in the nature of a discovery.

IN THE August number Louis H. Frohman will begin a series of articles on (and interviews with) the famous illustrators of America—those industrious artists whose works are not shown in Fifth Avenue's galleries but whose names are household words in the land because of their embellishments of the magazines and “best sellers.” The first will be a consideration of James Montgomery Flagg, and it will be of interest not alone to the public but to artists and art students, for Mr. Flagg holds to the view that technic must be thoroughly mastered before the artist permits himself to undertake creative work. *INTERNATIONAL STUDIO* will reproduce Mr. Flagg's first drawing (that of a cat) made when he was a small boy. But not every child who draws can become an artist, for drawing, Mr. Flagg

says, is an expression of one of the most primitive instincts; all children have savage tendencies, and drawing is one of these. Those persons who can no more tolerate child artists than they can juvenile reciters will be thankful for Mr. Flagg's elucidating words.

DID you ever study those marvelous carvings done by the Maoris in the days before they passed under the influence of civilization and Christianity? They were done with tools of sharpened stone, shell, bone and sharks' teeth by artists who felt themselves to be ministering to the gods. Before undertaking creative work, the artists were chastened by meditation and were forbidden to be touched or to touch anything, even food. Consequently, their carvings were produced in the white fire of inspiration. This explains their inherent mastery and charm. But it is a dead art—killed by European tools and the Christian religion. It has been sympathetically studied by Frances Del Mar, who has written an article for the August number.

ON reading the autobiography of Benvenuto Cellini, one is led to exclaim over the hazardous and adventurous lives of the artists of his day. They had need to be soldiers and duellists, engineers and diplomats; their stories read like the tales of “Kit” Carson and “Deadwood Dick.” J. Blanding Sloan, sign painter, tramp, mechanic, etcher, painter, teacher and scenic decorator fits into this tradition. His life is a thrilling romance of modern times, as full of adventure as that of any quattrocentist. His story, illustrated by reproductions of several of his etchings, will be one of the features of *INTERNATIONAL STUDIO* for August.

THERE has arisen in Minnesota a young artist who in time may shed more lustre on the name of that state than a certain congressman whose name begins with “V.” He is E. Dewey Albinson, and he has achieved his first fame as a sort of Edgar Lee Masters with paint and brush. He can take a dilapidated house on “Main street” in a forlornly prosaic town in his state and paint it in such a manner that it becomes an epic, just as Masters took a Spoon River nothing and fascinated you with its sheer banality against your will. *INTERNATIONAL STUDIO*'s readers will make his acquaintance in August by means of an article written by Grace E. Polk.

Two articles on the subject of decoration will appear in the August number. “The Ancestor of the Chair,” by Hanna Tachau, will deal with the humble stool, which really isn't so humble when it assumes almost the guise of a key-piece in a well-thought-out and beautiful interior. “Decorating with Flowers,” by Estelle H. Ries, carrying a set of remarkable illustrations, is fruitful of hints to owners of beautiful homes who would like to make them more beautiful and livable.

FOR John E. Costigan's “Peeling Apples,” which adorns the cover of this number, *INTERNATIONAL STUDIO* is indebted to the Babcock Galleries of New York.

Payton Bownell



STUDIOS OF FAMOUS ARTISTS

*The above photo shows the studio of Carl R. Kraft,
Vice-President, Chicago Society of Artists*

*“In truth,
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THE BROTHERS VAN DER WELDE . MESSONIER
From painting in the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Engraved by Beck

COLOR being a fundamental of art, monochrome can never truly represent a picture; therefore, illustrations for catalogues of art collections should be made in color rather than in gravure, which though attractive to the eye omits this vital factor.



GARDEN AND POOL—JAPANESE LOTUS IN BLOOM. At the home of Albert Herter, Bridgehampton, Long Island
Engraved by Beck direct from Lumiere plate by John Wesley Allison

A recent development of interest is the reproduction of views of country estates in full color for use in descriptive volumes, or as Christmas cards, or otherwise. The rhododendrons bloom but for a brief season each year, and to preserve their memory color must be used, for the charm of the landscape, intimate or far flung, is color.

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Aug. 1	New York	Plymouth	Cherbourg	United States	Pres. Garfield	Aug. 9
Aug. 1	New York	Bremen	Direct	North German Lloyd	Yorck	Aug. 13
Aug. 1	Montreal	Antwerp	Cherbourg, Southampton	Canadian Pacific	Minnedosa	Aug. 12
Aug. 1	New York	Libau	Hamburg, Danzig	Baltic-American	Estonia	Aug. 12
Aug. 2	New York	Hamburg	Plymouth, Cherbourg	American	Manchuria	Aug. 12
Aug. 2	New York	Copenhagen	Christiania	Scandinavian-American	Hellig Olav	Aug. 22
Aug. 2	New York	Havre	Direct	French	Suffren	Aug. 10
Aug. 2	Montreal	Glasgow	Belfast	Canadian Pacific	Metagama	Aug. 10
Aug. 3	Montreal	Glasgow	Direct	Anchor	Saturnia	Aug. 10
Aug. 3	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montrose	Aug. 10
Aug. 4	Montreal	Liverpool	Quebec	White Star	Regina (new)	Aug. 12
Aug. 4	New York	Liverpool	Quebec	White Star	Adriatic	Aug. 11
Aug. 4	New York	Plymouth	Cherbourg	United States	America	Aug. 12
Aug. 4	New York	Rotterdam	Plymouth, Boulogne	Holland-American	Ryndam	Aug. 13
Aug. 4	New York	Havre	Plymouth	French	Lafayette	Aug. 11
Aug. 4	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Anchor	Columbia	Aug. 12
Aug. 4	New York	Plymouth	Cherbourg	Cunard	Saxonia	Aug. 12
Aug. 4	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Franconia (new)	Aug. 12
Aug. 4	Quebec	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	Canadian Pacific	Empress of Scotland	Aug. 12
Aug. 4	New York	Bremen	Cherbourg, Southampton	White Star	Canopic	Aug. 16
Aug. 4	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Mauretania	Aug. 13
Aug. 8	New York	Antwerp	Plymouth, Cherbourg	Red Star	Belgenland (new)	Aug. 17
Aug. 8	New York	Plymouth	Cherbourg	United States	Pres. Adams	Aug. 17
Aug. 8	New York	Bremen	Direct	North German Lloyd	Bremen	Aug. 10
Aug. 8	New York	Hamburg	Plymouth, Cherbourg	Cunard	Laconia (new)	Aug. 10
Aug. 8	New York	Hamburg	Plymouth, Cherbourg	American	Finland	Aug. 10
Aug. 9	New York	Havre	Direct	French	Rochambeau	Aug. 17
Aug. 9	Boston	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Samaria (new)	Aug. 17
Aug. 10	New York	Kristiania	Bergen, Stavanger, Kristiansand	Norwegian-American	Bergensfjord	Aug. 25
Aug. 10	Montreal	Glasgow	Direct	Anchor	Cassandra	Aug. 10
Aug. 10	Quebec	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montlaurier	Aug. 20
Aug. 11	Montreal	Liverpool	Quebec	White Star	Megantic	Aug. 18
Aug. 11	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Celtic	Aug. 20
Aug. 11	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Majestic	Aug. 10
Aug. 11	New York	Plymouth	Cherbourg	United States	Pres. Roosevelt	Aug. 10
Aug. 11	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	Royal Mail	Ohio	Aug. 19
Aug. 11	New York	Rotterdam	Plymouth, Boulogne	Holland-American	New Amsterdam	Aug. 20
Aug. 11	New York	Havre	Direct	French	La Savoie	Aug. 10
Aug. 11	Montreal	Plymouth	Cherbourg	Cunard	Antonia (new)	Aug. 20
Aug. 11	Montreal	Southampton	Cherbourg	Canadian Pacific	Marglen	Aug. 20
Aug. 11	New York	Bremen	Direct	North German Lloyd	Muenchen	Aug. 20
Aug. 14	New York	Bremen	Direct	United States	Pres. Fillmore	Aug. 21
Aug. 14	New York	Copenhagen	Christiania	Scandinavian-American	Frederick VIII	Aug. 24
Aug. 14	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Berengaria	Sept. 1
Aug. 14	New York	Antwerp	Plymouth, Cherbourg	Red Star	Zeeland	Aug. 21
Aug. 15	New York	Cherbourg	Plymouth	United States	Pres. Monroe	Aug. 26
Aug. 15	New York	Havre	Plymouth	French	Paris	Aug. 25
Aug. 15	New York	Libau	Danzig, Hamburg	Baltic-American	Polonia	Aug. 22
Aug. 15	New York	Hamburg	Plymouth, Cherbourg	American	Mongolia	Aug. 26
Aug. 16	Montreal	Glasgow	Belfast	Canadian Pacific	Maburn	Aug. 27
Aug. 16	New Orleans	Havre	Vigo	French	Kentucky	Aug. 25
Aug. 17	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montclare	Aug. 20
Aug. 17	Montreal	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Olympic	Aug. 25
Aug. 18	New York	Bremen	Plymouth, Cherbourg	United States	Pres. Harding	Aug. 24
Aug. 18	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	Royal Mail	Orbita	Aug. 28
Aug. 18	New York	Rotterdam	Plymouth, Boulogne	Holland-American	Veendam (new)	Aug. 28
Aug. 18	Montreal	Plymouth	Cherbourg	Cunard	Ausonia (new)	Aug. 26
Aug. 18	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Anchor	Cameronia (new)	Aug. 26
Aug. 18	New York	Plymouth	Queenstown	Cunard	Albania (new)	Aug. 26
Aug. 18	Quebec	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	Cunard	Carmania	Aug. 26
Aug. 18	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Canadian Pacific	Empress of France	Aug. 28
Aug. 21	New York	Plymouth	Cherbourg	Cunard	Aquitania	Aug. 27
Aug. 22	New York	Bremen	Direct	United States	Pres. Van Buren	Aug. 30
Aug. 22	New York	Havre	Direct	North German Lloyd	Hannover	Sept. 3
Aug. 22	New York	Hamburg	Plymouth	French	France	Aug. 30
Aug. 22	New York	Hamburg	Plymouth, Cherbourg	Cunard	Laconia (new)	Sept. 1
Aug. 23	New York	Hamburg	Plymouth, Cherbourg	American	Minnehaha	Sept. 3
Aug. 23	New York	Copenhagen	Christiania	Scandinavian-American	Oscar II	Sept. 3
Aug. 23	Boston	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Scythia (new)	Sept. 1
Aug. 23	Montreal	Glasgow	Belfast	Canadian Pacific	Marloch	Aug. 31
Aug. 24	Montreal	Glasgow	Direct	Anchor	Athenia (new)	Aug. 31
Aug. 24	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montcalm	Sept. 1
Aug. 25	New York	Bremen	Plymouth, Cherbourg	United States	Pres. Arthur	Sept. 5
Aug. 25	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	Royal Mail	Orea	Sept. 6
Aug. 25	New York	Rotterdam	Plymouth, Boulogne	Holland-American	Rotterdam	Sept. 6
Aug. 25	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Anchor	Assyria	Sept. 2
Aug. 25	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Caronia	Sept. 2
Aug. 25	Quebec	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	Canadian Pacific	Empress of Britain	Sept. 3
Aug. 28	New York	Kristiania	Bergen, Stavanger	Norwegian-American	Stavangerfjord	Sept. 18
Aug. 28	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	Cunard	Mauretania	Sept. 3
Aug. 20	New York	Plymouth	Cherbourg	United States	Pres. Polk	Sept. 7
Aug. 20	New York	Bremen	Direct	North German Lloyd	Seydlitz	Sept. 10
Aug. 20	New York	Libau	Hamburg, Danzig	Baltic-American	Lituania	Sept. 10
Aug. 20	Montreal	Antwerp	Cherbourg, Southampton	Canadian Pacific	Minnedosa	Sept. 10
Aug. 30	New York	Hamburg	Plymouth, Cherbourg	American	Kroonland	Sept. 11
Aug. 30	New York	Havre	Direct	French	Roussillon	Sept. 9
Aug. 30	Montreal	Glasgow	Belfast	Canadian Pacific	Metagama	Sept. 9
Aug. 31	Montreal	Glasgow	Direct	Anchor	Saturnia	Sept. 9
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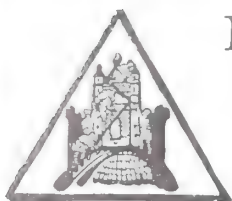
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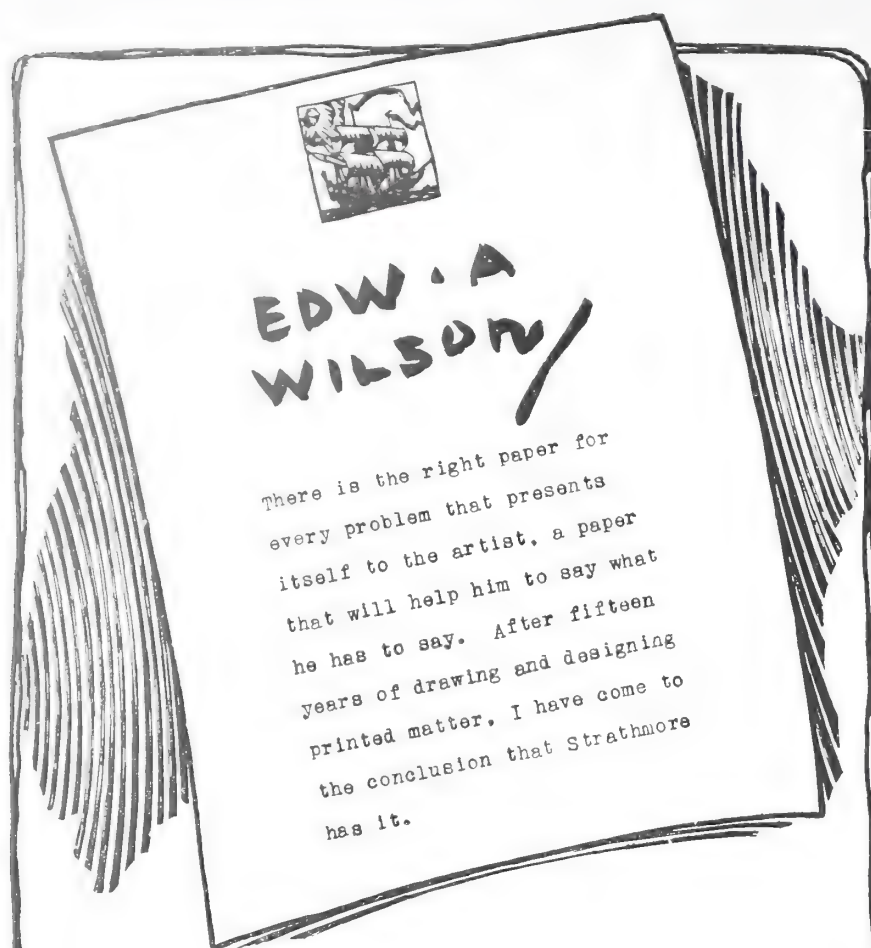
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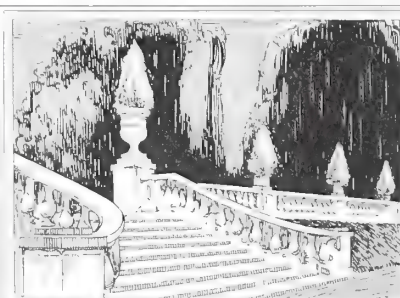
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Articles are solicited by the editor on subjects that are interesting and significant in all branches of the fine and applied arts. No responsibility is assumed for the safe custody or return of manuscripts, but due care will be exercised

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"AT THE WATERING TROUGH"

by

Horatio Walker

INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

Volume
LXXVII

Number
315

August 1923

HORATIO WALKER, *the Elemental*

PARTISAN of no recent day is this painter of the North. He sings of olden times, thatched roofs and bitter pioneer winters. Not in fifty years have Indians

and trappers beaten the trail from the deep Canadian woods, over the hills on snowshoes, or by the stream in birch-bark canoes, down to the silver flood of the St. Lawrence, selling furs to the Hudson Bay Company at Quebec. Fast disappearing, children primeval recede as slowly the tide of modern toys of comfort has gone to meet them. Steel rails twist through the hills, by the streams are farms marked out, and cities are built upon the cliffs, high monuments of granite. The saw-mill topples the forest's highest spires. Frontiers vanish; the hills move back. Those haunts untamed of Horatio Walker's art fade out and leave his paintings as documents of history and art—authentic documents of peasant life against an unstained sky, of a people of simple faith and rugged health, ruddy and buxom and wholesome, nurtured in the crystal air and the clear, cold dawn. This art of Walker gives us

Picturing the peasant of the North and his animals, his canvases record life close to nature by

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record. Cattle, whose hardihood is seen in draftsman-ship that we find in no one else, that is peculiarly his own—he draws them in, swine and Percheron and their confessor peasant who

stands by or trudges on, bringing in the winter timber, or a fair milkmaid at a milk platform, or some proud mother of precocious pigs that seem to meditate that wild, whirling flight that only little pigs enjoy, to speed away unsteered in one amazing flash of physical abandon. These things he paints in glorious colorful corners of nature's world—an old orchard or a tree-bowered fence line.

"WOMAN MILKING—MORNING"

BY HORATIO WALKER



There were, years ago, two brothers who came from England into the West, laden, quite heavily for those days, with gold and other wealth; came toward the setting sun, dreaming adventure and conquest; came from Yorkshire seventy years ago. One of these men was Thomas Walker, father of Horatio. Nine weeks of sailing brought them across the ocean, to land in Quebec, where nice gentlemen, taking their money in exchange for timber lands, accommodat-ingly shipped them into a dominion of pine trees, great pillars of



"AUTUMN"

BY HORATIO WALKER

trees, miles of forest. Undaunted, penniless, they worked their way, until time came when other men tried to buy their timber land; but now they waited, and into the value of it came Horatio

of God he found life beautiful. There came to him the power to apprehend the art of Turner, of Homer, of Archimedes, of Michelangelo, of Velasquez, the history of the Gods. These were the

"PLOUGHING—THE FIRST GLEAM"

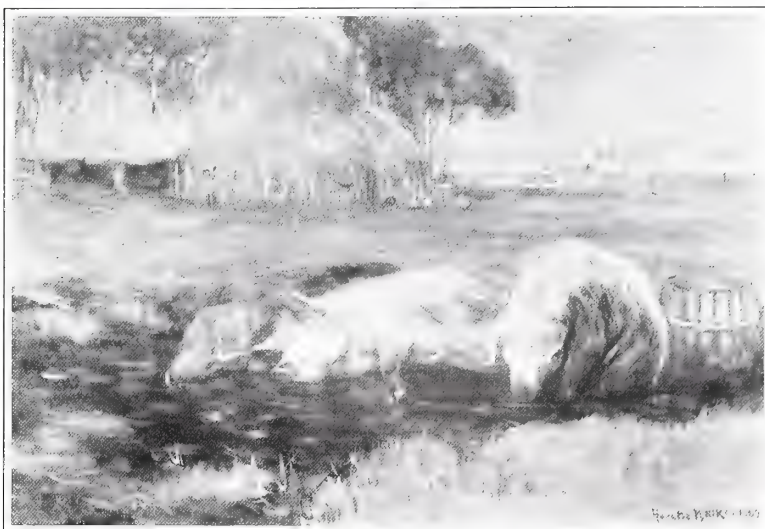
BY HORATIO WALKER



neighbors of his thought. These things his soul drank in, this painter of peasants in this day of communists. They were a dream of reality. Oh, you, to whom is given the privilege to enjoy, why breed the experience of fear? Peasant or purple robe, but life, real life, and men who smile back at God!

Walker loved this land, and once he walked from L'Ephanie, a little village close to Montreal, to Quebec. Starting in May, 1880, he arrived in November. Here some three hundred years ago had settled peasants of France and Holland; their farms as old as the hills, almost the first on this continent. Through hamlet and pass to farm, to talk, to look, to drink of the placid river or the sunset glow; under thatched roofs to sleep and to dream of the glory of a land powerful in the hands of man—it makes for art, this riotous landscape tamed. As the young artist traveled, he surveyed the land, spied out its beauties, painted and sketched and discovered rare spots that would call him back; wild turkeys in the clearings; on the lakes, wild ducks, and here and there the owners of a great commonwealth, simple individuals, wholived,who worked, had children, slept, and in the busy hours of their occupation still had time to reverence miracles of life. On this trip he first met hogs, forming a life-long admiration for them. They seemed to him to be artistic, beautiful.

One day Walker came to New York. He was long on pork, but no one would buy his pigs until in an exhibition he sold one. It brought him seventy-five dollars, this picture of a pig. What matters it if a little later it was sold on Fifth Avenue for four thousand dollars.



"A PASTORAL—SWINE"

BY HORATIO WALKER

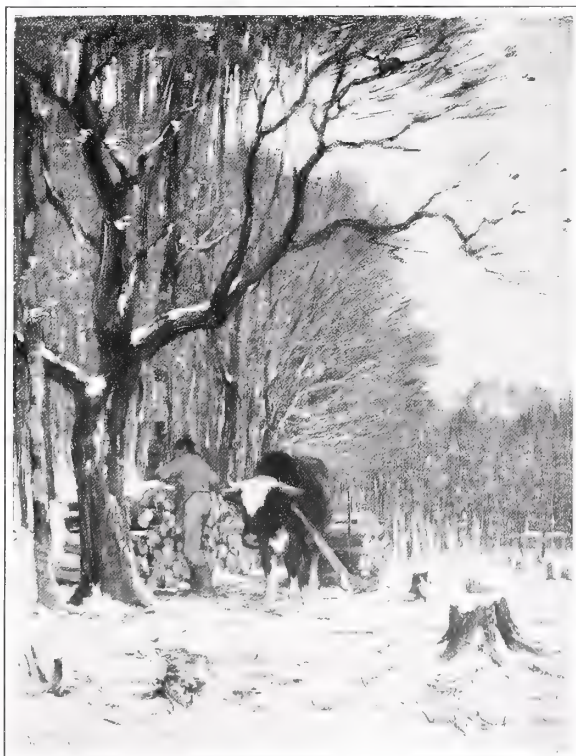
Soon he sold pictures of French-Canadian peasants, peasants out of days gone by, Normans of centuries ago. The peasant and his animals—these are of Walker's art immortal. They speak of a time when even a match was unknown. There were no art schools, but, as Walker says, "You can teach the trade; art can't be taught." Yes, the chemistry you may learn in schools and from books, but not the spirit of dreams.

Art can not be taught, yet he who paints must know the permanence of color, as Walker

knows it. When you talk of this, you strike a ringing note, for this painter of the North believes the pictures that many are doing will not last. They use anything, any new color, and just paint. It may be good, or it may not. The times grow superficial because we pass through no drudgery. "How to do a picture that will last"—that is a painter's problem. Even washing of brushes is important; a little soap left among the hairs will mix next day with the color in a measure. It would make the old fellows turn in their graves. "There is no easy road

"WOODMAN—WINTER"

BY HORATIO WALKER





"DEO GRATIAS"

BY HORATIO WALKER

to geometry." The college boy just graduated would preside over the destiny of a world. A certain school of moderns advises: "A pencil or a brush, and any surface; you will produce art." Not so with Walker. First he prepares his canvas, soaking it in water, and applies white lead with a palette knife—no size, no glue. The water prevents the oil from entering into the linen, and the resultant surface is the finest ground that there is, most pliable, most beautiful. Then he tests his colors for sulphur. A little benzine washes the oil from cadmium, and the remaining powder, treated with nitric acid, dissolves if free from sulphur and leaves no residue. Try fumes of sulphur on steel; the metal darkens. So will it blacken a canvas. All iron colors, ochres and reds, must reach their limit of decomposition to be permanent—raw sienna, burnt sienna, for example. Any oxide is everlasting—chromium (veridian), and our green postage stamps and paper money. Once, I recall, in the potteries we had a shipment of clay that held iron, and on the pure white surfaces of the finished porcelain appeared little black craters to make them valueless in the market.

The tests that Walker makes will interest you. He takes three pieces of glass and paints on them with the pure color and also with the color mixed with white, and then he puts the specimens, one in the dark, one in the light and one in bright sunlight. First he has tried for sulphur, for no sulphur color is good. He does not like the arsenic colors or any that have copper for their base. He uses none of the lakes. The fewer paints, the

better, is his principle. I recall his rhapsody on the asphaltum background—how the Munich school painted into it, Munkacsy and others; lovely medium for work, with gorgeous effect, but so sensitive to heat and cold that there soon appeared great cracks, into which you could lay a match, and soon the asphaltum had eaten its neighbors, and the painting was valueless. Vain existence! Look back to the masters—Sir Christopher Wren, Leonardo da Vinci. History is studded with great students who knew by gigantic research that their work was sound. There was Titian, who had constantly with him an

assistant chemist, who mixed and tested all his paints that his paintings should endure.

A century after the declaration of our economic independence, there arose in New York the Society of American Artists. Truly a centennial! A grand epoch; a colossal society! From 1877 to 1892 the men of it built freedom and greatness for art in America. Each artist was there. He had but to show ability; automatically he became a member. They met in William M. Chase's studio, passed the hat to pay for exhibitions. Walker tells of artistic meetings; Abbott Thayer, president, too busy in argument there in a corner to call the meeting to order. But what men they had—artistic all, the first great tidal wave of painters in the glorious art of this country. Read them—Alden Weir, Albert Ryder, Theodore Robinson, Chase, Kenyon Cox, John Twachtman, Brush, Winslow Homer, La Farge, Olin Warner, Thayer, and many others. Absorbed, they knew no fact, no cult. Art dominated, and Walker was inducted into the organization by right of merit, having shown the gleam of genius that made him one of them, a companion of their order of idealism.

It would be pleasant to travel on with Walker, as he journeyed over, just about this time (1882), to England, to Spain, to Normandy, where a priest talked with him long and finally said: "You were born two hundred years ago, old Norman friend." He is of the time quite genuine. In Holland, he met the Dutch masters, great water colorists. As he jogged around, seeing things, color, human beings, animals, flat streams and low marshes,

willow trees—yes, willow trees—he asked these masters where they painted, and waving their arms they exclaimed: “Hereabout.” Fearful of trespassers! Strange, these humans who would try to copyright nature! Studying the folk, they liked him; he was of them, simple, direct, enthusiastic, helpful. They met up with him and walked by his side easily. He came back “loving nature more for these his interviews.”

A year later he was to marry and settle down on the beautiful little island of the St. Lawrence which nestles under the grandeur of Quebec. His home on the Isle d’Orleans is of sacred beauty. We must, however, draw the curtain on his family life. It was, as all who live must know, beautiful and exquisite, sad. N. E. Montross, his early champion, held on. The painter painted and was sold; he sang to many hearts; a new ancestral song was heard. Montross—a name with which to conjure, that of a man who moulded taste and fed the germ of many who held locked within the portals of a busy life the seed of great enjoyment; Montross, who gave the world the opportunity to see the works of Weir, of Ryder, Lathrop, Hassam. You folks, glad skeptics, pause; give credit to a man who lived with the late William Macbeth to make America read and know the declaration of American art. Human, grand men, both of them.

Do you know any of the great paintings by Horatio Walker? “Deo Gratias”—peasants at eventide with bowed heads before the crucifix, giving thanks for life, for the sunset, for the dawn to come; dawn and an earth all new, life and a sure tomorrow; they, bent figures, man and wife returning from the fields, the horse and cart standing waiting while they give adoration. The moonlight falls benignly on the day’s work done. The wayside shrine is not an event in our new highways, concrete and smooth, but far away in the North it is a symbol as it was “on Flanders fields where poppies blow.” I do not know of art, but here seems to be something glorious of life, sure of line, splendid of technique. It obtrudes not on your feelings, merely expresses a mood, a color condition, a light distribution, a structural backbone, and over and above all the spirit of



“THE FAGOT GATHERER”

BY HORATIO WALKER

someone’s world, all absorbing, complete. Then there are those great paintings, “A Load of Wood—Winter,” “A Landscape, Afternoon Autumn,” “Fagot Gatherer,” “Morning—Isle d’Orleans,” “Woodman—Winter.” All are of the same quality; crude existence set in a beautiful landscape; clumsy animals, friends of man, which work with him gathering the fuel for a colder day. If you do not love simple minded, gloriously strong beasts, you cannot love these pictures. From the very essence of life rise these scenes. The day is done and man and beast drag weary feet toward the resting place, hearth or barn, and the telling somewhat of the old, hard, happy, life of struggle brings to you a sense of loss but of sure delight, as if something within you still remembered.

Of course, you never know, oh, city folk who build museums, nature’s benediction when, alone, yet still the center of a universe, you fell a tree or drive over the hill-top slowly enough to feel the glorious completeness of the land that, like infinity, surrounds you, absorbs you, and leaves you still apart. It is all in the painting of “Calves,” of “The First Snow,” of “Morning, Woman Milking,” or “The Golden Dew: Woman Milking,” or “Ploughing, the First Glean,” where are cattle, ox eyed, husky, solidly drawn, yet withal colorful, cattle that pull the plough through unaccustomed soil, and slowly plod homeward at evening. You may think they are too human, yet as Walker paints them you will find them wholesome, picturesque, and on the canvas there will be much of art in color, in quality, and a view delightful.

Color plate and photographs by courtesy of the Montross Gallery

A TEMPLE BANNER *from* TIBET

A PART from the main hall of worship connected with each one Tibetan temples have monasteries of lamaistic monks of either the red cap or the yellow cap sect. The latter confesses the orthodox Buddhist faith and is often represented on banners by the three founders of Buddhism in Tibet. Banners, usually painted on silk with bright water colors and mounted on a dark colored native brocade, are placed in the study of the abbot of the monastery, hung from the wall and covered with a piece of silk. Streamers of the same material are used on festive occasions to fasten the banners to poles in order to carry them in processions. The brocade is often adorned, below the painting, with an inset piece of valuable embroidery in bright colors. The Musée Guimet in Paris, which owns an important collection of temple banners, has many examples of this kind.

Tibetan banners, like other Oriental objects of religious art, proclaim the fact that they have been made as religious offerings to the gods. They all show exceedingly fine detail and excellent drawing and the quality of execution reminds one frequently of miniature work. Our illustration represents a fine example of lamaistic banner belonging to a private collection in New York City. It dates probably from the Eighteenth Century. It is painted on a panel of thin silk framed by two silk stripes of contrasting color mounted on a rich deep green brocade about three feet in width. A strict conventionality pervades the picture. There is a mystic significance concealed under this conventionalism which helps one to realize the veneration and reticence that the artist felt in the presence of the gods whose inspired portrayal was to him equivalent to a religious rite. Here the central figure is Tara, the goddess most extensively worshipped in Tibet. She is particularly popular with the layman because he can invoke her aid without the intercession of a lama, and it is believed that the prayers of even the humblest woman, who is classed below men of all castes, are answered by appealing directly to this goddess, who is the Savioress. According to the legend of her origin, "a tear dropped from the eye of the god of mercy, Avalokitésvara, and, falling in the valley beneath, formed a lake from whose waters arose a lotus flower which on opening its petals disclosed the pure goddess Tara."

Moreover, Tara is a goddess of the first rank,

Religious symbolism of Buddhist sects expressed in decorative forms as offerings to the gods by

Anna Louise Wangerman

being the *sakti*, or female energy, of the great Bodhisattva Avalokitésvara, whom the Tibetans have always claimed as their guardian.

The lamas group the twenty-one forms of Tara's image into two classes, the Green Tara and the White Tara. The figure here illustrated shows a combination of both classes, since artists, especially in later times, did not always adhere strictly to tradition. This goddess so charmingly drawn, with eyes in the soles of her feet and in her palms, belongs to the order of the seven-eyed White Taras, while her attitude with one foot pendant is that characteristic of the Green Tara, who symbolizes divine energy and is considered by the Tibetans to be the original Tara. However, the latter has only one pair of eyes. The artist, ever mindful of the thirty-two points of physical beauty, found in a sermon of Buddha and enumerated in an ancient Indian manuscript on painting, has endowed this Tara with the prescribed "eyes like lotus petals, the face like the full moon, and the lines of the neck resembling the conch shell." Crowned with flowers and precious jewels, her head is surrounded by a halo of finest crimson—the color of the red lotus which pervades the whole painting with a soft warm glow. Radiating from the body of the Savioress are exquisitely fine wavy lines of gold indicating the spiritual rays of her glory. The graceful ends of her crimson scarf connect the six smaller repetitions of her figure, regarded as her manifestations. The small white figure to the left of the Tara is Avalokita. Crowning the whole in stately majesty are the "Three Rarest Ones," as the Lamas call this trinity of the three White Buddhas who wear the conical yellow caps. In the clouds above, angels display Buddhist symbols.

Nothing seems to have been omitted to show the devotional character of this painting, for on the stripe immediately beneath the gods of the lower world is an inscription which is an invocation to the venerated Tara, whose beneficent gaze here seems to be imbued with no slight degree of occult power. Such prayerful inscriptions are often found on Tibetan banners.

Leaving aside all historical and symbolical attributes, this banner is highly decorative in itself for both color and design create so fine a harmony that this beautiful specimen of oriental art is exceedingly effective.



TIBETAN TEMPLE BANNER DEPICTING THE GODDESS TARA

Collection of Ewald H. Schniewind

FLOWERS AS DECORATION

To the city-dweller, starved for nature, all flowers are beautiful. To be surrounded with them satisfies a certain indescribable yearning as nothing else seems to do, but it is

natural to overlook the fact that their very grace and color and delicacy are distinctive features that may become important factors in the home. The truth of the matter is that only when flowers are selected with reference to the color and character of a room, may they be considered part of the decorative scheme. Otherwise they are simply isolated spots of color, lovely in themselves but deprived of their right and of their potency to enhance the beauty of their surroundings.

Let us first notice that flowers may be separated generally into two classes: those that are beautiful for color and those that are beautiful for

Their proper use in home governed by conformity of their shape and color with surroundings . . . by

ESTELLE H. RIES

form. We hear of "painting the lily" and we laugh because we realize that its superb grace makes color quite superfluous. Lilies are form flowers, and the arrangement of all form flowers

should be such that their form may be fully revealed. They should never be crowded in bunches, but each should stand free and unobscured. Form flowers might best be displayed in transparent or translucent vases which permit one to see them in their entirety. Not only are the stems important to the artistic form of the flowers but also to their life, and they are fully entitled to respect. Where the chief beauty of your flowers is the beauty of rich color, they may be massed, and masses of pansies and nasturtiums and other color flowers are rich and splendid in their appeal to the eye.

It is never pleasant to see flowers tied in

The graceful lines of the vase promote the natural tendency of the flowers to spread out and show their individual value. The fernery is in perfect harmony with the furniture. The amount of color and interest provided by these is apparent.

Women's Waiting Room, Guaranty Trust Company, New York. York & Sawyer, architects



bunches, cord or wire intertwined with their stems. This at once gives the aspect of artificiality, and it also injures them physically. It is far better to place them loosely, with the individual flowers well separated by their own or other suitable foliage. We then see them in their natural charm

ranged rather than divided in the middle, each side like the other. One is always safe in confining a group to one kind of flower and its foliage. To mix them, artistic skill is required, for colors must harmonize and they should both contrast with one another and yet have elements in common. The



Correct use of the jardiniere as a receptacle for the pot and not for the soil itself. Fernery in keeping with the chair

and may appreciate them as individual blooms, not simply as colored masses. No flowers, whether of form or color, should be squeezed into a thin-necked vase in a choked, flat-topped knob. They should have plenty of room, and they are more interesting if arranged at different levels so that there may be a main focus of interest and one or more minor planes. Let them be irregularly ar-

question of texture also plays its part. Coarse flowers like chrysanthemums do not combine with delicate maidenhair or asparagus sprengeri. Short-stemmed blossoms can not go with long-stemmed ones, if for no other reason than that of caring for them. It would be like the fox and the stork dining together: the long beak and the short tongue require different service.



Flowers of the lily family in a tall, thin vase; in the dining room beyond, a low center piece so that one need not look up at the flowers and down at one's plate

The color of flowers is undoubtedly one of their greatest claims to adoration, and by virtue of its conspicuousness it is the source of many decorative errors. The background of the flowers must be suitable. If they are to provide that

doors may be unified by flowers in one that have the colors of the other. If there are flowers in the draperies or wall-paper, it is interesting to have real flowers of the same kind in the room; a fine sense of unity is so achieved.

The white flowers on the table suggest those in the chair covering and harmonize richly with the dark tulip colors. The fern in the further room is a pleasing note



accent, that climax, that sense of vividness and life that are desirable there must be contrast. Where there is a picture or a pictorial tapestry on the wall, flowers set in front of it will not only counteract its beauty, but will themselves look muddled and undecisive. If there is a music box, the top of which one may at any moment wish to lift, a vase of flowers resting upon it is only a nuisance if a new place has to be found for it, and the floral group loses its decorative value by being placed in a situation for which it was not intended. A cool-colored room in light grays and tans is furnished with accent and relief by brilliant flowers. A quantity of bright red blooms tends to reduce the apparent size of a room, while blue enlarges it. Lightly tinted blue and pink blossoms are most enjoyed if seen in a sunny room. Golden yellow flowers are successfully placed in darker corners, where they introduce a glint of sunshine and warmth. Rooms of different color schemes that communicate with wide

Several practical considerations present themselves in connection with the choice of flowers for the dining table. A tall, long-stemmed group makes it awkward for the diners to see those across the table. Then, too, such a group is unstable, for it requires a tall vase, which probably doubles its height. Finally, it places the center of optical interest above eye-level. One always prefers to look down on the top of the flowers, and if the group is tall, it should be placed upon the floor or on a low table where it may be readily enjoyed. The considerate hostess, therefore, selects low, short-stemmed flowers for the dining table and places them in a shallow bowl where they may be seen to advan-

tage and where they do not hide the guests from one another. Pure white flowers are not recommended for the dining table as they form no contrast with the snowy table linens.

The subtle touches that mean so much when we watch the skilled hand adjust flowers lose much of their mystery when the receptacles are chosen with care. The relative values of the flower and its holder must be preserved. A jar that is conspicuously ornate defeats its object of presenting the flower, for in that case it is the receptacle and not the flower that holds attention. The matter of choosing bowls or vases that will give the best result is an art in itself. Four things must be regarded: the form of the vase or bowl with reference to the contents; the contents themselves, whether they be flowers, plants, bulbs, branches, berries or what not; the color, with its glaze or texture, and the surroundings of the room and its requirements. This is quite a large topic and I shall briefly set down a few guiding things to be remembered. Tall, stately flowers, branches and stalks require tall, stately vases that will hold enough water for their nourishment and will stand firmly on their bases without tottering at each step that vibrates the room. Short-stemmed flowers look grotesque in a tall vase, especially a transparent one that reveals every detail of the misfit. If the tall flower is stiff and will hold up its own weight without support, it may be placed in a low bowl, its stem stuck in a "flower holder"—that perforated contraption for the purpose that one lays in the bowl. In choosing the color of vase or bowl, you have one of three selections: the same color as the flowers, a contrasting color, or something of glass, ivory, silver or hammered brass that is practically neutral. The color finally selected must harmonize not only with the flowers but with the room as well. This, however, need not give much concern, for if the flowers have been properly chosen with reference to the color of the room, their receptacles naturally will also conform. Every woman likes to have vases and flower bowls of various shapes and sizes, and these are welcome gifts. When she is supplied, it is then possible that as the season advances, her



A dark, formal room entirely transformed and enlivened by bright, colorful flowers

own garden flowers will find suitable receptacles awaiting them. The most charming bowls and vases are today available, either tinted in the

A few flowers loosely placed are to be preferred to a flat-topped bunch jammed into a receptacle



tenderest tones or vivid in their brilliant colorings. They come in glass, in lustre ware, in varied forms of porcelain and pottery, and, even when unfilled, are a joy to contemplate.

It is perhaps unusual to think of having flowers on a scale with the room that they adorn, but decorative interest requires it. The small house is happiest with its informal garden flowers, its pansies, tulips, snapdragons and other home-grown things. Formal rooms may go further afield and have exotic blooms and hot-house products. They take lilies, orchids, American Beauties and other stately forms. Stiff, unbending flowers will not look at ease in the informal little room, and the little blossoms will be lost in the large and more dignified surroundings. The use of plants in pairs often serves a good decorative and architectural purpose by emphasizing points of structural interest. At an entrance doorway, tall palms or bay or spruce will do this. They may indicate a formal stairway or balance window corners. For formal localities, formal plants are advocated; for small or informal rooms, something less pretentious is much more desirable.

The matter of jardinières for plants requires a few words. Plants should never be placed directly in a jardinière, for these are not made to hold soil, but rather to hold pots into which soil has been put. The reason for this is that they are without outlets for water, so the roots of the plants stand in water all the time and are virtually drowned. The proper function of the jardinière is to catch the surplus water from the pot and prevent excess evaporation. The vessel is, of course, also decorative if good taste has been used in its selection. Plants that are not placed in jardinières may be set in terra-cotta saucers. Pots may be had with such saucers attached, but these are not desirable. They defeat their own purpose, which is to catch surplus water and facilitate its removal, and this latter naturally will be neglected if the whole

plant must be carried away and turned upside down to empty the overflow from the saucer.

Success with hanging baskets is sometimes difficult of attainment, but it can be had. Let them be hung firmly by small galvanized chains or strong wire. Many failures with hanging baskets are due to lack of the care which such receptacles require. They need constant watering

since, hanging in the air, they dry quickly. There is a type available which relieves one of much of this responsibility. It has a tube in one corner through which one pours the water. This reaches a false bottom containing sponges that hold and distribute the moisture so that dripping and leaking are eliminated and only occasional watering is necessary. Plant stands and window boxes also may be had, equipped with this automatic system of sub-irrigation.

Many housewives believe that growing plants and cut flowers are a luxury with which thrifty persons should

dispense, holding that their transitoriness and the need for replacement justify them in their contention. But flowers are living things, and it is just that living quality that causes them to animate their surroundings. Other ornaments may "stay put," but they give us no surprises, and when we know them once, we know them for all time. That is why artificial flowers, no matter how beautifully made, are so meaningless. Real plants and flowers constantly change and are ever presenting new points of interest. It is this quality of life that makes flowers especially desirable in the home in which there are children. Children absorb experiences and develop so rapidly that they quickly outgrow their surroundings, and unless there is change in these, the circumstances become monotonous, uninteresting and at times even irritating, for the inanimate is static. Flowers, however, constantly change, maturing, withering, dying; even their downfall is full of meaning. Children, watching them, learn something of life.



What can be pleasanter to the sight of a visitor than this colorful vase of welcome, which is out of harm's way and yet conspicuously placed



CARVED PATAKA, OR STOREHOUSE, IN A MAORI VILLAGE

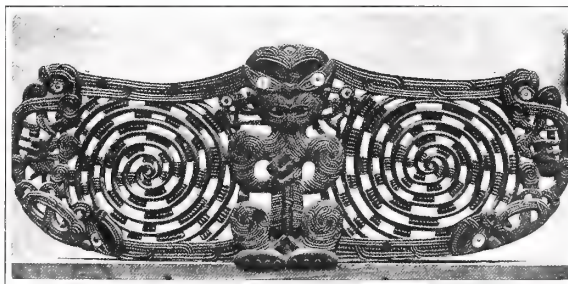
WHEN ART WAS A RITE

THE ART work of the Maoris, more than any other one thing, distinguishes that people from all other Polynesians, and it reached a higher state of development than theirs. It is a phase of an ancient and primitive culture that has come down to us of to-day to die out with the warrior tribes that conceived it, as the arts and practices of the American Indians have passed in our eastern states since the time of the Pilgrim Fathers and for similar reasons, for not only are the Maoris dwindling in number but the introduction of modern tools and the Christian religion has killed the spirit which produced their arts, which were in fact partly expressions of their own aboriginal religious feelings and ideas. With all the Poly-

Under impulse of ancient religion, Maori carvers reached heights impossible to them now . . . by
FRANCES DEL MAR

nesian peoples, their arts were closely allied with their religion, and indeed in their religion lies the keynote of their art. They had a feeling of reverence toward all creative work and always

such work was begun under the impulse of religious fervor. The product of such work was regarded as a gift or an offering to the gods, and it must respond to the highest impulse in man.



CARVING FROM A WINDOW OF A MAORI HOUSE

Before he began a work of art, the spirit of the Maori artist was chastened by meditation. He was made *tapu*—set apart, or sacred—he must not be touched nor

must he touch anything, even food. It was a law dictated by religion. Each step in an important piece of artistic work was accompanied similarly by a ritual. In fact, most of the religious obser-

vances of the Maoris seem to have been associated with constructive work. The belief was that into all handiwork passed something of the essence of the *atua*, or god, and that this could not be unless the art worker himself was for the time *tapu*. Red, or *kura*, was the sacred color of the Maoris, and to paint an article red was to make it *tapu*. This was done with their carvings, whether for house, canoe or citadel, or *pa*. The element of time received no consideration among these handicraftsmen. If a work was not finished in one generation, it was taken up and carried on by men of the next, as in the making of green-stone weapons and ornaments. In fact, work on these never was finished, even if the object was only to give them finer or smoother qualities of surface.

Districts, tribes and even the smaller units of families specialized in particular forms of artistic expression, such as weaving, carving, tatooing, the making of stone implements or weapons, and the knowledge of each division was guarded carefully.

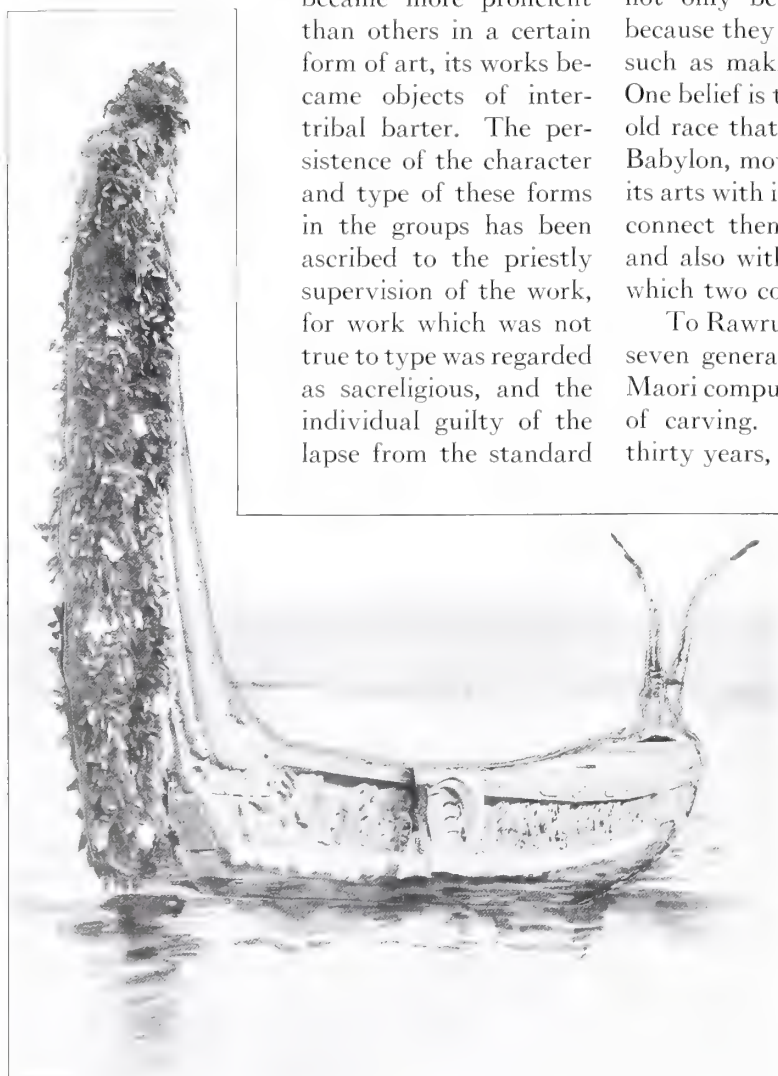
When one tribe or group became more proficient than others in a certain form of art, its works became objects of inter-tribal barter. The persistence of the character and type of these forms in the groups has been ascribed to the priestly supervision of the work, for work which was not true to type was regarded as sacrilegious, and the individual guilty of the lapse from the standard

might be punished, even by death, which penalty was at times exacted, as men still living tell.

The occupation of New Zealand by the Maoris is placed at about the year 1150 and was a migration in search of green stone and following earlier voyages. Whence they voyaged, they can not tell, other than that it was from Hawaiki, wherever that may have been, and their mythology has it that it was because the green stone, or nephrite, which they have personified, had been expelled from Hawaiki. The legend is that when the nephrite reached the Bay of Plenty, it found the shores occupied by obsidian, another extremely hard mineral, and that it proceeded to the east coast. There, too, it encountered a hard stone, and so continued its flight to the south island where, after making many attempts to find a new home, it established itself on the west coast. There it is found to this day, and thence by barter it passes to other parts of New Zealand inhabited by the Maoris. Weapons and implements of this green stone are held as priceless by their owners not only because of their usefulness but also because they are believed to possess magic powers such as making those who wield them invisible. One belief is that the Maoris are descendants of an old race that arrived, or tarried on its way, from Babylon, moving by slow migrations and carrying its arts with it. Their carvings and their industries connect them with the people of ancient China and also with those of prehistoric Peru, between which two countries the Pacific ocean intervenes.

To Rawru, son of Toi, who lived about twenty-seven generations ago—in such manner does the Maori compute time—is attributed the Maori type of carving. As they estimate a generation as thirty years, this would place Rawru at about the

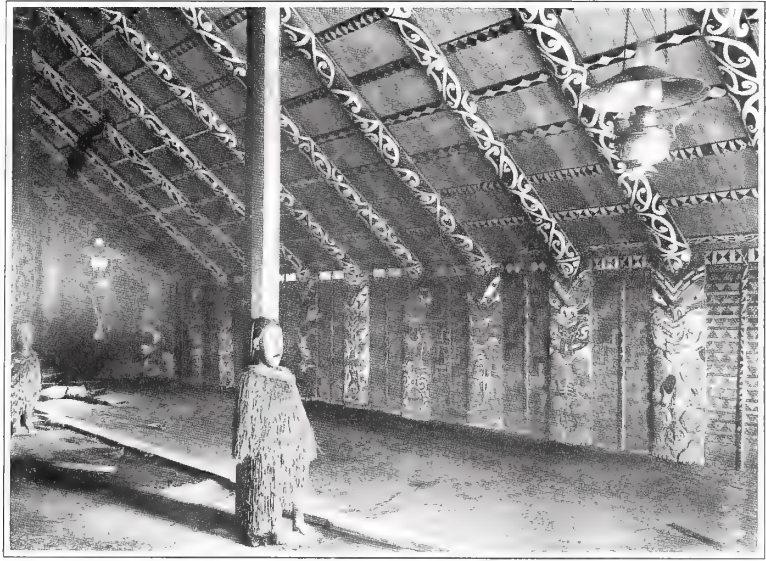
time at which scientists calculate the migration of the Maoris to New Zealand to have taken place. In the traditional accounts of their migration the names of their canoes and the chiefs who commanded them have been preserved, and from both the canoes and the chiefs the names of the tribes have been derived. Some of the canoes had several names, commemorating different events in their building or in their voyages or in adventures encountered in them. The Maoris had a knowledge of navigation and



MAORI WAR CANOE

shaped their course by the sun, the stars, particularly Canopus and the Milky Way. They built their villages and strongholds beside rivers or the sea, so that, besides being things of beauty, their canoes were vehicles for service. Their chiefs', or war, canoes were elaborately carved. The side boards were ornamented also with shells and feathers, and to both bows and sterns touches of lightness were given by the use of feathers. The canoes were usually painted red, although in some districts the carvings were made black. The red ochre commonly used soon weathered into a pinkish gray, soft in tone. Spiral work, called *pitua*, was the customary design for the carving of both bow and stern, but human figures were deftly inserted. The prow carried four of these; one as a figure-head looking forward, one on either side and one looking back into the canoe. The stern piece had a small figure near the top. Paddles and bailers also were carved.

It is in the houses now, however, that the remains of the Maori carving are most to be seen. Many of their finest sculptures and their most prized weavings are in museums and private art collections, and the nature of many of them is such that even there they are draped. The outstanding characteristics of their carvings of the human form are the protruding tongue, said to denote defiance, and the three-fingered hand. A four-fingered hand is found occasionally, but I never have seen or known of a hand with five fingers. This protruding tongue connects the Maori art with both China and Peru. Another peculiarity of their carving is the absence of any representation of an animal except the lizard. Still another is that the breasts of their figures of women are no larger than those of the figures of men, although sex is indicated. This is especially the case with many of the figures ornamenting the pillars supporting the ridge-poles of the council houses. This form represents the ancestral god before whom the fireplace was constructed, this consisting solely of four stones enclosing a space within which embers were laid. These ancestral gods were carved in the round, but most other figures were done in relief. The carvings decorating the posts of the *pa*, usually grotesque and almost invariably with the protruding tongue, were left in a rough condition on both the posterior and lateral surfaces.



THE CARVED INTERIOR OF A MAORI HOUSE

The chiefs lived in surroundings designed to inspire respect and reverence. Ancestor worship was the controlling idea in the conception of their headquarters, which always were in the *marae*, or court, and one of which stands in every *pa*, or village. Few of the old houses remain, and while their architectural form is followed in the modern houses, the ornamentation has degenerated. These houses usually are about twenty-six feet long and sixteen feet wide, although sometimes much larger, and a verandah or porch not so long as the house is wide adds another six feet to the length of the structure. The interior consists of but one room with one sliding window made of wood, and one door, wooden and sliding, opening on the porch.

In the old days the erection of one of these houses was a weighty affair over which the *tobunga*, or priest, presided. He was its architect and he controlled every office. He oversaw the felling of the trees with appropriate observances, the collecting and preparing of vines and plants with religious ceremonies, the beginning of actual construction and the various subsequent stages at which were more ceremonies and a human sacrifice frequently made. The framework was of rough timber and inside this were panels about three feet wide, several inches thick and from three to twelve feet in height. Rafters extended from the top of these to the ridge pole. The panels were elaborately carved, always representing a human figure. Between these panels were set others of lattice work, at the base of which ran a skirting board, which also was carved. The sliding door was carved on the outer side and painted on the inner side with a design similar to that on the rafters. The window was ornamented similarly.

The outside of the wall around the doorway and window was covered with reeds ornamented with a design in stippling made by smoking or searing. The sides of the verandah were enclosed and the walls were decorated with carved panels like those in the house. Low skirting boards formed a path through the center of the house, and at either side was the sleeping portion. At communal gatherings dances and games were played, girls at one side and youths at the other. Practically the only furniture was the sleeping mats.

There was another type of house on which the carvers lavished as much of their time and skill as on the ceremonial houses. They also stood in the *marae* and were shielded so far as possible from probable attack by an enemy. They had the same general architectural characteristics as the ceremonial houses but were smaller and were ornamented only on the outside. They were raised three or four feet from the ground. Other tiny storage houses were perched in the forked trunk of a bare tree. Some of these held the personal property of priests, while the *patakas* were the depositories of food and other belongings of the chiefs and also of tribal treasures. In the carvings of the *patakas* were insertions of shell and at the joinings of the panels were tufts of colored feathers. The carvings represented deified ancestors, and the figure on the door, between the outstretched legs of which one crawled to enter the storehouse, was the principal ancestor. All treasures within were under his protection.

In the building of a large ceremonial house a slave or some man of the tribe was sacrificed, the heart was extracted and the body was buried in an excavation made to hold a corner post. Elsdon Best says that when a building was finished, the priest affixed to the *pou-tuarongo* a piece of the *petako* or other sacred plant to draw warmth to the house. The pillar is then named *rua*. Leaving the house, he recited the *kawa* ritual, struck the corner post with his wand and then ascended to the roof and recited an invocation to free the building from *tapu*. Then the villagers may sleep in it.

The quest of personal knowledge of the arts of the Maori is futile among the young. They knew

nothing of them and sometimes even hold them in contempt. They have lost the finer things of the old life and they have failed to grasp those of the new. The old people hold sacred the beliefs of their forefathers but have neglected their arts and in only a small way follow their occupations. It is among the oldest men alone that a meagre knowledge of the arts survives. "Oh, yes," they say, "my father knows how do that," or "my grandfather make that." They feel, too, the tragedy of it and the hopelessness. Said an old chief to me: "Our young people no longer gather in the evenings in *whare* of the chief and sing old songs and tell stirring tales of their ancestors or make fun at one another. You know where they go? They go see pictures that walk very fast. They no more dance Maori *baka*, but dance Castle dance. All the Maori girls dance Castle dance with *pakeha* (white man) in dance hall." Told that *pakeha* artists thought the Maori carvings were among the finest in the world, he was delighted and said, "Old Maori make carvings to please old Maori gods."

In the village of Okinemutu I found the *whare* of an old man who had been a wood-carver and who had done much of the decorative work in the village church. Even he, he said, never had worked with the native tools of sharpened stone, shell, bone and sharks' teeth, but always with

the European chisel. I commissioned him to make me a small model of a Maori canoe, particularly to show the methods of lashing on the top sides. The model was sent to me later at Auckland. Its value lies entirely in its marvelous demonstration of how completely an art can be lost.

Presently we were joined by another aged man. He in fluent English told me how interested he was in the work which I was doing for the American Museum. "It is only in our museums," he said, "that one can get an idea of the high state reached by old Maori art. You are doing a great service for the Maori race. When the present generation passes, with it will pass the Maori with his old arts and his old traditions."

The photographs used to illustrate this article were taken by the sculptor J. McDonald.



CARVED DOORWAY OF A
STOREHOUSE



"FOLLOW THE GLEAM—A MILE FROM DAYLIGHT"

by

LEWIS L. HINE

HINE'S "WORK PHOTOGRAPHS"

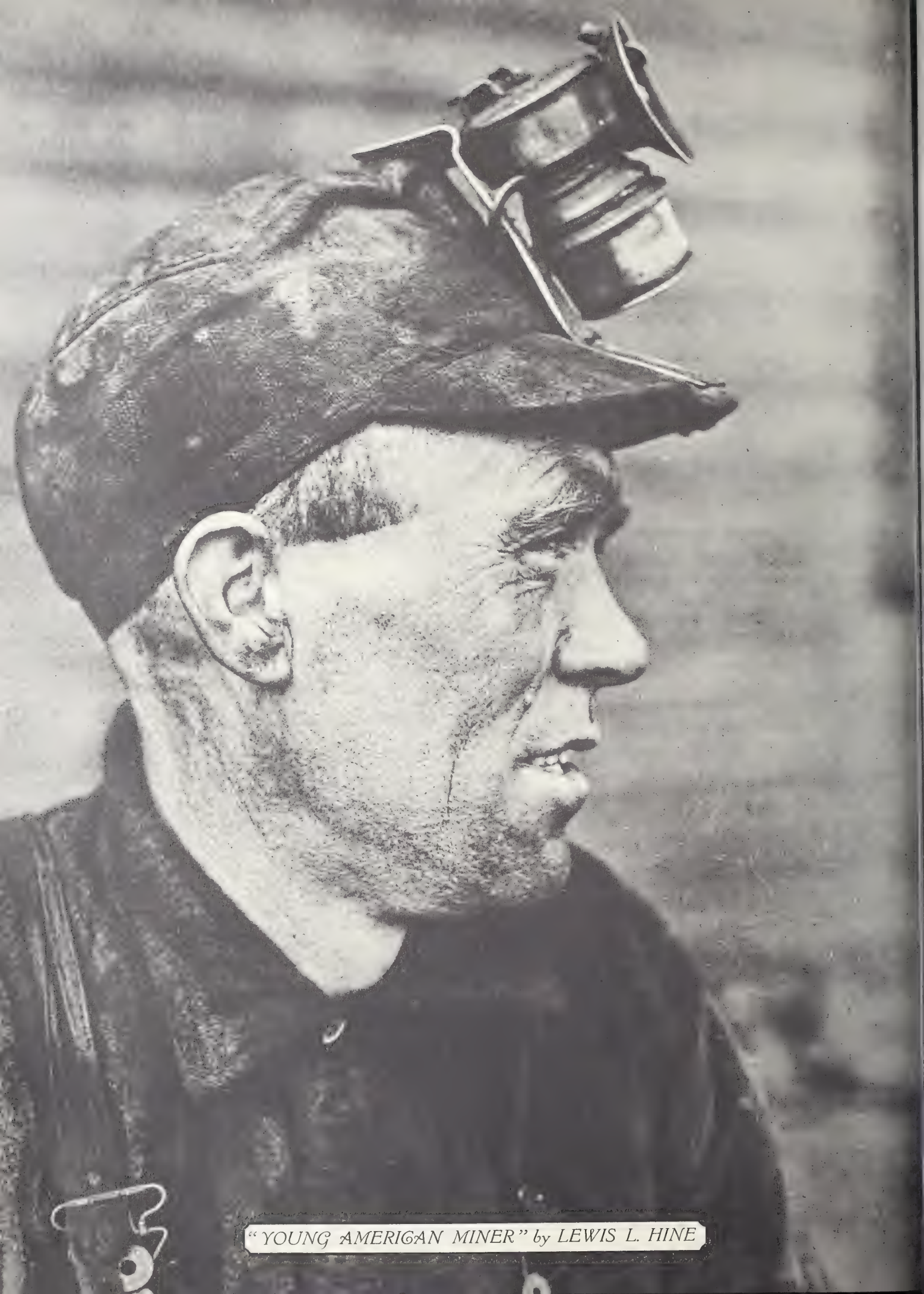
THE visitor to America almost invariably comments upon the artistic field presented by our commercial activity and that therein lies the opportunity for American artists to create in terms of a national spirit. It is always a source of surprise that so few American painters and sculptors have availed themselves of the material so close at hand. Perhaps this very closeness is the explanation; next door neighbors are seldom romantic, but only commonplace.

A notable exception to the general farsightedness is Lewis L. Hine, whose photographic explorations of the human phase of industry have produced a remarkable record. His aim has been "to show the meaning of the worker's task, its effect upon him and the character of his relation to the

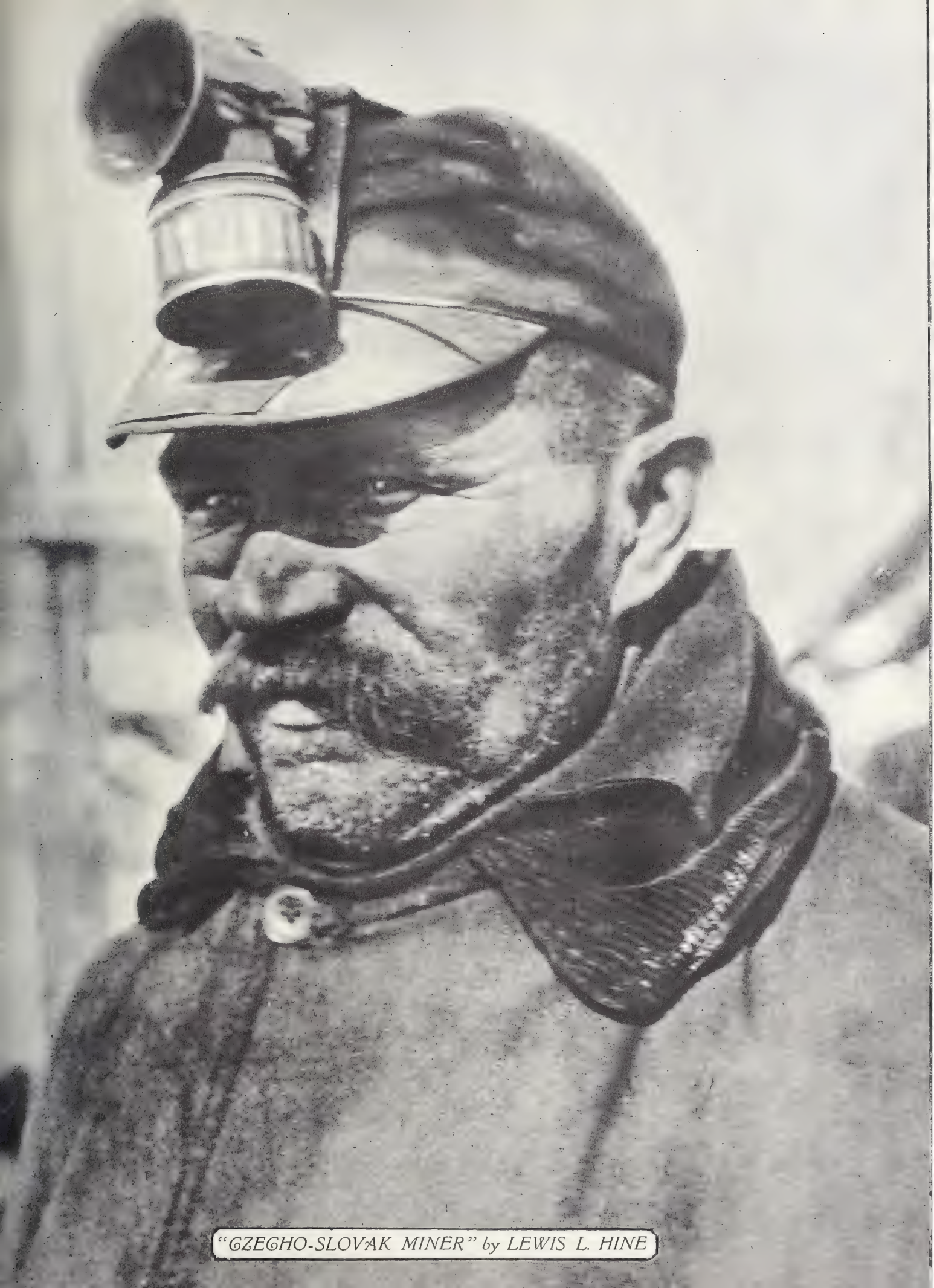
industry by which he earns his living," rather than to create artistic photographs. Of "art photographers," with their soft-focus lenses and strained compositions, there is a plethora; it is probably because Mr. Hine is in no sense "arty" that his pictures have artistic merit.

His latest plates, "work photographs" he calls them, come as the result of long experience as a sociological investigator in America, France, Serbia and the Balkans. They are being put to practical use in factories and workshops throughout the country. Those reproduced here are selected from among the many interesting studies that he has made in the Pennsylvania mining region.

The photographs in this series are used by permission of Mr. Hine through the courtesy of the Survey Graphic.



"YOUNG AMERICAN MINER" by LEWIS L. HINE



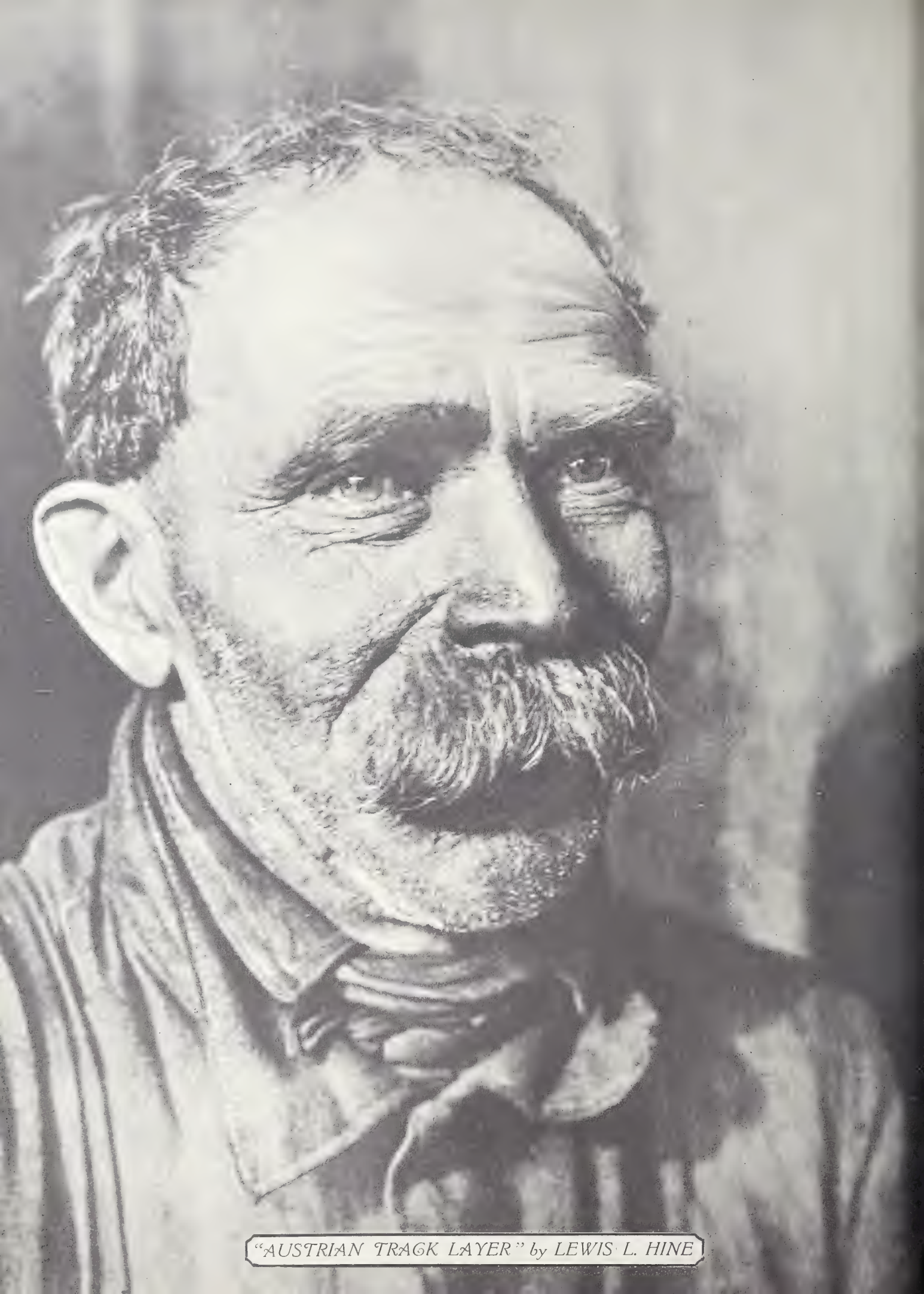
"GZEGHO-SLOVAK MINER" by LEWIS L. HINE



"JO, THE TRACK-WALKER" by LEWIS L. HINE



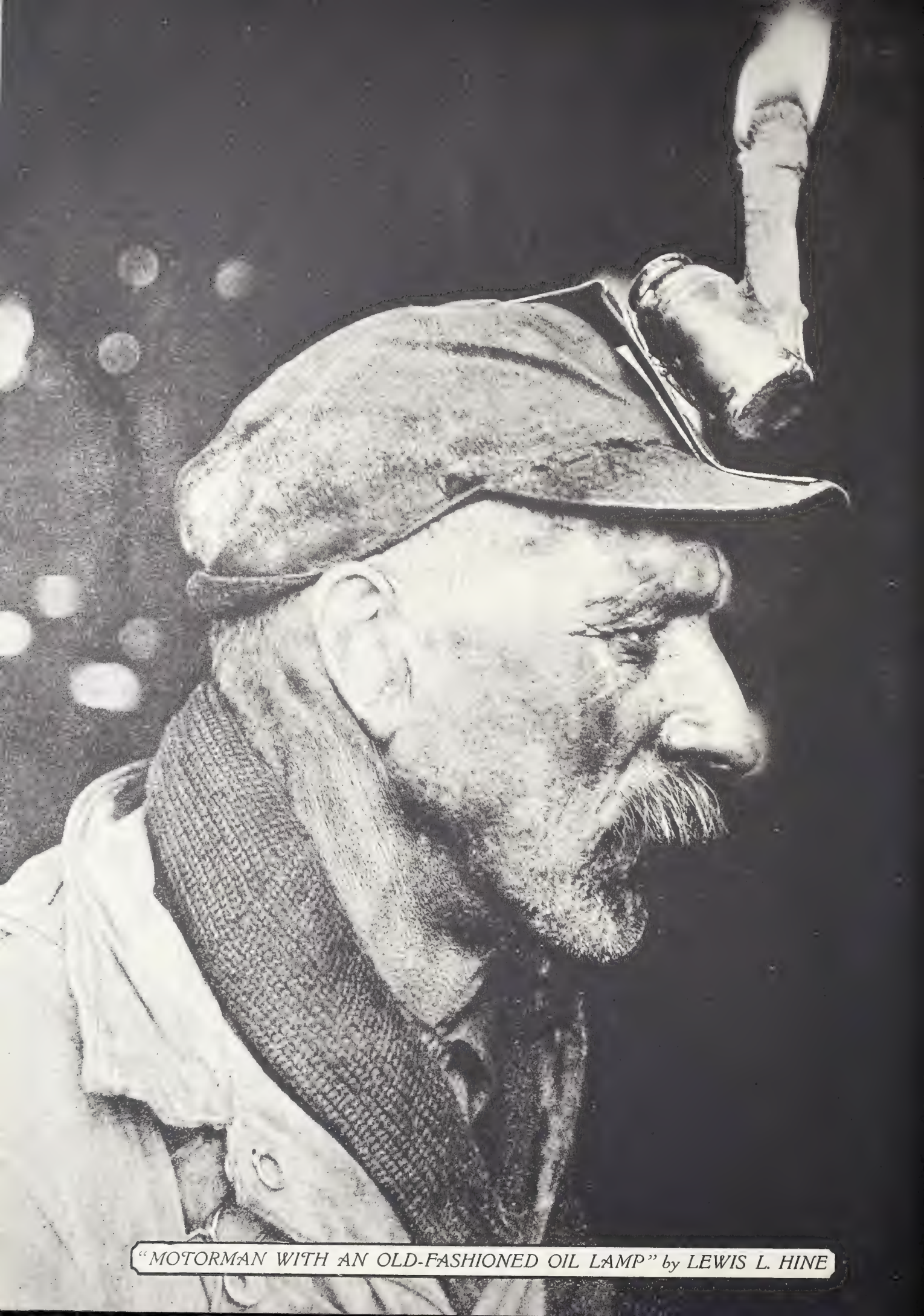
"THE GOWBOY OF THE YARDS" by LEWIS L. HINE



"AUSTRIAN TRACK LAYER" by LEWIS L. HINE



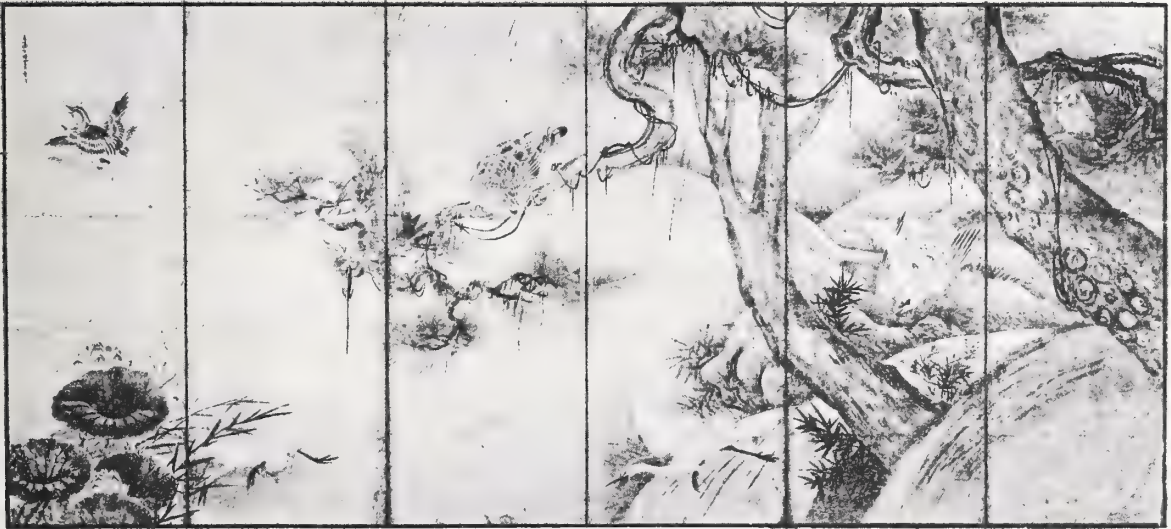
"WELSH 'MACHINE DIGGER'" by LEWIS L. HINE



"MOTORMAN WITH AN OLD-FASHIONED OIL LAMP" by LEWIS L. HINE

Three Improvisations from Paintings of the East

EDNA WORTHLEY UNDERWOOD

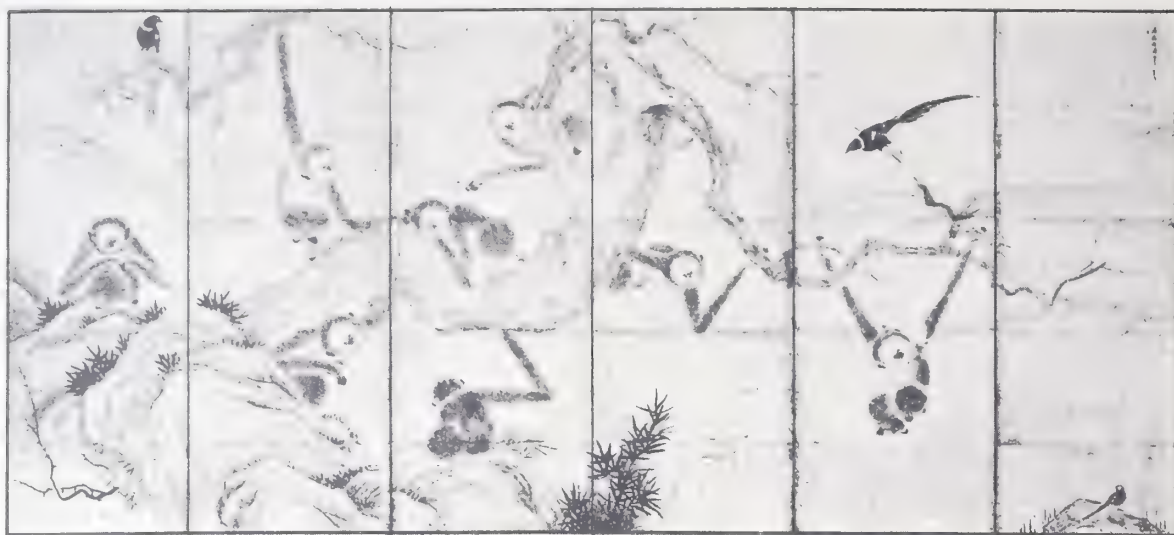


TWILIGHT

The Earth has faded in a mist of space.
(A wise rink rubbing of the wizard East!)
That Earth has been, alone this pine bough tells
Whose branches are shy lines against the dusk.

Two birds perched here; two haunting perfect
things
None now may make.
The throat of one is swollen full with song.

Yet silence is deep here as space is deep.
But sometime—in a twilight none may mark—
When life is dimming (as this round Earth here)
'T will ripple for me free—full throated song.



A PAINTING in the MONASTERY of RYOUSEN

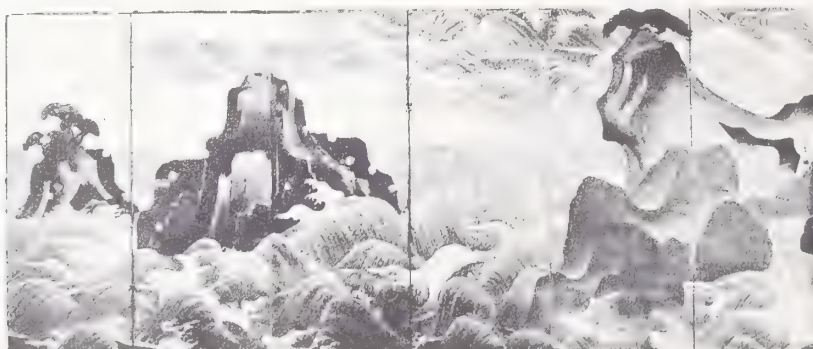
The monkey on this branch Tohakou drew
With line that sundered like the lightning's stroke,
Evoking from black nothingness a form
Unspoiled by outline, blazing, cruel, true,
Declaring as he did so that he stood
A rival to Great Sesshu.

The freshness of the Spring sits on his line,
The daring sweetness of supreme delight,
The reasoned vigor of great visioning.

THE SEA

The wild, far-centered sea has claws like this,
The far, wild sea that eyes of men know not,
That craves the clutch of ships to drag to doom.
White claws of horror that are fanged like teeth

And fingered as the crawling serpents are;
White, white and dreadful—above pools so
black
The counted nights of Egypt pale by them.



J. Blanding Sloan—Adventurer

THE usually immobile face of the little Japanese expressed more and more pleasure as he looked at one and then another etching until his curiosity and enthusiasm broke into words: "You say this man . . . artist . . . American . . . is going to my country?" I nodded "Yes."

"You mean he was there before?" I shook my head.

"You see . . . for me . . . I like that this artist go. . . These"—he made a deft, inclusive gesture across the etchings spread from the open portfolio before him—"have feeling like my people know. I like that he go. He will understand Japanese feeling. Perhaps he make more Americans understand, too."

In this, this educated Japanese expressed the hope of many of his countrymen, and of many Americans, that the gulf of ignorance between the peoples of the East and the West will be bridged through a mutual understanding of cultures and

Defying fate, he has done as he pleased and gone whither he listed, and is still on his way by

MILDRED TAYLOR

customs. He saw also what many others have seen—that an Oriental atmosphere pervades all the work of J. Blanding Sloan, whether it be etching, painting, or design for the theatre. Tech-

nically, this characteristic of Sloan's work appears in his selection of material, elimination of detail, treatment of design and grouping of masses, but beyond these is an undefinable Oriental flavor. It therefore puzzles one to learn that Sloan is an American who until now has not traveled outside the United States; nor does there appear in his career any person or environment which might thus have affected him. His present trip around the world with its proposed sojourn in the Orient, he says, is to enable him to make a contribution toward a growing understanding between Japan, China and India and America and to bring back information about the arts and customs of those countries and material for a book about the Oriental theatre. Curiosity attaches itself to the effect which the East may have upon the paintings

J. BLANDING SLOAN AND HIS PUPIL, MUKUL CHANDRA DEY





'NOTHING TO BE JEALOUS OF'

ETCHING BY J. BLANDING SLOAN

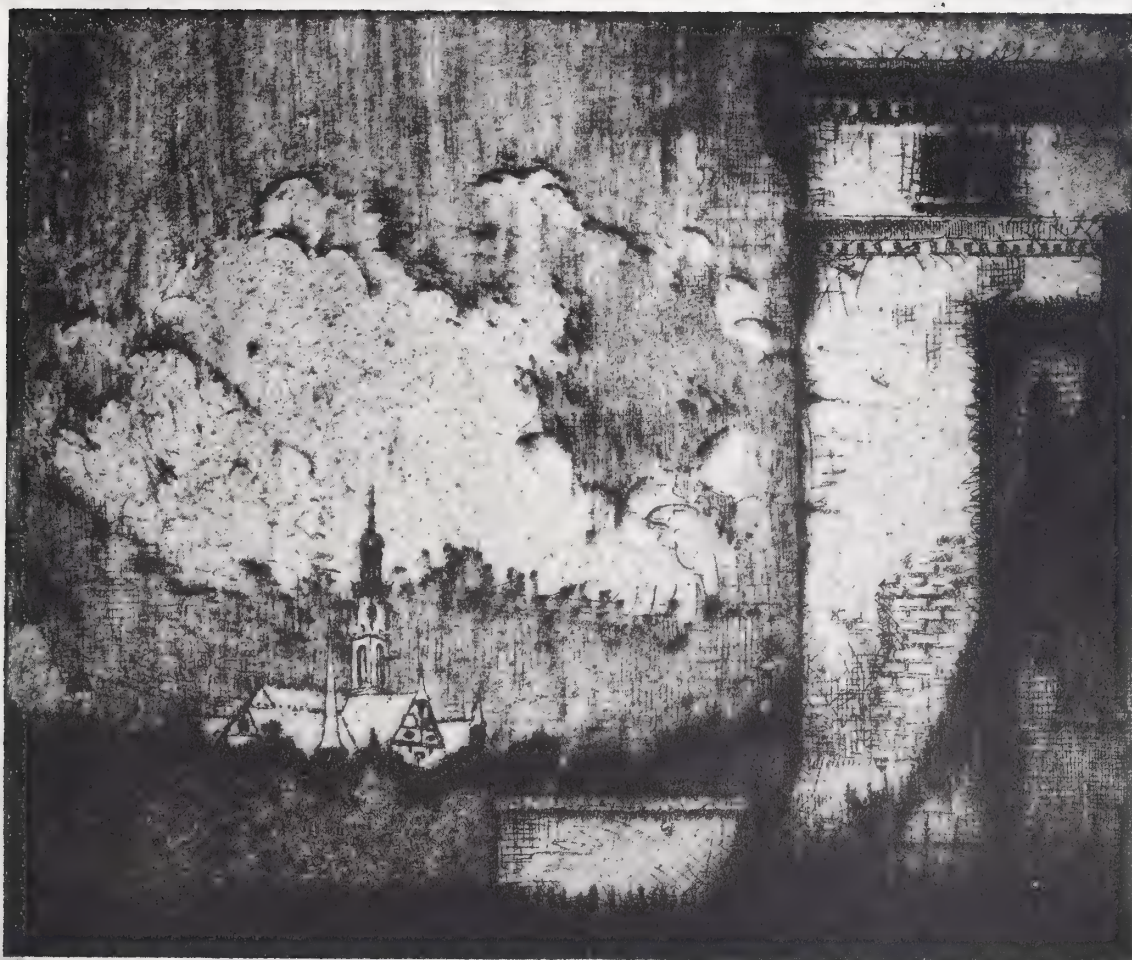
and etchings which he will make there, whether it will increase the Oriental spirit in his work.

Sloan's versatility in media and subject has kept him out of the classifications into which artists unwittingly fall. No such designation as "master of color" or "portraitist of old ladies" is used in speaking of his work. Nevertheless, there is an element in his work which will permit of generalization. It is a feeling for the immensities—for a certainness in the relationship of the tiny fragment to all creation. Here are fantasy, imagination, sweeping, swirling movement; subtlety without vagueness—withal, the tiny human being; tiny in proportion—through which he moves with inevitable sureness, as for example "One," "Exit Afternoon" and "Conflagration," the first of which is reproduced. This unvarying sureness of right-

directioned, instinctive movement seems to govern the unfolding of Sloan's life and work. Somehow things happen right for him. He does not bother about their sequence. With a half smile at any seeming interference with the certainty of flow, he sits tight in his naïvety, believing the right one will happen; the wonder of it is, it always does. He never has had a "safety first" policy. Being what he is, doing what he wants to do when he wants to do it, regardless of circumstances, have given him a reputation for versatility in art and in personal adventure. The results of his work are as varied as the moods of imagination possibly can be. The product of one day's work seems to be that of one person; that of another day, that of another person. Always keeping himself free of the fetters of a preconceived idea, he seems to be a medium through which things flow by force of nature. His technique is equally untrameled by rules and method. His work is so interesting to him that it is not labor but simple play, the exhilaration of having impulses flow through him into form. He has a restless energy for perfection which subsides only when the form is satisfactory in line, texture, color and

movement. He is not limited by physical surroundings, the kind of a studio, the conditions of light, the tools at hand. A broken knife blade, a stump of charcoal, a brush dipped in acid, a discarded dental instrument or the thumb of his left hand is effective in getting results when pushed by that impulse which must work itself out. And he seldom does a thing in the same way twice.

When nineteen years old Sloan started out with his "pal," one Murphy, to see the world. The chances taken when "riding the bumpers" of freight trains were good sport, but one morning, weak from three days' fasting, feverish and cold from sleeping on damp ground, Sloan missed his reach for the iron ladder of a freight car and lost a leg. Suffering and hardship are to him, however, just a part of experience. He did not permit this

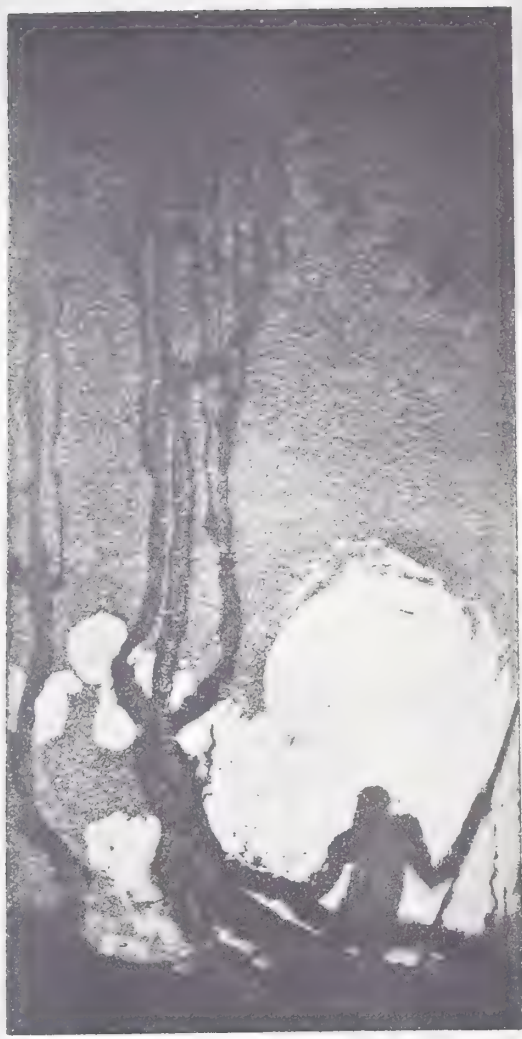


GERMAN BUILDING, JACKSON PARK, CHICAGO

ETCHING BY J. BLANDING SLOAN

accident to become a tragedy but turned it, as he does other seeming reverses, to advantage. He has not played football since that time, but he has driven an automobile across the continent several times with perfect mastery of the car, and he has ridden a bicycle from Chicago to New York. His camping trips prove him to be more at ease climbing about the woods than the average person. It is as if his handicap had been an incentive to him to excel in a field where he would logically be lost. On a bitterly cold day in Jackson Park, Chicago, he saw a child who had broken through the ice some distance from the shore. He rescued her with no thought of the probabilities that an artificial leg and a heavy overcoat would drown him as well as the child. Once out of the water, he gave the child to a policeman and hastened home, and the newspapers and the parents of the child searched for days for the hero of Jackson Park. When identified, he said he had not been hiding and wondered whether they had expected him to stand in his rapidly freezing clothing to be interviewed by reporters.

Sloan spent his childhood in Corsicana, Texas, where his father was the leading physician. At the age of twelve years he was self-appointed producer, scenic artist, stage manager and leading actor for "Monte Cristo," rehearsed a whole summer and played one week in a barn for pins. The part of this that he liked most was painting the scenery, which was done on roller shades discarded from the house. He would have nothing, however, to do later with "high art" when Mrs. Gertrude Doke, the only artist in the place, suggested that he go to the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts. He preferred to do something practical. With sixty dollars he purchased a correspondence course in sign painting. When he had taken but one lesson, a street fair arrived in town and he was in great demand to paint signs for alligator and dancing-girl side shows. One day he made twenty-five dollars. The time had come, however, for him and Murphy to start for the Pacific coast. The story of his stay in San Francisco is one of hunting jobs and being "fired" from them. House painting was remunerative until he began work on a swinging



"ONE"

ETCHING BY J. BLANDING SLOAN

scaffold four stories in the air and made the mistake of telling his employer about the missing leg and how well he was going through life without it. Without delay the scaffold was lowered to the ground and Sloan was dismissed. Trucking desks from freight cars to a store room by hand paid well enough until one day a desk fell on him. Those who rushed to the rescue expected to find a fractured leg, but the desk had fallen on the artificial limb. The foreman thought the job too strenuous, however, for one thus handicapped, and this meant being out of a job again. By working as usher, "bellhop," elevator operator and hotel clerk, the two boys eventually saved enough to return to Corsicana by way of Reno, Nevada, where the Jeffries-Johnson fight was then being staged. There they found that they could purchase only one ticket, and as neither would consent to see the fight without the other, they caught the next train out of Reno and headed for Texas.

Sloan's mother, a Virginian, had died when he was but a year old. He had felt the tragedy that this, with his own wanderings and accident, had brought into his father's life, and he wished to please him. Perhaps he could study medicine, as had been planned for him. Besides, artists were considered rather a burden upon the community. But he did like to draw. The death of his father relieved him, however, of any obligation to enter the medical profession, and his stepmother, who had arrived when he was four years old, had always encouraged him in his artistic endeavors. At this critical time she backed his determination to study art and helped him to decide on his course in life.

Students who first met him at the Chicago Academy of Fine Arts had reason to wonder at his clothes, which he had purchased in a pawn shop in order not to look "citified." His first season at the academy was one of learning rudimentary things; the next, he did more work at home, attending only classes of his choice. One instructor told him he would make a better truck driver than painter. Another, Bror Olson Nordfeldt, encouraged him, however, and he kept on working at home and refusing to paint in the manner dictated. After two years, the academy made him teacher of color composition. Then the Chicago artists exhibited his "Ash Can" at the Art Institute. His method in teaching was to let each student choose his own subject, his own medium and his own manner. His success was evident in the productions of his class. He did not, however, like teaching. He wanted to spend his entire time painting and etching. He had admired the work of George Senseney, which he had seen in exhibitions. Senseney, inquiring for an etching press, was informed that for want of funds Sloan was not using his press. Thus fate and hard times brought together Sloan and one of the world's greatest color etchers.

Sloan's etchings as well as his paintings now regularly appeared in exhibitions. Rabindranath Tagore sought him as a teacher for Mukul Chandra Dey, a young Hindu and his protégé. Sloan thus was again drawn into teaching, but this time in his own studio without limitations as to hours or curriculum. He enjoyed this association until the increasing number of students again limited his own artistic output. Then it had to end.

By whatever principle governs his life, the Players' Workshop in its embryonic stage provided the next step forward for Sloan. His designs for costumes and scenery and his lighting effects for its first twenty-five one-act plays placed it among the first of the successful little theatres of America. In the next few years he spent more of his time in the theatre with one success after another. The



"WHERE THE WIND BLOWS"

Etching by
J. Blanding Sloan



Cathedral Spires, Garden of the Gods

"CATHEDRAL SPIRES, GARDEN OF THE GODS"

ETCHING BY J. BLANDING SLOAN

opportunities that came to him made it possible for him to earn—and this was now necessary, for on coming to New York he had turned over to his wife and two children the entire fortune inherited from his father—and yet not feel the cramp of compromise. He made the designs for George Foster Platt's productions in Milwaukee, such plays as Wedekind's "Such is Life," Fulda's "Pirate" and Galsworthy's "Pigeon"; for Stuart Walker's "Jonathan Makes a Wish" and "Picca-

dilly Jim." Between these productions all sorts of odd jobs came to him. He wondered that they interested him and still brought him a living—decorating the children's floor of a department store at Christmas, making lamp shades for a tea room, designing the fairy house used by the National Child Health organization in its advertising campaign, planning a miniature play garden for the children of Jackson Heights, New York, a co-operative colony. He is one of the few artists of the theatre who is also a master of technical problems. For several seasons he has given technical direction as well as designs for "Greenwich Village Follies," revealing a humorous vein.

Success in so many fields is no doubt due to Sloan's unwillingness to permit work begun by him to pass into the hands of others or beyond his supervision. He has unending enthusiasm for doing the thing well and he is quick to destroy his own product when it does not meet the test of his own criticism. His "staying by" the job holds true in etching as well as the execution of his designs for the theatre. He always does his own printing, even to the grinding of the ink by hand. Only in this way can he be certain that the quality and the tone of each is in keeping

with the original spirit of the work. He is today quite as well known as an etcher and painter as an artist of the theatre, and no less well known as a man of roving and adventurous disposition. It is difficult to believe that one person could possess such variety of theme, material and technique and be so prolific, but those who know his children's stories and his poems believe he will make a place for himself in still another field—that of writing. His return from the East may prove it.

THE GLASS OF OLD SIDON

EXCAVATIONS of ancient palaces and tombs in the last fifty years have brought to light, especially in Syria, series of glass vessels which appear to be intimately connected as regards period, technique and art and which archaeologists have named "Sidonian" to distinguish them from other glasses, foremost among which are Roman and Egyptian. Nor does it seem that this name has been misapplied, Sidonian glass having been praised in antiquity and tradition having credited Sidon with being the mother of the art of the glass-maker.

More than a thousand years older than Rome, Antioch or Alexandria, Sidon was once the queen city of the Mediterranean and the home of many arts including metal working. Her chief deity was Astarte or Ashtaroth, Queen of the Starry Heavens. Deserving of the appellation "The Great," given to her in the book of Joshua, Sidon was queen of the seas and mother city of the great Phenician colonies, of Cyprus, of Sifno, of Creta, Thasos, Calchis, Carthage and many others. It was she who sent to Greece the famous Cadmus, reputed to have been the father of literature. Here early period of glory was simultaneous with that age of Egypt in which Tut-ank-Ahmen exemplified luxury.

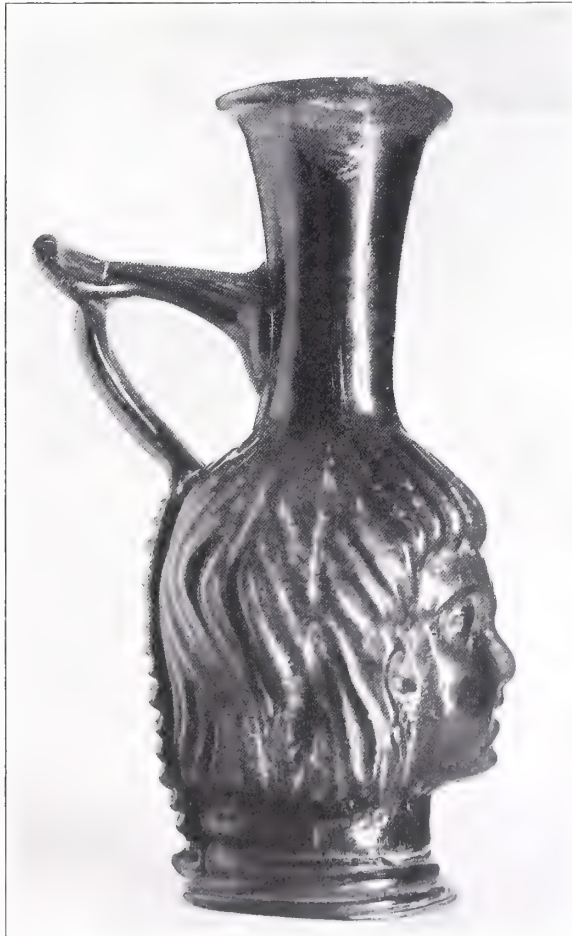
That we may fully appreciate the importance of Sidon and her artistic development, the principal events of her rise and fall should be known. In the Bible she is described as able to withstand the Jewish conquerors of the country, who permitted her inhab-

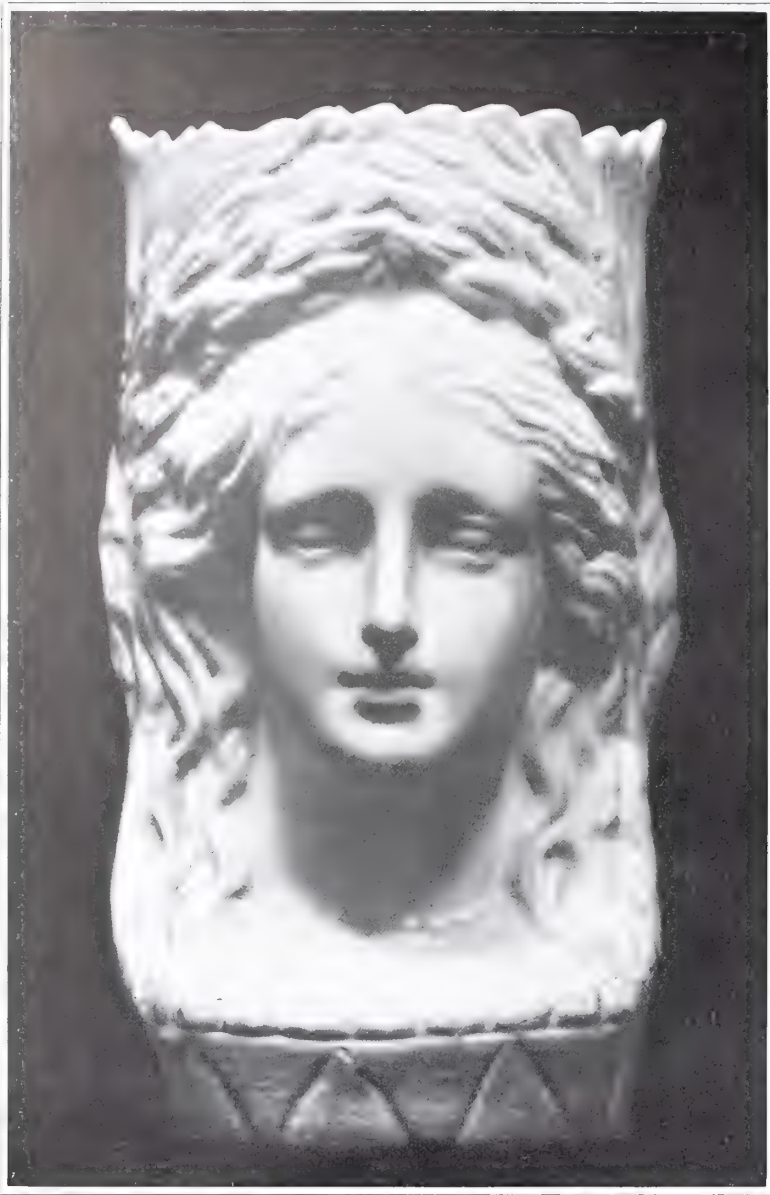
Mother city of Phenician world produced masterpieces that have never been equalled by
GUSTAVUS A. EISEN

itants to retain their land. In the time of the eighteenth dynasty of Egypt she furnished the pharaohs with vessels for a navy. In 1209 B. C., she was destroyed by the Philistines, a tribe from Creta which had settled in Palestine. In 811-782 she was warred upon by the Assyrians and made subject by Ramman Nirai. In 676 she was destroyed by Esarhaddon; in 570, taken by the Egyptian, Ouaphres; in 535, conquered by Cyrus. In 480, she supplied ships to Xerxes for his invasion of Greece. In 351 she joined a revolt against Artaxerxes Ochus but was betrayed by her king, Fennes. In 332 she submitted to Alexander without a blow and was thus spared the fate of Tyre, which he had outrageously destroyed. After the death of Alexander she was given to Ptolemy and remained afterward alternately under Syria and

Egypt until she came under Rome in the First Century B. C. In 1107 A. D. she was taken by the Crusaders, and on December 19, 1110, by Baldwin. In 1187 she was retaken by the Saracens, and in 1197, by the Christians. In 1229 she came into the possession of Federico II, Roman emperor, whose court in Palermo, Sicily, was the most brilliant of its time. In 1249 she was captured again by the Saracens, but soon returned to the Templar Knights, who lost her in 1291. In the time of Napoleon, she was taken by the French, to be lost to Djazzar in 1791. In 1837 the city was partly destroyed by an earthquake, but was rebuilt by Soliman Pasha in 1838. In 1840 she was bom-

SIDONIAN FAUN VASE MADE OF TRANSLUCENT BLUE GLASS
The face of the faun is beautifully molded and as an object of art this oinochoe is superior to all others of its type





VENUS VASE OF SIDONIAN GLASS. FIRST CENTURY B. C.

Ivory paste glass representing a maiden crowned with a laurel wreath, her face of radiant beauty

barded by the English and their allies under Napier and partly ruined.

The ancient city, outside the boundaries of modern Sidon, has given up many wonderful objects, especially from its tombs, the most noteworthy of which are the sarcophagus of Alexander and that known as the tomb of the weeping maidens. Modern Sidon is on the Syrian coast, about twenty miles from the ancient Tyre and five miles from ancient Ornithopolis, or City of Birds. It is not far from Mount Carmel. In antiquity it possessed two harbors, like Tyre and Carthage, one for winter use and one for summer, an arrangement considered to be of great advantage at a time when sea-borne commerce was restricted chiefly to the summer.

Pliny credits the Sidonians with having discovered glass by accident. Sidonian sailors, he relates, landed near Sidon and made a campfire and supported their cooking vessels on lumps of natron, with which their ship was laden. When the fire had burned out, it was found that the natron and the sand of the shore had fused into a material which came to be known as glass. Josephus, however, gives to his own race, the Jewish, credit for the discovery, asserting that it was observed that glass had been formed in the sand by a forest fire—an improbable although not an impossible source of the art. It seems, however, that ancient as well as modern writers confounded the discovery of the material with the making of objects from the material and, further, confused the methods by which such objects could be made. They evidently assumed that the making of glass matrix and the art of glass blowing were discovered at the same time. The present writer, however, has pointed out that the glass matrix might have been discovered from the use of glazes, and that core-spun glass, pad glass, tube-blown glass and bubble-blown glass were the four great steps in the development of the art of making glassware. Of late it has been the

fashion to deny to the Phenicians the credit of having originated the making of glass, conceding to them only the honor of having distributed glass objects to distant parts by their ships. The present writer, however, is willing to give credit where it appears to be due. First, no Phenician glass vessels have been discovered in northern tombs of earlier than the great migrations except one or two specimens datable to the First Century A. D. Second, Phenician glass vessels have come to us principally from Syrian tombs, which shows that they were not important objects of barter. Their presence in Crimea, Greece, Italy and Gaul is therefore sporadic. Glass making in Syria must from the beginning have been favored by the presence of sand of certain qualities, but this was

useless until it became known that natron mixed with this sand would produce glass, and it would have been easier for the Phenicians to import natron from the Bitter Lakes of Egypt than for the Egyptians to import the sand from Syria. That there was a constant interchange of materials between Syria and Egypt is evident, and as glass-making flourished in both countries, we must assume that it originated in one of them rather than in a place where the art had attained neither importance nor artistic value. We therefore need not wonder at the superiority of the Sidonian art and that it should have produced the greatest masterpiece of blown glass known.

Pliny reports also that the Sidonians were masters in the production of imitations of precious stones. This sounds plausible because they had access to the tin of Pontus, the copper of Cyprus, the gold of Thasos and Thracia and the silver of Sifno, the salts of which metals enter into the manufacture of imitations of gems. Then, too, superb specimens of blue and green Sidonian glass have been mistaken in modern times for precious stones. The most famous of these imitations is the *Sacro Catino* of Genoa, once generally believed and yet held by some to be the sacred dish of the Last Supper. Tradition has it that it came from a mosque in Caesarea, Syria, the Saracens having found it in the ancient temple of Janus, upon the foundations of which they erected their mosque. The writer has examined Sidonian flasks of emerald colored glass of such quality that it might easily be thought that they had been shaped from the precious stone.

The full extent and variety of Sidonian glass vases is unknown. Their craftsmen must have made commonplace vessels, but practically only masterpieces have been identified. We can distinguish between minute and larger blown flasks, of which latter there are not more than a dozen examples. These, too, were blown in a mold, a technique apparently invented by the Sidonians.



SIDE VIEW OF THE VENUS VASE ON THE OPPOSITE PAGE
The expression of each of the faces which form the sides of the vase is distinct, one being more austere than the other

Some of the molds are in two parts; others, in three. There are also pad-glass vessels pressed in molds but of small size, some plain, but others of glorious mosaic patterns, evidently destined for sacred use. There are plain transparent or translucent glasses, superb blues and emerald greens for the finest types, and sherry yellows. Still others are brownish and greenish. But the most precious of all the material was the opaque, ivory-paste glass, of marvellous beauty and similar in feeling to ivory. We can separate flasks with narrow necks from beakers and open vases, of which there are several types. Some vessels have the shape of cups with one handle, or with two loop handles. Among the representations we have scenes of the circus and the arena, laurel and olive



FRONT AND SIDE VIEWS OF EROS VASE OF SIDONIAN GLASS. FIRST CENTURY B. C.
Made of both opaque and opalescent glass, it is an object of great beauty

wreaths, singing birds and storks characteristic of Ornithopolis, and other symbols represented in relief more delicately than by the best Renaissance and modern masters of the art. The latter never have been able to reproduce the inimitable ivory colors of the Sidonian paste glass, nor has the Sidonian glass craft as a whole been ever approached.

The principal characteristic of the best types of Sidonian glass vessels is that they are distinctly sided instead of rounded. Some have two sides with opposed reliefs produced by molding, others have three sides, a few have four, but most of them possess six. This form must have been the result of a desire to show the molded reliefs to the best advantage, and for this purpose a rather flat field would be preferable to a curved or rounded one. Another characteristic is that most of these vessels seem to have been made as reminders of objects seen in Sidon, mementoes perhaps of works of art or of sacred vessels in the temples of the many cults, such as those of Astarte or Ashtorath, Bacchus, Melcart, Mitras and Jehovah. Most of those measured by the writer seem to have been designed according to one certain geometrical plan. Some vessels fit, as regards their outlines, in a

square, in two squares, in a square and a half, or in some of the rectangles of the so-called dynamic system. Only by such means and such adherence to symmetry was it possible to produce regularity without monotony and symmetry with variation.

Most famous of examples of Sidonian glass is the unsurpassed and seemingly unsurpassable Venus vase. In form this is practically a cylinder with two slight contractions, one above and one below the central line. In height it measures 13.9 centimetres and in diameter it varies from 8.05 to 6.1 centimetres. It is of opaque glass of a beautiful ivory whiteness. Some little oxidation and patina appear, but for the greater part the surface is absolutely untouched by the passage of time. The upper part was molded, but the core base was affixed by insertion into the lower end of the cylinder after the latter had been taken from the mold. The design represents in high relief the head and neck of a maiden crowned with a wreath of laurel—two heads back to back. It shows the face of a human being but of one divine in feeling, immortal in soul, glorious in character; a face lighted by poetry, grace and love and by that trace of concealed or tempered passion which

constitutes a most precious phase of character as realized in the human life.

Next to the Venus vase, an oinochoe is perhaps the noblest achievement in Sidonian glass which has been preserved. It is remarkable for its size, being nineteen centimetres in height, and is of a splendid blue translucent glass which is in absolutely perfect condition. It represents the head of a faun or an Eros. It has a rather slender, funnel-shaped neck and a loop handle, the crenulated elongation of which extends to the base of the vase. It was found in a Syrian tomb.

Another beautiful vase is the Eros vase, which has, back to back, two faces of a most lovely child. These constitute the body part of the vase, which is only eight and three-tenths centimetres high. It is made of opalescent, slightly translucent glass and has a magnificent patina and superb iridescence. The faces are charmingly portrayed, with smiling lips and eyes, and are framed with locks

of waving hair. There is also a well proportioned neck without handles. The beauty of the faces makes this vase worthy to be placed in the same class with the Venus and the oinochoe vases as a masterpiece of Sidonian art.

Still another beautiful vase is in the form of a cup with funnel-shaped opening, the body consisting of the head of a faun crowned with a wreath of ivy leaves. The hair is thick in heavy strands. The ears are adorned with spherical pendants, and the whole was executed with that life, swing and surpassing charm which characterize the masterpieces of Hellenistic art. The most admirable part of this vase is the face of the faun, radiating happiness, good nature and jovial beauty. The vase is of greenish translucent glass, now enhanced by patina and iridescence, precious gifts of time.

The majority of the Sidonian vases with two more or less flat sides are molded with a face on each side whenever the absence of a loop handle

permitted a free design. This design has been compared with the Janus design, a double-headed image with a face back and front. Janus, however, was intended to represent one individual looking simultaneously to both the future and the past, a characteristic not attributable to any of the Sidonian or Tyrian gods. This reference to a "god" is deliberate, notwithstanding that the

faces on these flasks are not designed in the old classic style of a god or goddess. It seems quite probable that these delicate vases were used in religious rites, and that the object of the two faces was that one might always be presented free to the object of worship in its heavenly realm, unconcealed by the hand that held the vessel and poured the libation from it.

All inhabitants of Sidon worshipped Astarte, Queen of the Starry Heavens, even the Jewish conquerors "when they saw the moon walking in brightness." Jeremiah wrote: "The children gather wood, and the

fathers kindle fires, and the women knead dough to make cakes for the queen of heaven"; and again: "We will certainly do whatsoever thing goeth out of our mouth, to burn incense to the queen of heaven; for since we left off to burn incense to the queen of heaven and to pour out drink offerings to her, we wanted all things and were consumed by the sword and by famine." Her altars were on the roofs of the houses.

It was for such ceremonies that the Venus vase was made. And who was the model for it? Was she a creation of the imagination of an artist or had she real existence? Was she a victress in Olympic games, some poetess whose lines had aroused her audience and won her fame and the laurel crown, or one whose silvery song had stirred her hearers to enthusiasm? Or was she Astarte herself? There is no way by which we may know, but we do know that here is the visualization of all beauty that is both human and divine.



SIDONIAN FAUN VASE. FIRST CENTURY B. C.
The head is surrounded by an ivy wreath

FLAGG, BORN ILLUSTRATOR

Do tell me, Mr. Flagg, do you have to read the stories you illustrate, or does the publisher tell you just what he wants pictured?" The question was asked of James

Montgomery Flagg at a tea party which he had felt obliged to attend, for he does not enjoy such assemblages any better than a boy fancies being made to entertain a younger sister's admiring group of little friends in baseball time.

"For persons like that," Mr. Flagg remarked, alluding to the florid woman who asked the question, "I am going to have a flock of little cards printed, telling the real facts as to how vital it is for an illustrator to enter into the spirit of the story and actually to *know* each character before he can picture what that character looks like. Good illustrating is far more than depicting a bit of action as described by the author."

It is a fact that may seem strange, that many authors have no notion of the physical appearance of their characters until they see the illustrations for their stories. Kathleen Norris tells friends that it is a thrilling moment when for the first time she meets her own characters, made actually visible by the magic of Mr. Flagg's pencil wand. They are instantly recognized, for here are real individuals who you are sure would act and talk just as they do in the printed pages. Mr. Flagg finds more inspiration for illustrations in the stories of some writers than in those of others, yet his illustrations sometimes have the express mission of bolstering up a poor narrative, and illustration plays a major part in the popularity of a magazine.

Artist from boyhood, he holds that talent needs assiduous cultivation before it becomes creative by

LOUIS H. FROHMAN

"How do you do it, Mr. Flagg?" asks another woman. "Do these wonderful pictures just come to you by inspiration, or have you a magic pencil?"

I can see Mr. Flagg smile reminiscently as he looks back upon the years of hard work and earnest study that went hand and hand with inspiration before he gained his facile command over brush and pencil. He holds strongly to the belief that an artist worthy of the name must be both born one and made one.

However great the natural genius, he believes, the technique must be thoroughly mastered before the artist permits himself to forget mechanism and revel in the joy of creation, bringing into the world the characters and the visions of his imagination. He asserts that many stunts and fads in art are merely efforts to disguise shortcomings of the artist who has not a true foundation or real ability. With this cult, he has no sympathy, even though those who belong to it be more virtuous than he in obeying the commandment which forbids the making of the likeness of anything in the heavens above or in

the earth beneath or in the waters under the earth. The third principle for fine achievement, he holds, is vitality; not of necessity, physical prowess, but the active force within, which urges its possessor persistently to create and is ever accompanied by the ambition for improvement and progress. Flagg himself is a striking example of all three attributes. His talent was unmistakable from childhood, the ease and speed with which he works were prefaced by years of study at home and abroad, and his physique, clear eye and poise all speak of the force

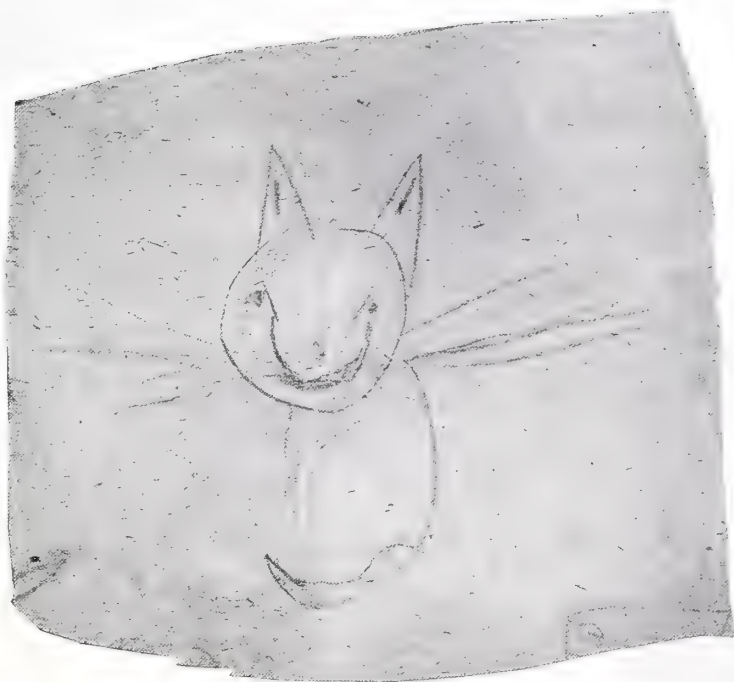


JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

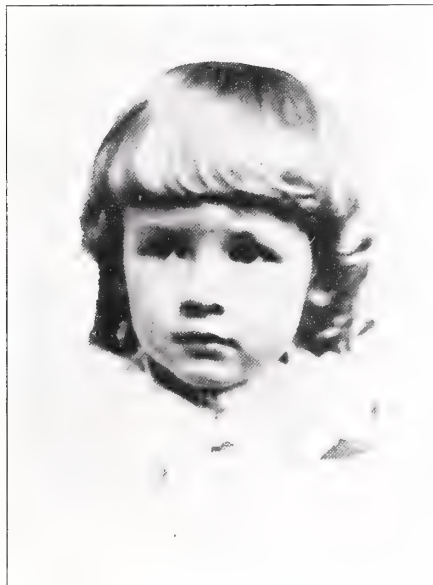
of character and temperament which make him to-day a veritable power-house of ideas and productive accomplishment.

It was my privilege to sit and chat with Flagg while he worked. He draws with incredible swiftness and certainty; I should judge that he is essentially definite and accurate in all things. He impresses one as brimming over with youthful enthusiasm, yet with his vim for accomplishment he has such a keenly critical perception that he is quite as severe a critic of his own works as he is of the other man's. Indeed, I should think that he is more lenient to the other fellow—provided that the other fellow be a sincere worker. Kindliness looks out from his eyes with his delightful sense of humor.

Did Flagg just "happen" to adopt art as a profession? By no means. He can not remember the time when he did not draw, and it was ever his determination to be an artist. He was born in Pelham, New York, but spent most of his boyhood in New York City, attending both private and public schools and leading the usual life of the son of well-to-do parents. There was little in his environment and nothing in his heredity to account for his determination to become an artist, nor had he encouragement at home, as it was his father's desire that he should follow the customary educational courses and then enter business. He avers that his first attempts at drawing gave no more promise than those of the average child. As proof of this statement he showed me a drawing of a cat made when he was two and a half years old. To me, however, there is a something in that pussy's expression akin to the humor we find in his present-day work.



ART IS LONG AND SOMETIMES EARLY, AS FLAGG'S PORTRAIT OF THE FAMILY CAT, DRAWN AT TWO AND ONE-HALF YEARS, SHOWS



THE ARTIST, AGED TWO AND ONE-HALF

Notwithstanding his own early indications, Mr. Flagg cautions parents not to conclude that a child is destined to become an artist merely because of a fondness for drawing. He classifies drawing as an expression of one of the most universal and primitive instincts, as evidenced by the crude specimens that have remained from prehistoric ages. All children have savage instincts, and drawing, he asserts, is one of these. Be that as it may, Flagg was not content to remain in the palaeolithic age of art. His budding critical sense whispered to him that there was

something needed to make that first cat "come up to scratch," either as purely decorative art or as a realistic portrait, and spurred him to further effort.

Flagg's progress was so rapid that when only twelve years old he ventured to submit samples of his drawings to Tudor Jenks, then editor of *St. Nicholas*, and, almost incredible as it may seem, was immediately engaged as a member of the art



ILLUSTRATION FOR "STAR DUST"

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

staff of that magazine. Jenks was so impressed by the boy's exceptional promise that, through his influence, young Flagg's parents consented to his devoting himself seriously to the study of art. Two years later the young artist became a regular contributor to *Judge* and *Life* as well as to *St. Nicholas*. One of the remarkable things in his career is that from the age of fourteen his art made him self-supporting, even during his student days abroad and his vacations for travel.

At this early period his two chosen friends were Jenks and Frederick Starr, head of the Egyptian department in the Museum of Natural History. Although both then were men of three times his years, he preferred their society to that of boys. Genius knows nothing of age. Just as it astonishes the world by sometimes dropping its ripe fruits into the hands of children, so it occasionally showers perennial blossoms upon those of mature years, keeping them in a perpetual springtime of life. Thus, while, as a boy, Flagg undoubtedly was old for his age, he impresses one now as being young for his years—not that these number many as yet; he is in his early forties—for he possesses in a high degree that boyish charm and simplicity

which I have noticed often in men who do great things. This survival of the boy in the man who is doing extraordinarily important work used to surprise me until I came to know that it was not the exceptional but the usual characteristic of the truly great and those who accomplish much.

At sixteen, Flagg did his first professional writing, being sent to Chicago to report the World's Fair of 1893 for *St. Nicholas*. Soon after this he entered the Art Students' League, where he studied under Twachtman and Carroll Beckwith. Upon completing his fourth year at the League, he went to London to study painting at Herkimer's. In London, as at home, his talent for illustration was quickly recognized and his drawings were soon sought by practically all the leading English fiction magazines. One year in London sufficed, and then came Paris. "Oh," you may exclaim, "the Latin Quarter; the happy-go-lucky, cosmopolitan student life in a chilly studio on a little street that gives into the Boulevard Montparnasse!" But not at all. Flagg installed himself comfortably, near the Etoile, and gave himself earnestly to the pursuit of two objects—to paint better in water colors, his favorite medium, and to have a picture

hung in the Salon. With his usual good fortune, both ambitions were achieved within the year. In Paris, however, it was not illustrating which furnished his ample income; he took up portrait painting, and one of his pictures so pleased Duret, director of the Opéra Comique, that it led to commissions for portraits of many of the celebrities of that noted institution. Returning to the United States, he painted a portrait of Mark Twain which won for him the honor of a life membership in the Lotos Club—and this at twenty-one! He then went back to his first love—illustrating—now using all mediums, adapting his style to the subject.

Up to this time, Flagg's road to fame and fortune had been almost unobstructed, smooth, bordered by flowers all the way, quite different from the uphill, stony, tedious path that most pilgrims in art must climb, but he now met his first barrier. In the early days of this century the ambition of all illustrators was to see their work in *Scribner's*. Flagg was no exception. He submitted samples of his work, but to his surprise the response was the advice to "work some more and come back again." For more than a year he made periodical attempts to capture that magazine with his drawings, but the only encouragement that he got was assurances that he was making progress. At last, Joseph Chapin, art editor of *Scribner's*, asked him whether he thought he could illustrate a "hoodoo" story. Three times drawings for this story had been attempted by different illustrators and three times its publication had been postponed because the pictures were not satisfactory. Flagg eagerly undertook the task. His sketches were successful—his hoodoo was laid. From that time on, his pictures were often seen in *Scribner's*.

The creative force which urged Flagg so rapidly along the road to achievement was not content to find outlet through the pencil, pen and brush alone. Sculpture, writing and production of motion pictures also have place on his list of



ILLUSTRATION FOR "BLIND MAN'S BUFF"

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

accomplishments. The apt verses which accompany his humorous drawings are from his own pen, and for four years he wrote a monthly feature for *The American Magazine*. When the United States entered the last war, he turned his energies untiringly to the production of war posters, and as a result he has to his credit forty-six that were published. Among the most vividly remembered are one of Uncle Sam saying "I want you" and the one advising, "Tell it to the Marines." In recognition of this work he was made official military artist for the State of New York. He also wrote and directed for the Red Cross a motion picture which was instrumental in procuring large contributions. The photoplay was a new field for his fertile imagination, and he speedily put out a series of twenty-four screen stories original in idea and enlivened by his brilliant "cut-ins." He insists that these pictures shall not be called "comedies," for he says they contain no pie-throwing, no upset buckets of whitewash, no acrobatic policemen nor any other of the ingredients which go to the making of the conventional comedy of the silver screen.

I was curious to know several things about



ILLUSTRATION FOR "UNEASY STREET"

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Flagg's manner of working, and he seemed not at all afraid of giving away secrets of his success in answering questions. The first time that we chatted he was working with a young man as model, one who seemed to enter into the spirit of the picture and to actually enjoy holding his rather difficult pose. With a model of this type Flagg can work most easily. That the character in the illustration was not supposed to resemble the model in the least was no handicap. The picture grew as by magic—scarcely a pencil outline of the figure before brush and pen filled in the values with the assurance of a master. The physical appearance of his models matters less to Flagg than their mental attitude. He could easily convert this slim young man into a benign old woman and have the result none the less true to type or accurate in detail.

Of all mediums, Flagg considers pen and ink line the most difficult. Changes and modifications can not be made without losing the spirit and the values of the picture. Flagg feels that it is the

place of the illustrator to illumine the text of the author; to carry the reader farther than can words. Each picture must tell its own story.

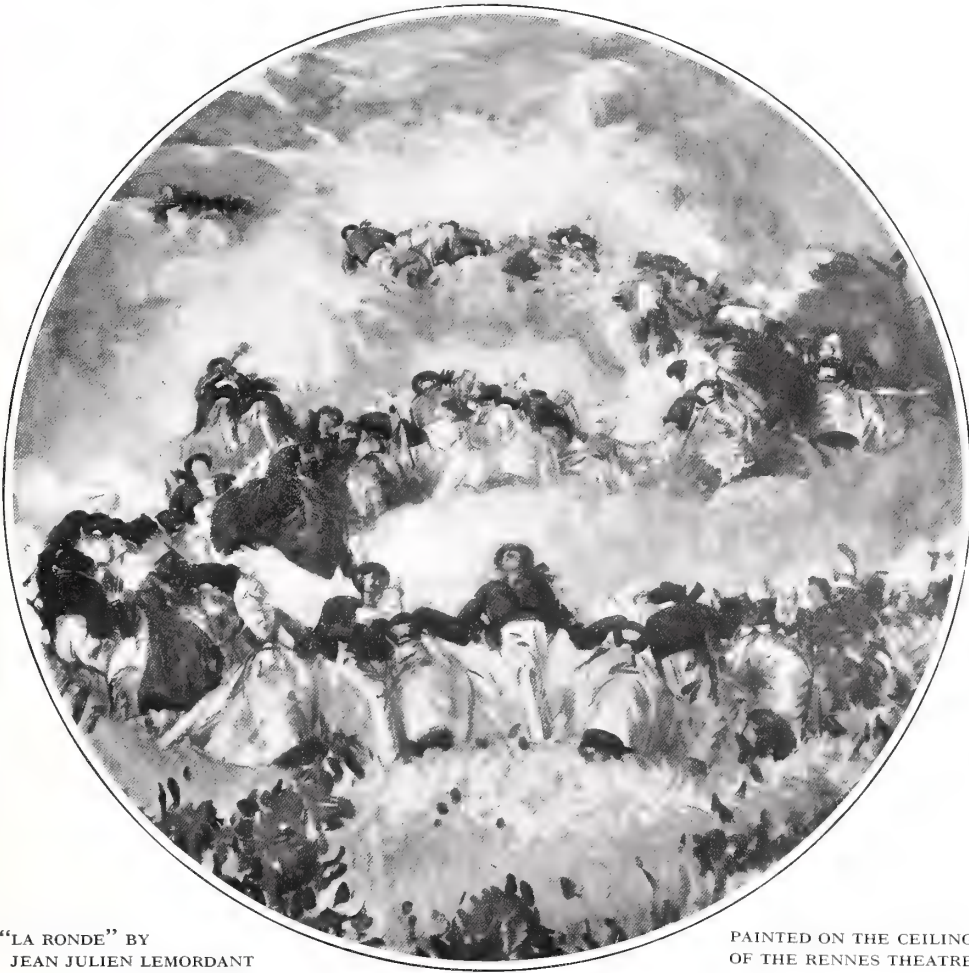
When one considers that Flagg produces a minimum of twenty-five drawings every month, many of them in color, it is surprising that he finds time for any recreation. Contrary to craving variety of occupation, his two hobbies are portrait painting and water colors, a side of his work that is yet little known to the public. Water color has fascinated him since his student days, and he considers it a medium generally underestimated—probably, as he puts it, because oil is more expensive than water. In addition there are the normal recreations—golf, driving an automobile and a few days of luxurious idleness at his summer home in Maine. Society means little to him. His most congenial associates are usually writers. He is a member of three clubs, the Players, the Lotos and the Dutch Treat. He was long president of the last, but he rarely visits any of them now. Through

life, his constant companion has remained his muse. If in the country "resting," he is painting some bit of landscape; in the city he is either at work in his studio or designing scenery or costumes or busy at something else equally creative.

"IT LED UP TO THE CEILING." ILLUSTRATION BY
JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG



LEMORDANT—*Hero of France*



"LA RONDE" BY
JEAN JULIEN LEMORDANT

PAINTED ON THE CEILING
OF THE RENNES THEATRE

"*T*HERE are great things to be done in the world," wrote Jean Julien Lemordant, heroic painter and soldier of France, who was blinded in the war, to a friend the other day. He is a Breton—the Bretons are fighters—and with the indomitable courage that he displayed in the service of his country he continues to fight the battle of life. Since his visit to America in 1919 he has been exhorting his countrymen to revive their rural industries, speaking to them as Ruskin did to the English, sharing with them the revelations made to those who, in Helen Keller's words, no longer have a part in the "comedy of seeing." Recently in Paris the blind hero was the object of a ceremony that touched the emotions of all who participated in it. In front of the last picture which he painted before his calamity befell him, a picture shown in this year's Salon de la Société Nationale in the French capital, M. Bartholomé, president of that group, presented to him the insignia of his promotion from the rank of officer of the Légion d'Honneur to that of commander. When this had been done, his fellow artists carried him on their shoulders through the galleries of the Grand Palais, acclaiming his bravery. Next winter he will have the professorship in aesthetics at the Ecole des Beaux Arts founded for him at the suggestion of M. Albert Besnard, director of the school, in recognition of his achievements.

—MURIEL CIOLKOWSKA.

JEAN JULIEN LEMORDANT: FROM A RECENT PHOTOGRAPH





DRAWING ROOM OF MRS. JAMES B. HAGGIN, NEWPORT. LOUIS XV BENCHES AND STOOLS
Courtesy of Miss Gheen, Inc.

The ANCESTOR of the CHAIR

WHO can deny that it is often the humblest member of a family that reveals most luridly the history and traditions of the group? Those of us who find joy in following the ingratiating lines of a fine old chair, who revel in its color and patine, who exult in the quality of its workmanship and the beauty of its ornament will find an equal interest attached to its humble ancestor, the stool. This little piece of furniture grew in the course of time into the chair, and it is ever an adventure to trace such a development from its beginning to its fruition.

It is impossible to know, of course, just when or from whom the idea of the stool emanated. The use of the article, however, marked the progress of primitive peoples which were accustomed to squat upon floors, as is evidenced by early drawings and sculptures. We know, too, that it was a favorite piece of furniture of the Assyrians,

Stool, earliest artificial seat, although subjected to influences of other furniture, keeps original form · by
HANNA TAGHAU

that it served to enthrone so august a monarch as Nabu-nadin, who ruled over Babylon some two thousand eight hundred years ago, and that the still illustrious pharaoh Tut-ankh-Amen

had Egyptian stools a-plenty. So we can follow its progress through Greece and Rome to the present day. The strange part of it is that, as we study what records we can find of the furniture of the ancients, we see there is no other object that has kept so closely its early form and that this form was general. The most ancient stools, so simple and sturdy in line and proportion, have exerted an influence upon design which has lasted throughout the centuries. Today, as much as ever, having developed no distinctive style of our own, we are dependent upon types created in the past and which can be adapted to our own purposes.

The passion for collecting—say, old stools—is not an idle one. It is a pleasant road to learning.



EARLY EGYPTIAN BENCH AND STOOLS

It leads to the revelation of the social life of every age. By the shape and design of furniture we may almost sense the gayeties or austerities, the domesticity or wanderings of a nation. All the luxury of pleasure-loving Rome may be epitomized in one of its lounges, and when the reaction against indulgence and intemperance arrived, it showed itself in the unrelenting lines of its furniture that were meant to provide forms of penance for the flesh. The unsettled conditions of the Middle Ages were not conducive to happy domestic life. The nobles had to content themselves with sparse furniture, only essentials being used to furnish their castles—a bed, bench or stool and table, and perhaps the characteristic, iron-bound chests which could be carried from place to place and which housed their valuables in war time and performed various functions as furniture in time of peace. So chairs in the Gothic period were extremely rare, as stools or benches or the heavy oak chests were more generally used as substitutes for real comfort.

It is to the Renaissance that we look back as the most fruitful time of art production. Ancient luxuries were revived and the making of furniture was again quickened into life. The stools of this period were things of rare beauty. We see them immortalized not only by the magic touch of the master craftsman, to whom no object was too small or trivial to be worthy of his best art, but by the geniuses of the age, who, with fine artistic invention, depicted them as exquisite details in their paintings and sculptures. The influence of this golden age of

esthetic expression spread northward throughout Europe. Germany, France and England came under the spell of Italian craftsmen who were imported to those countries and left the impress of their art wherever they went. Practically no stools of the Renaissance remain to tell the story of their glory except those that were in Italian palaces or beautiful old villas where they were carefully preserved. In England and France, the new influence immediately spread from the court to the homes of the nobles, and furniture and furnishings grew rich and splendid. Not only was England, during the reign of Henry VIII, susceptible to Italian influences but she was also greatly affected by the impetus of Flemish art, and the merging of these two styles resulted in what is now known as the Tudor style. Flemish woodcarvers found a fertile field upon which to expend their efforts, yet the exuberance of the Italian style was tempered by the cooler spirit of the North. From this time on, stools become important

EARLY EGYPTIAN BENCH



from the collector's standpoint, for, during all the periods of furniture development, their design was analogous with that of the more important pieces and they always possessed those qualities that were characteristic of the period. The Tudor style

spaces like little chests which were deep enough to hold various domestic articles. They were also called coffin stools, because they acted as supports upon which a casket rested. The type of stool made in the late Sixteenth Century continued in use



A WILLIAM KENT STOOL COMPLETES THE COMPOSITION OF THIS CORNER

Courtesy of Miss Gheen, Inc.

gradually developed into the Jacobean, and here we find stools and benches in profusion. The long refectory tables produced at that time required either a few long benches or more stools. These sturdy joint, or "joyned," stools were utilized not only as seats but for other household purposes. Some of them had hinged seats, under which were

through the Seventeenth, and was still being produced well into the Eighteenth Century. The most valuable joint stools existing today are those dating from the time of Elizabeth and James I, these having fluted legs and friezes embellished with carving. Later, in the Cromwellian period, plain turned legs and moulded or plain friezes were

introduced, and these are not so rare and difficult to find. The earlier carved types, however, are many times more valuable than the later ones, so that they were taken as models for reproduction. Fashioned from old wood, or constructed from old

although few of them have survived to bear testimony to the greater frivolity of the time. They were not in the least like the rest of their contemporary family, however, nor were they really native born. They either were imported from



DRAWING ROOM OF MRS. VAN RENSSELAER, ALBANY. THE STOOL IS AN IMPORTANT NOTE
Courtesy of Miss Gheen, Inc.

gate-leg tables that had been mutilated beyond repair, they were sold as genuine old pieces in their original state, modified only by time.

The fashion for massive furniture was displaced for a time by a more exotic phase. Upholstered chairs and stools and lounges appeared for the first time in England in the reign of James I,

France or were of French extraction, and they appeared at the bidding of the wealthy nobility who craved the greater luxury enjoyed by their friends across the Channel. The coverings for these upholstered pieces, especially the stools, were of velvet enriched with heavy gold or silver fringes and held in place by large gilt-headed nails.

At Knoke, the superb collection of stools includes pieces whose covering was glued over the whole frame, concealing all signs of wood work. But soon this particular phase of furniture making passed, and apparently no lasting effect was left upon the general design. During the reigns of William and Mary and Anne, stools were but miniature reflections of the character of all the furniture of the time. They were made of walnut, the prevailing wood of the period. Some of them showed a strong Dutch influence, others were of marquetry and others again exemplified the particular kind of lacquer work that was then in vogue. The later Queen Anne types were quite simple and plain, being devoid of the richness of design that characterized the products of the preceding reigns.

With the advent of mahogany (about 1720), furniture entered upon another phase of its development. This new wood did not possess that inherent beauty of grain that is found in walnut and which is in itself distinctively decorative, but it was eminently susceptible to carving, so that a new form of ornamentation came into fashion. Exquisite workmanship was lavished upon stools by the great cabinet makers of the Eighteenth Century—Chippendale, Sheraton, Heppelwhite and the brothers Adam—who perhaps were the greatest of all designers.

Stools, however, are not indigenous to any one country. They are little cosmopolites that adapt themselves happily to any environment, or rather spring from any environment that is ripe for such accessories. France was perhaps the most prolific producer of stools, and she created the most amusing, the most sumptuous, the most luxurious examples extant. Those of the

Louis Quatorze period were magnificent, as befitted the splendor of other court furnishings, and they were garbed in the far-famed tapestries that blossomed into flower at this time. While Robert Adam was creating his delightful designs in England, Louis XV was ruling in France. Both

countries drew their inspiration from the great founts of antiquity, and the same broad principles of design underly the simple furniture produced in staid England and that of pleasure-loving France. The stools of the Louis Quinze period, strange to say, seem to have escaped the general tendency toward over-decoration which appeared in much of the furniture of that time, and this was, perhaps, be-

cause they served, after all, but a modest function. This grace and simplicity later found its culmination in all the art of the Louis Seize period, and its furniture has all the charm and elegance and beauty that captivates us in those examples that we have seen in the apartment of Marie Antoinette at Fontainebleau.

As for our own early American stools, they closely followed those that were being produced at the same time in England. We find window-stools and benches with scrolled arms in some of the more pretentious Colonial houses, and we find many varieties of foot-stools, which are of infinite interest to the collector. The very earliest ones made by the first settlers were crude, and yet they possess individuality and a certain

significance that gives character to every article that is made by hand, no matter what the period.

With the newly awakened interest in decoration, stools again take their place as an essential part of the furnishing of a room. Their uses are manifold in a decorative scheme.



AN EIGHTEENTH CENTURY STOOL
Courtesy of Karl Freund



THE JACOBAN TYPE OF STOOL
Courtesy of Louis B. Allen

"GIRLS AND ROSES"

by

Murray Bewley



*Courtesy of the Mitch
Galleries*

DÜRER—Old-Time "Modernist"

NÜRNBERG, where Dürer was born and which, at this present day, is still evocative of its glorious past, was, in the Fifteenth Century, the capital of Germany's intellect and art, the meeting-ground of scholars, poets, artists, and generally of the élite of German thought, encouraged and supported by a patrician society of highly cultured and extremely prosperous merchants; a sumptuous city made by these conditions into another Florence, Venice, or Bruges. That it should become the birthplace of a painter of genius who would embody and epitomize the place and period in himself and in his work, was fated. Albrecht Dürer's birth in Nürnberg at the end of that century illustrates once again Taine's famous theory of the influence of environment on the appearance and development of genius, for, however important may be the share of heredity, there can be no doubt that Nürnberg and its conditions and surroundings contributed very largely the elements that formed Dürer, the artist. Yet Germany is not entitled to claim him entirely, for his father was a Hungarian who settled in Nürnberg not earlier than the year 1455.

Like so many artists of the Renaissance, Dürer, of whom it has truthfully been said that in all branches he was the personification of German art, was extremely versatile. Yet, while familiar with all the arts, he was, first and foremost, a painter and an engraver. His pictorial production was considerable, but the splendor and abundance of his plates is such that they have thrown into

His portraits in oils, done in the Fifteenth Century, marvels of technique and of magnificence . . . by

H. S. GIOLKOWSKI

and that in painting I knew nothing about color," he wrote from Venice to his friend Pirkheimer. He had not silenced them as effectually as he thought, however, for four centuries later a German art critic mirrored the then prevalent view when he wrote that "among the better painters of Germany

eclipse his reputation as a painter. In his lifetime he had occasion to complain of being misunderstood in this capacity. "I have silenced the people who said I was only fit to engrave,

it would be scarcely possible to name a worse," and down to this very day the consensus in Germany, even in enlightened circles, is that while Dürer was an incomparable engraver, he was poor as a painter.

Without doubt, Dürer's engravings, as well for their technical as for their imaginative qualities, are works of art of the highest order. They attain a degree of perfection certainly more equal than do his paintings, the diversity in which is such that all do not seem to be from the same hand, which at first sight is somewhat puzzling. The causes of this diversity are two-fold. First, it must not be forgotten, and this one has a tendency to

do in the case of an artist of such eminence, that Dürer lived in the Fifteenth Century and that at that period the technique of painting in oils was in its infancy, tempera still being used by many adepts. Dürer's inquiring mind induced him to experiment with every available process and sometimes he would combine them, with the consequence that two pictures painted in the same period present quite different aspects. But these



"PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG GIRL"

BY ALBRECHT DÜRER

differences are due not only to material causes. They are also in great part due to that constant effort to attain perfection, at which Dürer aimed his life long. It was this that induced him to

never was wholly satisfied and always was on the alert to improve his work. His one ideal was to express life. "Of what beauty may consist," he wrote in one of his treatises, "I do not know. Art



"PORTRAIT OF FRIEDRICH THE WISE"

BY ALBRECHT DÜRER

change his methods. One of his characteristic traits as a painter was that, despite his skill, despite the modifications that he brought to his style, despite the masterliness that he attained so early and which seems to have been far more the consequence of innate genius than of study, he

is in Nature; who discovers it there has mastered it. The more your art conforms to life, the better for it." Surely a brief and simple code!

This great and constant anxiety to represent life is more apparent in his portraits than in his other works, for in these there was nothing to

distract him. In his portraits may be seen with what attention he studied this representation of life, with what perseverance he followed its traces, with what stubbornness he held it in his grip when

times it seems as if he had an intuition of that intangible thing, light, and that he strove to render it and fix it on canvas.

The admirable portrait of a girl at the Kaiser



"PORTRAIT OF A YOUNG WOMAN"

BY ALBRECHT DÜRER

he had seized it, not only in its form but also in its color. On this point his preoccupations far exceeded those of his contemporaries, and it is for this reason that, as a painter, he is so modern. At

Friedrich Museum in Berlin is a striking example of this quality. It is honest and precise like a primitive, rich in color like a Venetian, fresh and enveloped like a Renoir. The color keynote is rose.



"PORTRAIT OF HIERONYMUS HOLZSCHUHER"

BY ALBRECHT DÜRER

The hat is in a bright shade of carmine, as is the bodice; the face is pink, while even the blond hair shows touches of pink. The edging of the bodice is green, that yellowish green of the old earthenware stoves which appears frequently in German paintings of the Renaissance; the eyes are light brown, the background is black. Painted in 1507, the year after his return from Italy, this little picture, which is in oils on parchment and measures only thirty by twenty centimetres, is one of Dürer's best portraits. It probably was painted in the full light on a fine spring or summer day, as is indicated by the play of blue light in the reflection on the face and the bluish shadow on the left side of the neck. A portrait of a woman at the Kaiser Friedrich, painted in Venice toward 1506, differs so from that of the girl that it does not appear to have been painted by the same hand.

The face stands out against a pale azure sky and somewhat darker sea. There is a faint smile in the eyes and mouth. The features are somewhat heavy but firm. The model probably was Venetian, to judge by her ruddy hair. The complexion is of a golden brown hue, as if bathed in the reflected light of a warm sunset. The shadows are so blended, the ensemble is so atmospheric, there is every reason for one to believe this picture also was painted in the open. The portrait is considered one of Dürer's best. One has difficulty in realizing it was painted in the opening years of the Sixteenth Century, for it might easily be by an artist of 1830 or, were it not for the completeness of the technique, by one of our neo-classic Modernists, such as Derain.

The portrait of Jacob Muffel, which belongs to Dürer's last years, is no less unexpected. That enveloping which was noticed in the case of the Venetian portrait is more accentuated here. The drawing is as perfect as ever, but the artist endeavored to atten-

uate its harshness and fell to the opposite excess so that the work looks like a pastel rather than an oil painting. Were it not of a certainty by Dürer, it might be taken for an Eighteenth Century work for it is far nearer Chardin than Van der Weyden, who died only seven years before Dürer was born, or Van Orley, his contemporary, whose portraits are still in the primitive tradition.

The celebrated portrait of Hieronymus Holzschuher, which also was painted toward 1526, shows greater similarity with the methods than one is likely to expect from the Fifteenth Century. In this case the subject was, as in the preceding one, a friend and patron of Dürer, which means that the picture was painted not only conscientiously but also lovingly. Although Nürnberg did not give its distinguished artist son much financial support, it must be admitted that it provided him

with staunch friends and good models, for, like his friend, the humanist Pirkheimer, both Muffel and the striking looking Holzschuher belonged to the city's oldest gentry and were, moreover, in turn its sheriffs, burgomasters and septemvirs. The Holzschuher is not only one of the finest of Dürer's portraits but one of the finest portraits in the world. "Magnificent" is the adjective that it calls forth naturally, for this powerful, lionine face, standing out against a blue ground as clear as his conscience, and with its silky silver hair and beard, is truly magnificent. The technique is astonishingly superior, both light and solid, concise and rich, powerful and elastic in drawing; the paint, luminous; the color, harmonious to perfection. It has the scrupulous honesty of the great Flemish masters of the century with, in addition, a something soft and broad which, once seen, makes an ineffaceable impression on the mind of the spectator.



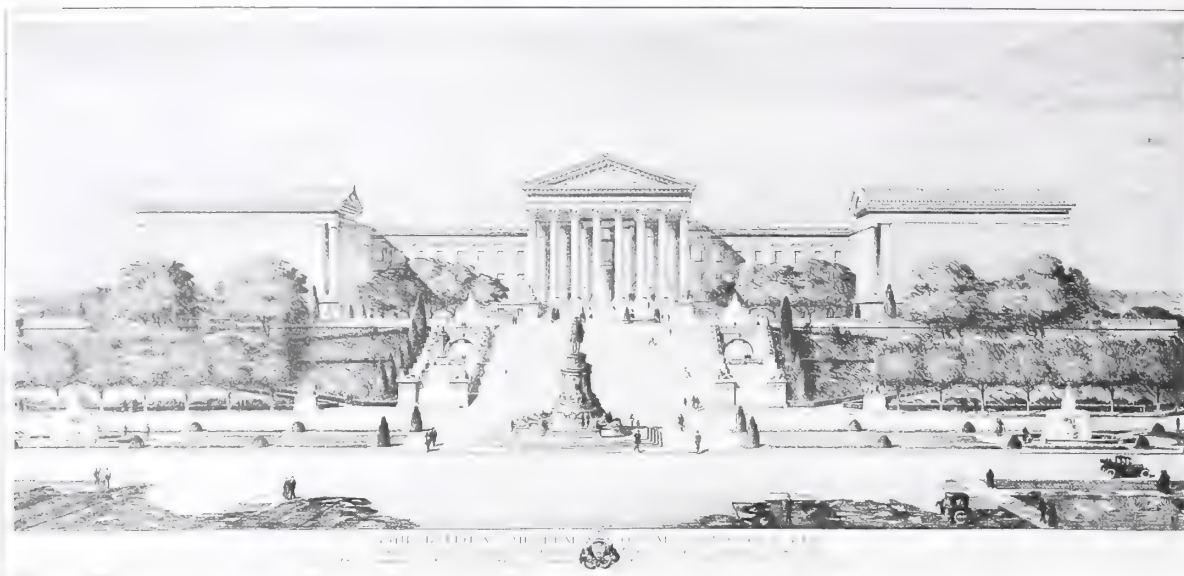
"PORTRAIT OF JACOB MUFFEL"

BY ALBRECHT DÜRER

With a view to showing the artist's progression I have kept for mention at the last the portrait of Friedrich the Wise, a work of youth, conscientious, timorous and characterless and for which the model, be it said, afforded little opportunity. Besides the portraits at the Kaiser Friedrich Museum, Dürer painted many others. The charming drawing of himself at the age of thirteen years in the Albertina collection is familiar to everyone, as are also the fine portrait of his brother which he painted at nineteen, now in the Uffizi Gallery; the portrait of Oswald Krehl at Munich, which has none of the suppleness and freedom of the pictures examined here; the different self portraits in Paris, Madrid, Munich; lastly, his fine portrait of Emperor Maximilian in Vienna, popularized through the engraving that he himself made of it. I only recall them for I have not intended making an analytical study of Dürer's portrait work, but simply of righting his

position as a painter in the world's estimation, and the examples cited surely will justify the assertion that he was in reality a master of the brush as well as of the graving tool.

Albrecht Dürer was in every sense an innovator. His thought, as is evidenced by his famous *Melancholia*, anticipated his period as did also his style. The only weak point in his art is its indifference to plastic beauty, an indifference shared, moreover, by most northern artists whose respect for truth always has the better of the cult for beauty. It is not their fault, after all, if the human form is more harmonious south than north of the Alps. Dürer confessed that he did not know what beauty was. He preferred to worship truth and to render life as he saw it, but he did so with such reverence and so intense a love that his work expresses a kind of living beauty which carries it beyond place, outside time.



PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART, FAIRMOUNT PARK. VIEW OF MUSEUM AND APPROACHES
Horace Trumbauer, C. L. Borie, C. C. Zantlinger, Associate Architects

PHILADELPHIA'S *New* MUSEUM

WITH the completion of its new Museum of Art, now being erected at the entrance of Fairmount parkway into Fairmount Park, Philadelphia will possess a piece of architecture which for size and beauty will be second to none of its class in the world. The cost of building this temple will exceed eight million dollars. The commissioners of Fairmount park, under whose direction the work is being done, expect to have the structure complete late in 1924.

The museum is only one of a group of beautiful buildings to be constructed along the new Fairmount parkway, the construction of which is said to be the greatest accomplishment of any city in the world in the present century. This parkway is a great diagonal boulevard and system of plazas and open spaces, extending from City Hall at Broad and Filbert streets to the southeastern end of Fairmount park. Its total length is six thousand, three hundred feet, and its width varies from one hundred and forty to two hundred and fifty feet. The construction of it has formed three spacious plazas, provided for three groups of public and semi-public buildings and established the groundwork for an extraordinary group of art buildings. Situated on the site of the old Fairmount reservoir, the high ground of which has made for it a natural acropolis, the Museum of Art is the architectural termination of the parkway. The building stands about ninety feet above the Fairmount plaza, which is four hundred feet in width and nine hundred feet in length. As the parkway leaves this plaza, it is to be flanked on either side by buildings, one to be the Pennsylvania Academy

of the Fine Arts and another to be the Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art. In the immediate vicinity of these buildings, perhaps fronting on the northeast side of the plaza, will be erected the John G. Johnson Gallery, this to house the famous Johnson collection of paintings which has been presented to the city of Philadelphia.

The plan of the Philadelphia Museum of Art is in the form of a "U," the inner part of the "U" forming a court of sculpture and making a delightful entrance to the building. The museum is five hundred and fifty-five feet long and three hundred and twenty feet deep, with the central mass projecting about one hundred and seventy-five feet. The court measures five hundred and fifty by two hundred and fifty feet. The main entrance is on the first floor, on which are to be exhibited sculptures and examples of decorative art. In the outer corners will be large courts for the display of full-size sculptures and architectural specimens. In the basement of the building are to be the administrative offices, the offices of the park commissioners and a restaurant for the convenience of visitors. In the sub-basement are a tunnel and gallery running the full length of the building. From this level there will be access to the upper floors by means of elevators. The style of the museum is classical Greek, the stone being of a rich yellow color. The building will be adorned with sculpture, and the roof will be constructed of polychrome tile. Upon all sides of the structure will be terraces, affording fine views of the Schuylkill river, Fairmount park and the entire stretch of the parkway.

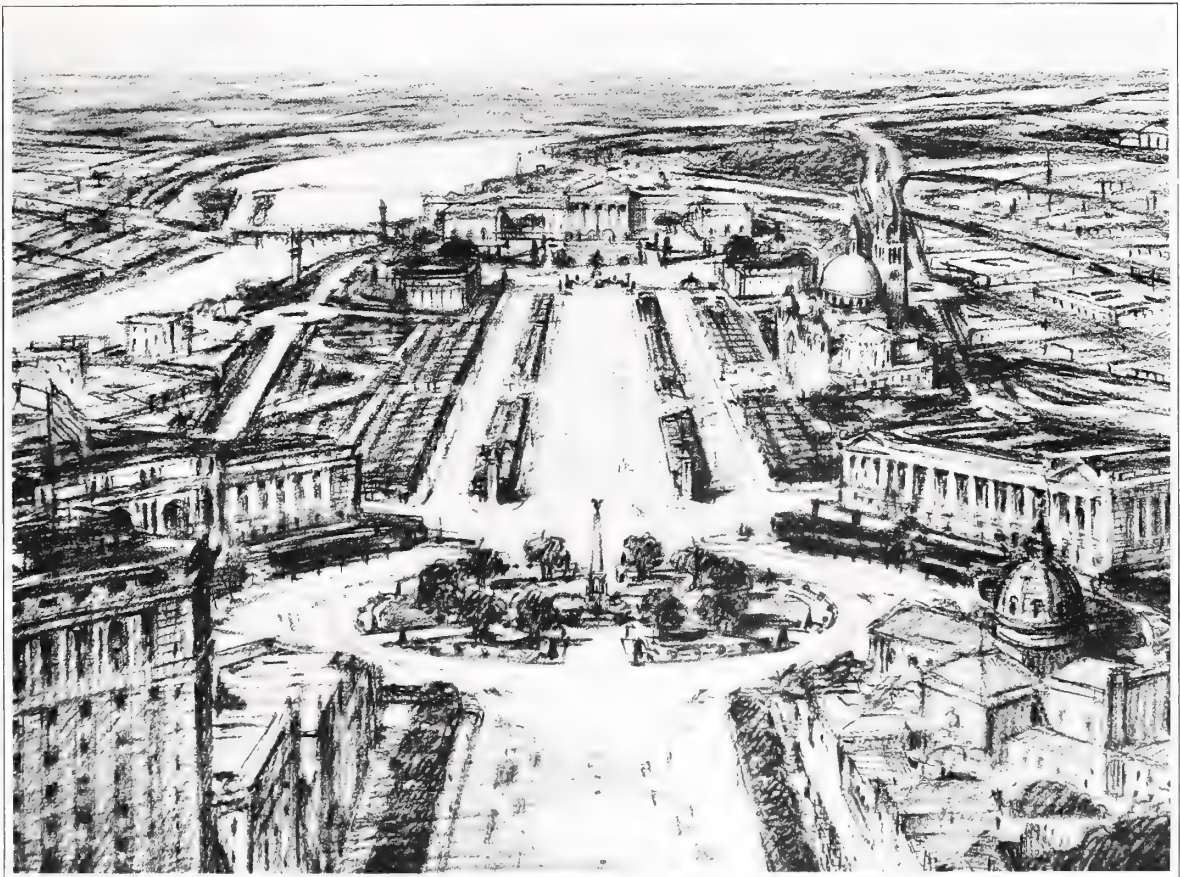
The axis of the parkway leads directly from the center of the main façade of the museum to City Hall. Below Fairmount hill, upon which the new building stands, flows the Schuylkill river, and just at this point the stream bends, presenting a scene that is worthy of an artist's brush.

In addition to the Johnson collection, which comprises more than fifteen hundred pictures, the city of Philadelphia has received by bequest four other notable assemblages of paintings, those of the late Mrs. William P. Wiltach, William L. Elkins, George W. Elkins and John H. McFadden. These last four collections will be hung on the second floor of the museum, on which will be all of the main galleries and also a large gallery for tapestries. As previously mentioned, the present plans call for a separate gallery in a building of its own for the Johnson collection. These five bequests have made the city's collection of paintings the greatest possessed by any municipality in the United States. The Johnson collection has been appraised at four million, four hundred and forty-five thousand, eight hundred and two dollars, but is estimated worth more than seven million dollars. In it are many old and later masters, including carefully selected exam-

ples of Italian, Flemish, French, Dutch, German, Spanish and British schools. It is said there is no other collection like it outside of the British National Gallery. At the present time the Wiltach collection of paintings is in Memorial Hall, Fairmount park. It was founded by Mrs. Wiltach, who died in 1892 and who left six hundred thousand dollars and her gallery of one hundred and fifty paintings to the city as the nucleus of a municipal art gallery. It was this gift that subsequently led to the building of the Museum of Art. The Pennsylvania Museum, which consists of many priceless works of art, is also for the present housed in Memorial Hall, but all these exhibits will be moved to the new museum as soon as this is complete. The McFadden collection consists of nearly fifty pictures, carefully chosen from the work of the greatest English masters of the Eighteenth Century. This, with the two fine Elkins collections, will soon be hung in the new museum.

The Museum of Art is being constructed of stone, steel and concrete and will be absolutely fire-proof in every particular. Work on the new Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts and the new Pennsylvania Museum and School of Industrial Art is to be started in the near future. —ROBERT F. SALADE.

THE NEW FAIRMOUNT PARKWAY, PHILADELPHIA. SKETCH FROM BELL TELEPHONE BUILDING
Showing the Logan Square Plaza and the new museum at the end of the parkway





"PIONEER STREET ON A SUNNY DAY"

BY E. DEWEY ALBINSON

ALBINSON-OF MINNESOTA

VITALITY and independence of thought are qualities usually expected from western artists by those who believe in the potency of environment. It is doubtful if talent ever follows set rules, but these qualities do, in fact, predominate in the work of E. Dewey Albinson, a young artist of Minneapolis, whose canvases have been attracting the attention of the country in the last few months.

"There is a man who in a few years will be known as one of the great artists of America." It was last October that Anthony Angarola, painter, critic and art teacher, late of Chicago, now of Minneapolis, made this prophecy

Huge young Scandinavian-American artist declares his state is the best one in which to paint . . . by
GRACE E. POLK



of Albinson. A few weeks later, when the young man's paintings were shown for the first time at the Milwaukee Art Institute, critics there hailed his arrival as that of "a young giant come out of the North."

Albinson is twenty-four years old. He belongs completely to Minnesota. He was born there, received his schooling and most of his art education there, and has done all his serious painting, in the last two years, within the borders of his own state. No more than a year ago he was known, except to the few who can foresee abundant talent, only as a young

"SELF PORTRAIT"

BY E. DEWEY ALBINSON



"PIONEER STREET ON A GREY DAY"

BY E. DEWEY ALBINSON

painter who had tried to obtain recognition at local exhibitions and to whom a hanging had been refused regularly. Last fall the jury for the Twin City Artists' annual exhibition contained one man, Anthony Angarola, of decidedly modern tendencies, and Albinson's "Sleepy Indian" was not only admitted but also was recognized with the second award. His "Pioneer Street on a Grey Day" was hung too, and with their showing came the realization that a man, virile and quite able to do his own thinking, had loomed up into the horizon of midwestern art.

Albinson is a painter of both portraits and landscapes. He is perhaps still too young to justify one in predicting in which his talent ultimately will express itself best, but surely he loves the rugged aspects of nature too well ever to leave them alone. Mad swirling waters, stark rocks touched to glory by the subtle brilliance of Indian-summer sunsets, trees that stand up against the driving winds like warriors—these are the things with which Albinson seems to be most at home. Bits of ugly village streets he makes his own and paints again and again. There is a corner in Taylor's Falls that will be forever his, just as the jungles of Tahiti have become Gauguin's. He

has painted it a dozen times: the butcher shop, the blacksmith shop, a house, the telegraph poles out of line. It is a strange agglomeration of structures for any artist to have chosen, but it is not improbable that it was this very unsightliness of human habitations against the gorgeous, distant bank of the St. Croix river that fascinated him. This is the subject of his "Pioneer Street on a Grey Day" and of his "Pioneer Street on a Sunny Day," with their contrasts in colors and tones.

In his portraits Albinson is more conventional than in his landscapes. His "Sleepy Indian" is no Indian of poster type, but a most modern Indian—an old man of the aboriginal race clad, but in American clothes, and seated limply on an iron bed in his own log cabin. The "melting pot" has done no melting here. A thousand years might come and go and leave him just as indifferent, just as uncivilized at heart. The portrait is done in a low key—greens, browns, blues. The eye travels around and around the painting and comes back always to the face of the old man and his limp body. It is scarcely a picture with which one would "want to live," but it is certainly not a picture to be forgotten. It was the old Indian himself who looked at it and named it "Neba Nishinabe"



"SNOW COVERED HUTS"

BY E. DEWEY ALBINSON

("Sleepy Indian"). It represents a racial type that in a hundred years will have passed. Most of Albinson's portraits, although he does not consciously aim for this, go back of the individual and reflect the racial quality. Scandinavian traits come out much more clearly in his portrait of himself than they do in his own face when he is talking and unconsciously animated.

Albinson has done other Indian portraits—"Mrs. Spruce" and "Mrs. Tamarack." The sketch, "Mrs. Tamarack," representing only an hour's work because after the lapse of that much time the unamiable model strode away and refused to return, shows with what surety and rapidity the young artist records what he sees. There is a sculpturesque quality about his portraits. He builds up faces with paint as a sculptor builds them up with clay. The portrait of the poet, Charles A. Roos, although more delicate, shows this quality no less than do the Indian portraits. It is a study in which the few dashes of red stand out like jewels from a background of low tones. In all these portraits the painter built

up with repeated shapes, almost with a cubist's feeling for shape. Indeed he has acquired not a little from the cubists, but what he has taken from them, he subordinates. The shapes are used not for their own sake, but as rhythms in his compositions repeated for emphasis.

In a way, Albinson's landscapes are more compelling than his portraits. They seem to be more his natural form of expression. The rugged in nature lures him—gaunt, stark, upstanding ledges of rock; pines that have weathered a century, or rivers breaking their icy bonds with the rush of spring waters. There is something crude and elemental about his landscapes which is most certainly not the crudeness of raw paint. He is not afraid of color—his "Pioneer Street on a Sunny Day" fairly flares with its reds and blues and purples—but most of his landscapes show subtle harmonies, and to these his own tastes incline. He likes the changing earth colors of late autumn, the dull, brown greens of leaves, and the reds of misty autumn sun-

sets whose gleams are caught on living rock. He moulds every rock as carefully as he moulded the face of his old Indian, he spots his canvas like the professional designer, he piles up shapes like the cubist, but, with these various impulses expressing themselves in details, his larger sense is always for the effect of the composition as a whole.

If there is something about Albinson's work that already is beginning to distinguish him from the many young artists who are as clever and more showy, it is partly, at least, that recently, within the last year perhaps, he has come to give a personality to nature. When Hardy draws the moors of Wessex, they become a great, brooding force in the drama; they are something personal, gloomy, primeval, allied to destiny, shaping the actions of the characters as inevitably as their desires. In "Devil's Rock," standing out stark and alone against the distant, peaceful river, and in a few other of Albinson's later things, there begins to emerge something of this same sort of personality. In the group of tumble-down shacks so often repeated there is the insistent tragedy of ugly-

ness. Albinson is distinctly modern, although those far gone in modernity might call him almost reactionary. He paints outdoors directly from nature; he moulds in paint; he loves design—or, perhaps better to say, composition—as ardently as the primitives; color harmonies are almost a religion with him; he has as sensitive a feeling for repeated rhythms as a musician. In these essentials of the modern school he is modern, and he is willing to go half way with the modernists in “painting the idea,” the mood. But half way is as far as he does go. He has thought and painted and is working out things for himself—one of the surest elements of genius—and although he is still too young to have formed any conscious theories of his own on art, he is clearly little in sympathy with the present-day sensation seekers who, trading on the easy tricks of the modern school without its groundwork of sound principles, are merely trying “to go one another one better.” He spent six months at Woodstock under the sway of many masters and many theories and departed confused. He passed a year at the Art Students’

League in New York, and then he went back to his own Minnesota and started to think things out for himself. He is still feeling his way, but in the last six months a great surety has come into his work. He talks with singular maturity and breadth of vision, and also with singular restraint. Out of a fairly cosmopolitan training for a training so slight as his has been, he has kept intact his own personality and he is beginning to work out his own ideals. He is sure there is no place in America in which it is better to paint than Minnesota. He is going to Paris within a month or two to pass a year, but he says that when he has learned what he can in Paris, he is going back to Minnesota and that he hopes then to do “some big work.” He thus foresees his own growth.

There are three rivers in his state with which Albinson has identified himself, having done most of his recent painting near them: the Pigeon river



“THE SLEEPY INDIAN”

BY E. DEWEY ALBINSON

near the Canadian border, where he painted his “Sleepy Indian” and other Indian portraits; the St. Louis river, which comes down from the Iron Range and flows into Lake Superior near Duluth, and the St. Croix, between Wisconsin and Minnesota, which has carved a deep way through the rock and left banks that rise perpendicularly at some places while at others they are covered with the most gorgeous autumn scenery that the north country affords. Albinson spends months at a time painting on these rivers or in the woods near them. He takes to the outdoors as naturally as his Viking ancestors. He paints in all weathers, summer or winter, in any temperature down to twenty degrees below zero. Below that point, he admits, it is not so comfortable, but still, he says, it is “not bad if you know how to dress, with two pairs of gloves for your hands, one cotton and one wool.”

Personally, Albinson is like a breath from the

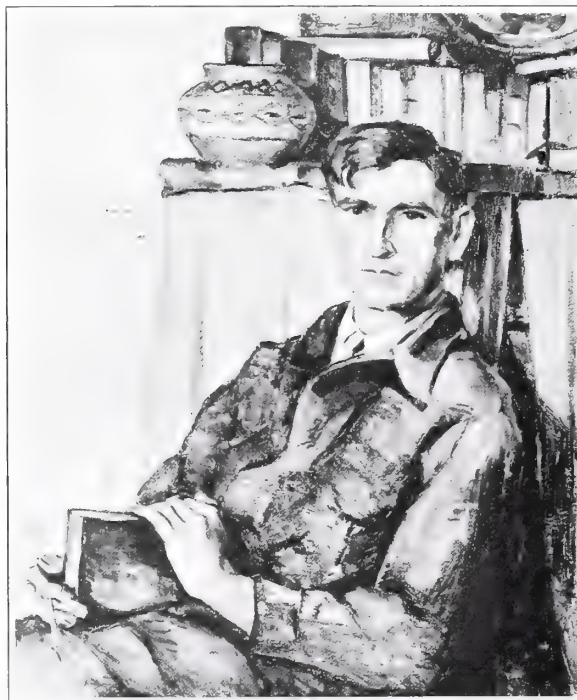


"SKETCH OF MRS. TAMARACK"

BY E. DEWEY ALBINSON

North. He is rangy, of pure Scandinavian blood; six feet, four inches in height, with a mop of yellow hair, a stoop and eyes that glow with slow enthusiasm or dance with keen merriment. He is so young and so naïve in his belief in the work which he is doing, so sure that it is worth doing, so generous in his quick appreciation of others, so unconscious of self and yet so absorbed in self-expression; he will talk for hours about art, about other men's pictures or his own, telling you just what effect he sought and why, how he got it or why he failed to get it. He likes his own pictures. To use his own

shown first at the Milwaukee Institute. He sent to the annual exhibition of the Pennsylvania Academy



of the Fine Arts in Philadelphia "Sleepy Indian," "Pioneer Street on a Sunny Day" and "Portrait of Charles O. Roos," and to the show of work of Swedish-American artists in Chicago he sent a half dozen other canvases. These were his first efforts to gain admittance to exhibitions outside the Twin Cities. Now that he has broken through the first barriers and has the inspiration of success, a swifter progress may be expected.

PORTRAIT OF CHAS. O. ROOS
BY E. DEWEY ALBINSON

words, he "eats with them and sleeps with them," always with the critical eye on them. When he has eaten and slept with a canvas a month, he has realized just wherein he failed to obtain the effect for which he was working, and he goes at the task afresh and with new insight. It is this spirit of impersonal self criticism, combined with vision and a wonderful capacity for enthusiastic hard work, that, if anything, will make Albinson, within the next few years, realize Angarola's prophecy of the greatness in store for him.

Incidentally Albinson never has learned, nor has he tried to learn, the knack of painting "commissions," and having as much business ability as a child he has made little effort to sell his paintings. Still, they are beginning to sell themselves. Through an arrangement of Dudley Crafts Watson, director of the Milwaukee Art Institute, he has an exhibit of a dozen canvases traveling through the Midwest, they having been

A GARDENER of the BRUSH

FLOWERS seem always to have engaged the imagination of men, or at least so far back as human beings made the slightest genuflection, conscious or otherwise, before any of the

muses. In literature they left an early impress in the countless legends of all races, such as those that the Greeks told of the slain youth Hyacinth, from whose blood Apollo caused a purple flower to spring, or of the nymph Anemone, beloved of Zephyr, who was changed by him into a flower to save her from Queen Chloris' jealousy, a flower which never bloomed, said Pliny, save when the wind blew. As other arts grew up, architecture, painting, design, the flower motif kept pace, recurring in the lotus-crowned column of the Egyptians, in the acanthus leaf on Corinthian capitals, in the Tudor rose of England and the fleur-de-

Flowers on the canvases of Carle J. Blenner retain all of their natural grace and charm by

HELEN GOMSTOCK

lis of France. In painting flowers, the Chinese preceded us, and their artists had mastered the intricacies of the peony and the coxcomb long before the painters of the Renaissance

used the lily, the palm, the gilliflower and many more with so much grace in their altar pieces. Flowers were then used for their spiritual significance, and there grew up an elaborate symbolism in which certain plants had definite meanings; even the rose threw off its pagan associations and became a symbol of divine love. Flowers made a purely mundane appearance in the still-life paintings of the Dutch artists of the Seventeenth Century, among whom were Jan de Heem, Jan Baptist Weenix, Rachel Ruysch and Jan Van Huysum. These pictures frequently are seen in modern interiors, where they have exceptional decorative value.

"LILACS AND APPLE BLOOM"

BY CARLE J. BLENNER





"CALIFORNIA FLOWERS"

BY CARLE J. BLENNER

The French painters of the Eighteenth Century used flowers in their decorative panels, huge urns filled with stately roses, very handsome, yet painted, one feels, not so much for love of the beauty of the flower as to seize upon its loveliness in creating a fitting background for the splendid spectacle of luxurious court life.

In our own day, flowers continue to hold their own as a subject for pictures and, if anything, seem to have gained in popularity. They are treated, however, in a way different from that of the past, more informally, with greater simplicity, and with an enthusiasm for their loveliness which neither forces them into a pompous decoration nor binds them to a religious

"PEONIES"

BY CARLE J. BLENNER





"FRUIT AND FLOWERS"

BY CARLE J. BLENNER

symbolism. Carle J. Blenner, whose painting of Ophelia roses and grapes adorns the cover of *INTERNATIONAL STUDIO* this month, is one whose work well exemplifies the modern manner. For several years he has specialized in flower pictures,

although he first made his reputation as a portrait painter, particularly of women. Born in Richmond, Virginia, in 1864, he was educated at Marburg, Germany, and at Yale, where he was graduated from the art school. Then he went to Paris

for six years, his studies being pursued at that Mecca of all young artists, the Academie Julian, where his teachers were Bouguereau, Robert-Fleury and Aman-Jean. He exhibited at the Salon in Paris several years and has been represented in exhibitions in New York since 1889 and at various expositions throughout the country. He won one of the Hallgarten prizes at the National Academy of Design in 1899 and received awards at the St. Louis, Charleston and Pan-American expositions.

After Blenner's exhibition last spring at the John Levy Galleries in New York, he was invited by the Newport Art Association to show a collection of his paintings at the time of the convention of the Garden Clubs of America during the latter part of June. His pictures were appropriately chosen for this occasion, for they stand the acid test of criticism from those who know flowers intimately. Without having any of the painful elaborateness of those in a floral catalogue, his flowers pay respect to form and structure as the horticulturist knows them. In the middle ground between

"PEONIES AT THE WINDOW"

BY CARLE J. BLENNER



tiresome detail, on one hand, and liberties taken for decorative value on the other, his paintings keep true to the subject and yet are filled with the artistry which knows how much detail to eliminate. The old-fashioned bouquets which he often paints or the lovely minglings of iris and lilacs bring into a room the charm that the actual flowers would give because of their inviting informality and unstudied grace. They seem to bear the same relation to the ornate French panel that the modern American home, for which his pictures are designed, bears to the more elaborate and stately setting with which the French decorator was concerned. In both we see a harmony between a type of dwelling and the pictures intended for it. Blenner's flowers, seen in a modern room, give the impression of flowers just brought in from the very garden that surrounds the house. Here are delphinium, coreopsis, calendula, campanula, and all the passing blooms of the seasons from the first cherry blossoms to the cosmos and chrysanthemum.

During the month of September there will be a group of Blenner's paintings shown in the historic house at Ardsley, New York, which bears the

name of the Ardsley Sculpture Garden. Sculpture will be shown through the grounds while the house itself will be given to Blenner's pictures, the exhibition of both being under the direction of the Ainslie Galleries of New York.

"IRIS AND WISTARIA"

BY CARLE J. BLENNER



"A MIXED BOUQUET"

BY CARLE J. BLENNER



PORTRAIT OF OTIS SKINNER

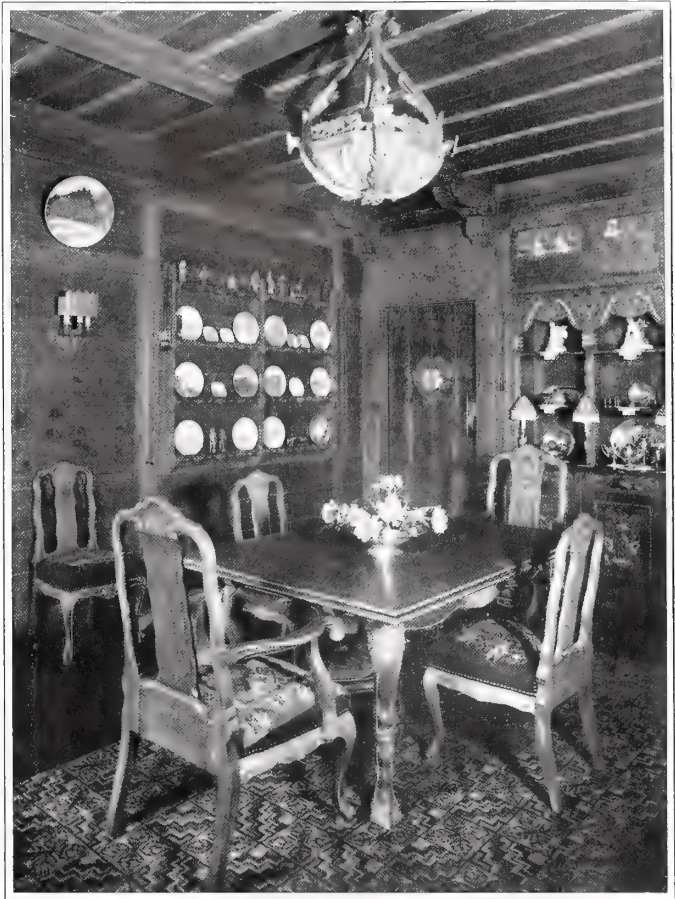
by
George Luks

Courtesy of the Phillips Memorial Gallery, Washington, D.C.

BEAUTY Achieved by VARIETY

Decorator and craftsmen unite many styles in a New York apartment with harmonious result

THE tendency in modern decoration seems to be away from a meticulous copying of old forms or the creation of something that passes as the restoration of a "period." As a matter of fact, few rooms of the "periods" were the set and formal archaeological studies in which some decorators delight. They were characterized by a harmony in no wise destroyed by the fact that their furnishings were often of widely divergent dates and provenance. It is that very harmony for which many of the present-day decorators are striving—an ideal that is surely more difficult of attainment than complete realization of the more conservative aim, but also one which is productive of livable



THE NORWEGIAN DINING ROOM IN THE APARTMENT OF L. M. BOOMER



The dining room is a careful study of old Norwegian forms. The walls are paneled in old English oak, finished in the natural color. The woodwork is richly carved in lines and figures based on ancient Norwegian carvings and is finished in dull polychrome. The hardware is of hammered bronze finished in antique green. The lighting fixture over the table is an old candelabrum that has been fitted for electricity. The table and chairs were made from special designs and finished in polychrome. The rug was made for the room from a Norwegian design. The carving of the woodwork and furniture was done by Trygve Hammer, a Norwegian sculptor; Peer Smed, a Danish metal worker, made the hardware.

homes rather than of the museum set-pieces which often come from conscientious copying.

John J. Petit is the designer of the decorative scheme for the apartment of L. M. Boomer, the suite of rooms illustrated herewith, which forms an interesting example of a successful combination of greatly varied types of furnishing. He has arranged rooms whose decorations are derived from Norway, France, England and Italy, each with a distinctive character, into an entirely harmonious



TWO VIEWS OF THE CHINESE ROOM IN MR. BOOMER'S APARTMENT



The wainscot and other woodwork is finished in a dull red glazed with gold. The ceiling is paneled in squares, the plane surfaces finished in dull blue and the dividing strips in old red glazed with gold. The walls are covered with hand-woven gray-violet Chinese silk with decorative inserts. The lighting fixtures, mantel and overmantel were made from old Chinese carvings. The rug is deep violet in tone with a simple border. The furniture is teak.

whole. The uses to which wood has been put in the treatment of the rooms is particularly noteworthy. Oak, teak and walnut have been employed with an excellent understanding of their qualities. The designer was fortunate in having such craftsmen as Trygve Hammer and Peer Smed to assist him in carrying out the scheme of the Norwegian dining room, the most unusual room in the apartment and one that is a complete artistic success.



THE BEDROOM IS SIMPLY TREATED IN A STYLE SUGGESTIVE OF LOUIS XV
The painting over the mantel is a nude by Warren Davis



THE ENTRANCE HALL OF THE APARTMENT

The general effect of this hallway is Italian; the ceiling is a reproduction of an Italian example, richly carved and polychromed, and the floor is of Italian marble. The Spanish pieces blend with the scheme.

AT RIGHT: THE WALNUT PANELED LIVING ROOM

Chinese lamps and rug, Italian and English furniture have been combined to form a pleasing and comfortable room of indefinite period but definite beauty.



An American Old Master—FEKE

IN the history of American art it is rather remarkable that Robert Feke has escaped printer's ink to the degree to which he has eluded it. Meager details regarding his life blend fact

with fiction, but his birth in 1705 at Oyster Bay, Long Island, and his death forty-four years later in Bermuda are matters of record. His portraits, however, are of sufficient number and distinction to win for him a firm place in the records of the Eighteenth Century, and moreover he painted the most prominent men and women of his time, so that his canvases are important. As a painter of fabrics, he had few peers. Whether the romantic story of his having been carried a captive to Spain when a lad be true, matters little, but somewhere he gained a wider range of color than is found in the work of his contemporaries, and somewhere he learned to paint textiles with a charm often absent from the canvases of other portraitists of his time.

Many of Feke's pictures were destroyed by fire in a warehouse in Philadelphia, and that this was a grave loss to early American art can not be doubted when his existing canvases are reviewed. An incomplete list of them includes "Isaac Royall and Family," owned by Harvard University; "Miss Thorp," a portrait of the young woman who became the wife of Joseph Wanton, last royal governor of Rhode Island, and which now is in the Redwood library, Newport, Rhode Island; the fine "Charles Apthorp" in the Museum of Fine Arts, Cleveland, Ohio; "Pamela Andrews," heroine of Richardson's novel, in the Rhode Island School of Design, Providence; the four "Bowdoin" in the Walker Art building at Bowdoin College,

Colonial artist's portraits of the Bowdoin family are prized possessions of the college of that name . . . by

VIRGINIA ROBIE

Brunswick, Maine; and five portraits owned by the Pennsylvania Historical Society, Philadelphia. Canvases attributed to other painters may be his work, but there we tread uncertain

ground. Certain qualities of pose and technique distinguish him, and while his draughtsmanship does not measure up to that of later men, his serenity, refinement and grace, united to charm of color, make his work highly individual.

Portraits by Feke help to serve as an introduction to the Bowdoin family. In the Walker Art

building all the Colonial Bowdoin family are represented save Peter, founder of the family in this country. Here are the first James, merchant and ship owner, painted by Joseph Badger; the second James, governor and scholar, painted by Feke; the third James, diplomatist and collector, painted by Gilbert Stuart. Here also are the Hon. William Bowdoin, half brother of the governor, and his wife, the beautiful Phœbe Murdock, painted by Feke, and the sprightly Judith, sister of the second James and the bride of Thomas Flucker on June 12, 1744, pictured by an unnamed



JAMES BOWDOIN

BY JOSEPH BADGER

artist. Also anonymous is a quaint canvas showing the third James as a boy with his little sister, Elizabeth, later Lady Temple. This is undated but the fact that James was graduated from Harvard in 1771 at the age of nineteen years enables one to estimate the approximate date. Moreover, Elizabeth's coiffure suggests the seventeen-sixties.

Badger painted Boston's first merchant prince in the literal manner of his day. There is none of the subtlety of Stuart's portrait of the third James, none of the suave grace of Feke's handling of the second James. Prosperous, alert, this

enterprising shipowner looks every inch a worthy son of that gallant Pierre Baudouin, of Rochelle, France, a physician, who fled to Ireland at the time of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, later migrated to Casco Bay and finally wrote himself "Peter Bowdoin, a citizen of Boston." Of the four children, James, John, Elizabeth and Mary, who accompanied their father to America, James alone seems to have made history. John settled in Virginia, which accounts, perhaps, for the silence of New England's historians with regard to him. James' rise was rapid and pictu-



JAMES BOWDOIN II

BY ROBERT FEKE (1748)

resque. His ships sailed many seas; his coach and four dazzled early Eighteenth-century Boston; his will, drawn in the twenty-first year of the reign of George II, disposed of a fortune estimated at nearly one hundred thousand pounds sterling which awed Boston and is said to have caused his majesty to exclaim: "Who is this James Bowdoin of the province of Massachusetts?" James married, first, Sarah Campbell; second, Hannah Portage; third, Mehitabel Lillie. William Bowdoin, who in fame rivalled his half-brother, the second James, was a son of the first wife. James, Judith and Elizabeth, one of the many of that name, were children of the second wife.

Feke painted the Bowdoin in 1748, in his maturity. This was the year of young James' marriage with Elizabeth, daughter of the Hon. John Erving, when he was twenty-two years old



ELIZABETH ERVING BOWDOIN, WIFE OF JAMES BOWDOIN II
BY ROBERT FEKE

and she, eighteen. Many honors came to him in his thirty-seven years of public life. He was twice governor of Massachusetts and Maine, then one province; president of the convention to frame a constitution for Massachusetts, a member of the



PHOEBE MURDOCK BOWDOIN

BY ROBERT FEKE



JAMES BOWDOIN III

BY GILBERT STUART



WILLIAM BOWDOIN

BY ROBERT FEKE (1748)

state convention to ratify the constitution of the United States, a trustee of Harvard College, a fellow of the Royal Society, and founder and first president of the Academy of Arts and Sciences. In his will, a document of many human touches, he requested his friends not to habit themselves in mourning, being "mindful of the evil effects of black in the community," a statement modified in a codicil for the benefit of the widow, whose prudence and sense of propriety, he felt, might be fully trusted in the matter of wearing "weeds." She survived him thirteen years. She had three sisters, all noted for beauty. One of them, Sarah, became the wife of General Samuel Waldo, a portrait of whom hangs with those of the Bowdoin. Long considered a John Smibert, the painting is now attributed by some critics to Feke. Some day, perhaps, an old letter or diary will throw light on the subject. The Waldo and the Flucker families were connected by the marriage of General Waldo's daughter, Hannah, to Thomas Flucker, whose first wife had been Judith Bowdoin. The daughter of this union, Lucy, was married to General Knox, a portrait of whom also hangs in the group. The Waldo portrait, bequeathed by Lucy Flucker Thatcher, has been in the possession of Bowdoin College since 1855.

In the portrait of the high bred Elizabeth, wife of Governor Bowdoin, the second James, the blue satin gown demonstrates Feke's ability to render fabrics. Its tones echo the blue of the distant sky in the landscape background. The flesh tones are

warm and vibrant, and the hands seem to be alive, not made of wood like those of Phœbe Murdock Bowdoin. Feke reached his highest mark in his portrait of the young aristocrat, the second James. All the fine points of his style are well set forth; all his faults, reduced to a minimum. His portrait of William Bowdoin falls short of this height, although it is a subtle harmony in cooler grays and warmer pinks. The figure is not so well placed nor so deftly painted, yet it has an air of distinction. The fine grays in the costume lead up to the gown worn by the subject's companion in life and in the painting. This is, in truth, a wonderful bit of brush work—warm in the shadows, cool in the high lights and clean, pure gray at all times. It is painter's painting, and many a better artist has envied Feke's mastery here. Too early in point of date for powder and patches, there is a beautiful simplicity about coiffure and frock, and Phœbe Murdock Bowdoin is undoubtedly the beauty of the gallery. Her dark hair and darker eyes hold the visitor. Doubtless Feke was at his best when he could partly conceal the hands, just as was Giotto when he could cover the feet of the faithful in his paintings with flowing robes.

But who painted the captivating Judith in pink and much fine lace? And who painted the third James and his little sister? Some say it was Blackburn. Judith has rather the look of one of Blackburn's subjects, particularly about the eyes, but the painting of the children has similarities to that of youthful members of the Copley family which



JAMES BOWDOIN III AND HIS SISTER ELIZABETH

BY AN UNKNOWN ARTIST

hangs in the Museum of Fine Arts in Boston. The accessories, fruit, flowers and birds, are in the spirit of Copley's early work, although the whole drawing is naïve to the verge of crudeness. Copley is represented elsewhere in the gallery by a portrait of the second James as an old man. This much-painted Bowdoin is depicted also as a lad in a quaint, unsigned canvas having many of the characteristics of Smibert. Judith's lively pose tempts comparisons with authentic Blackburns. If the painting is a true Blackburn, it shows that rather uneven artist in a pleasing light. The hands alone place the work on a high level.

One of the gems of the collection is Stuart's portrait of the third James. It lacks many picturesque accessories when compared with the quartette of Fekes, but the gain in modeling is marked. Verily Gilbert Stuart could paint a head.

The career of the third James was almost as remarkable as that of his father. Briefly it runs: Born, Boston, 1752; graduated at Harvard, spent a year at Oxford, visited European capitals, was with Washington at Dorchester Heights, many times member of the legislature, minister to Spain under Jefferson, associate minister to France, owned two country seats, Mount Bowdoin, Dorchester, and Naushon Island, Buzzard's Bay, and two town houses, that of his father at Beacon and Bowdoin Streets, and that of his father-in-law, William Bowdoin, in Milk Street—he had married

his cousin Sarah, daughter of the charming Phœbe—; died on Naushon Island in 1811, was buried, as were all good Bowdoins, in the Granary, Tremont Street, Boston.

Not far from the portrait of Governor Bowdoin is that of the Rev. Jesse Appleton, president of Bowdoin College, which the third James endowed, and on all sides are canvases, historic and important. There are examples of French masters of the Eighteenth Century and rare drawings collected in many corners of Europe. If the portraits of the Bowdoins were not so important, time would be well spent examining the pictures gathered by the third James, who seems to have been the John Pierpont Morgan of his generation. All are in the care of Miss Anna Elizabeth Smith, curator. Miss Smith was so fortunate as to see Feke's "Pamela Andrews" when it was still in the possession of Miss Durfee, a descendant of Eleanor Cousins, his wife. Here is a picture painted for the love of painting and for the artist's own drawing room and so in a class by itself.

Feke has much to give the passer-by, and no one will regret a pilgrimage to historic Brunswick. Here that early American painter may be studied against the background of his own generation and in relation to the men and women who were the flower of their time.

All photographs by courtesy of the Bowdoin Museum of Fine Arts, Bowdoin College, Brunswick, Maine.

THE SUPER-FUTURIST

LIKE a ghost, the young lady came gliding into the studio. From this sentence the reader may already deduce what a few lines later he will indubitably learn: that the visitor was in fact no young lady but a fairy.

One would have to have been an idiot not to have noticed it at once, and Mr. Gabriel Flex, the occupant of the artist's studio, was indeed an idiot. It was not only his present lack of perception that testified to his idiocy but many other things as well. He had just completed a portrait of himself, and it was carried out in that extraordinary Super-Futurist style which so self-sacrificingly resists all temptations to achieve a likeness and instead gives us an incredible mixture of buffoonery and horror, a dehumanizing of the human being.

"Excuse me if I interrupt," said the fairy. "I fear I have made a mistake. I thought an artist lived here, and I wanted to have my portrait painted."

"Oh, I shall be delighted to paint you. Oil or water color, head and shoulders, half or full length, just as you wish."

"Before I decide," answered the fairy, "would you mind telling me what that grimacing daub on your easel represents?"

"That is myself. You surely can have no doubts about it."

"Do you really look like that?" The visitor's tones had altered strangely.

"Certainly. That is how I see myself."

"Then listen, human being. From now onward every one shall see you as you see yourself. Art and Nature are one. As your art, so your nature. Move henceforth in the image that you give yourself in your portraits."

Then she passed from the room, and, at the same moment, the transformation took place. The resemblance was a perfect one. Gabriel now looked exactly like his portrait. He examined himself in the mirror and gasped with amazement. Was that the reflection of his artistic effort or of his body? He turned this way and that, stretched out his arms, put on his hat, took it off. There was no doubt about it; something had happened, a sort of Pygmalion miracle, a translation from the artistic into the living. Perhaps it was a bit uncomfortable being changed so suddenly; all the same, life would be possible in this shape as well.

"Whichever way you take me," Flex said to

Graphic art and black magic combine to transform an "artist" into a painter, as herein is narrated . . . by
A. MOSKOWSKI

himself, "I'm a jolly good looking fellow. Perhaps I'm even a shade more interesting now than I was before, more out of the common. Super-Futurist art has raised

itself in me to Super-Futurist personality." And he rang the bell for the housekeeper; it was lunch-time and he was hungry. After a few minutes, the old dame duly appeared in the doorway, laden with a large tray, which, in its turn, was laden with a most appetizing looking "still-life."

The next instant there was a crash—broken china, food and drink rained and thundered and hailed upon the wooden floor. The housekeeper rushed from the room, filling the air with her cries of horror. "A Tarzan ape! A Tarzan ape!" She was a great frequenter of the films.

"The old fool! She always was one," muttered Gabriel, letting the wreckage be, and rescuing only a newspaper that had come by the mid-day post. It was an art journal, containing a long article about himself and a recently exhibited landscape. That warmed the cockles of his heart, for the article placed him in the clouds as a king of Neo-Inexpressiblism, while the old mouldy painters, from Dürer to Augustus John, were held up to ridicule and contumely.

He read it through at least ten times before it occurred to him that the disappearance of his dinner and his housekeeper would necessitate his looking for a meal outside. He would go to a restaurant.

It was only a short distance but it sufficed him to set half Chelsea in an uproar. A fine brown horse harnessed to a Carter Paterson's van took fright at the sight of him and bolted so effectively that it was only at World's End that it could be brought to a halt and comforted. An entire "crocodile" of school girls, returning from a gymnasium class, seized with horror, sprang over the stone parapet of the Embankment into the dark, city-besmirched waters of the Thames, while a couple of very old rheumatically Chelsea pensioners, out for an airing, were seen at the same instant most agilely to scale a plane tree and a lamp post respectively.

Flex's stay in the restaurant lasted only a few minutes, for the proprietor rushed forward in a berserker rage, declaring that his client's appearance constituted a breach of the peace; panic had broken out among the other clients, and three

waitresses had had to be removed to the nearest hospital for treatment. At the same time, an enormous policeman appeared at the artist's elbow, and, charging him with obstruction and riotous behavior, hauled him off to an adjacent police station. The inspector in charge, however, declared with great determination that such a monstrosity could not possibly be detained there.

"This police station," he added, with irrefutable logic, "has seen many criminals of the lowest order within its walls, but however bad they may have been, they still were human. According to my instructions, only men, women and children can be dealt with here; not gnomes, monsters, were-wolves or such-like. What exactly this is, I'm sure I can't say. It would need an expert to decide. Officer, fetch a taxi. You'd better try him at the Zoo, that is if you're not afraid of being alone with him."

"Not a bit of it," replied the giant. "As a matter of fact, I've been something of an animal tamer myself in my time—before I joined the force."

As it happened, the director of the Zoo was not at home, so there was nothing for it but to shut the raging Gabriel in an empty cage. He was to be kept there until the authorities had enunciated their verdict—man or beast. Of course, the public simply swarmed about the cage to gaze upon the marvelous creature and wonder at the newest freak of nature. It looked for a label on the cage but none was to be found, and one old gentleman in spectacles was heard to remark, that, according to its clothes, the specimen must be a species of human being, possibly the long sought missing link, but the attendant thought not.

"Our Pungo wore clothes but he was a chimpanzee for all that."

"But listen—it's speaking."

"That means nothing. There are horses that can do mathematics."

The general opinion seemed to be that here was something that had never been seen before.

But suddenly the captive's eye lit on a certain young lady and his heart began to beat at a treble

rate. It must be mentioned at this point that the affections of Gabriel Flex had been intertwined for some months with those of a young student of dramatic art, whose lack of talent was fast becoming proverbial.

"Amanda!" he cried. "Amanda! Don't you know me? It is I—your Gabriel."

At which Amanda gave so overpowering a display

of emotion that she was engaged on the spot, as leading lady for life, by a famous theatrical manager who happened to be present and who proved to be more than useful at this crisis by removing her tortured form from the scene of action.

Late that night Gabriel at last succeeded in escaping from his cage, and by daybreak was back in his studio, depressed beyond measure and half famished.

Again the door opened and the fatal

fairy glided noiselessly to his side.

"Now paint again! Paint another portrait of yourself," she commanded.

He pulled up his easel and mirror and obeyed, and again it was a perfect specimen of dissimilarity. Sooner could a leopard change his spots than Gabriel Flex his "Inexpressible" methods. But what now figured on the canvas? Reader, you have guessed it! An excellent likeness of the painter exactly as he had formerly appeared; a human being, simple, straight-forward and ordinary, as he had hitherto lived, one man amongst many in the street, without a trace of those characteristics that had so disturbed Chelsea and the authorities at the zoological gardens.

"A splendid likeness," he asserted, and with that the evil spell fell from him, and, as the fairy disappeared, he recovered once more his normal appearance.

As his adventure would undoubtedly have greatly damaged his career, he decided to tackle his future afresh. In order not to divorce himself entirely from brushes and paints, he became, what he should have been from the very beginning, a house painter, and charged for his work by the square foot—and collected.

*Out of consideration for
our readers*
THIS PORTRAIT
has been
SUPPRESSED

SELF-PORTRAIT OF A
SUPER-FUTURIST

ART BY THE WAY *Guy Pène
du BOIS*

THE NOTE on the Phillips collection in Washington which appeared in the last issue of this department was run with the intention of showing the contrast between a collection like the one made by the late Charles L. Freer and now in the same city, with a very definite objective, and one in which the limitations are merely those of the collector's taste. The difference this is, between the cramping of an *idée fixe* and the largesse of a rather more than less generous human impulse. Aside from this, the Phillips collection—like the Freer, it eventually will go to the nation—deserves far more attention than could be given to it as a buffer or as a contrast. It is one of the new order of collections which is cropping up here and there over the country and displacing the old order. The old order, of which Frick and Morgan made the best examples, seemed to be actuated far more by a desire to show power than by so disinterested a thing as love. It is useless to say here, or anywhere, that any collection is formed without some degree of vanity. Balzac's Cousin Pons is probably the most ideal type of collector. He poked a long nose into dark cellars and smelt masterpieces through layers of dust. He had a taste for the subtle. He was considerably vain, in a furtive way, about his modesty. This was always reflected in his collection. He owned few things that might be described as the roses of art. There was an abundance of the violets. Given a choice between a full rich Rubens, bold as a sunset, magnificent as a burlesque queen, and a coy little primitive draped in cool colors and angular lines, there could have been no sign of hesitation in his mind. He was a little apart from the rest of the collectors or the rest, for that matter, of humanity. He was naturally arrogant about that. He saw where others failed to see. He was naturally lured by *raffinements*. The promise of the bud, its restraint, charmed him. There was, for him, in the obviousness of a thing in full bloom, in the blatancy of the display of beauty, a horrifying nakedness. He was sensitized to a point that made him extremely timid. I can imagine that he preferred obtuse writers when they were also delicate. He could shiver at the thought of the trend toward efficiency in the modern civilization of his time, but he could be maddened too, although there was a kind of joy in this, at the rough-shod way in which the prominent collectors passed by his prizes. That he sent laughs up his sleeve is certain. I do not know whether it matters that the time came when

the vulgar world marched in and carried off his loves. Perhaps he missed being a truly great collector because he was not a patron of living art. There was, as I remember, a time limit on the things that he bought. He was, probably, a neurotic. He needed a veil of years between the thing that he acquired and himself. It is necessary at this place to remember that Balzac created him at a time when the aesthetic side of art, among a vast majority of the living painters, was either entirely neglected or borrowed from the classics, the work of Ingres as an exception, with a smugness that seems, today, a mighty lot like hypocrisy. There were other exceptions beside Ingres. There were Courbet and Delacroix and Daumier. But these men had something of the material aspect of the soil in their work, something of its voluptuousness. They could talk out loud about qualities that might, to a sensitive aesthetic, seem carnal. Balzac never gave any real health to his hero. This was a thin-skinned man. He was better off in a surrounding of his own design, happier with painters of the age of innocence. It is possible to imagine him with sentimental notions about virtue. Never very wealthy, he always gave to charity. Some old woman, I believe, he supported. It is years since I have read about him. She, in any case, must have played some tricks on him, on that kind of weakling; wormed sums that he had set aside for the purchase of an unsigned and unknown Roger van der Weyden or, rather, Watteau, because it seems to me Balzac was able only to remember his finds among the works of the Eighteenth Century. The other things might not have appealed as delicacies to this writer. Indeed, some of the pictures that he described as belonging to Monsieur Pons seemed to me, those years ago, inordinately frivolous. And you were given to understand that this picture or that one was tucked under the collector's arm because of the slight smile on the face of an exceedingly dainty lady. I feel La Tour there, although pastels can not stand a number of, if any, layers of dust. It would be of tremendous use in this article to know who advised Balzac on the making of the *collection Pons*. It is quite possible that he made it himself. Of the writers of that period, Baudelaire would have made a much better job and Gautier, if possible, a worse one than Balzac.

But a real collector was there in the Cousin Pons nevertheless. He, despite the note on the smile, bought art for art's sake, as much as it is

possible, apparently, for any human creature so to do. He was assuredly purer in his intention toward art than that collector in a drawing by Daumier who sits, cross-legged, in a large arm-chair, looking at a marble Venus as though she were a mistress. Still, even Daumier's type is preferable to the one who buys a Raphael because it will make his rival, across the continent, jealous, or because it will, like a mirror, reflect and proclaim the size of his fortune. I am afraid, however, that the jealousy theme existed, in, to be sure, a smaller extent, in Pons also. I never have met a collector who was entirely free from it. It must be one of the delights of the game. And it is harmless enough for that matter, for most collectors are invariably convinced of the superiority of the example in their possession.



I do not know whether all this has any bearing on the Duncan Phillips collection. This much is sure, Duncan Phillips also is an ideal collector. He primarily buys art for the love of it. He is without professional advisers. To say this last is to say a great deal. And he has made a job of it, a work to which to devote the larger part of his time. More than this, his collection aims to thoroughly take in the art of his time which he considers important, and this, for no other reason than that he is able to associate his life, period and place with the documents which represent it. In the simplest words, he is making a live collection. He lives with the units of it. Among these, now and then, there are changes; there is a continuous process of weeding. Pictures speak to him in one way or another. They are tried out as friends, as living things. Some find their way into the storeroom. This, often, is a step toward the outer world from whence they had come. That he owns a few, a very few, ultra modern things may be accounted for by his character. He may be a mixture of conservatism and honesty. I know that he is unmoved by fashion, by fads of the moment, by art as the last-moment expression of the current juggling feats of snobbish and stylish intellectuals. His method is sound. He can wait to make up his mind. His Weirs and Twachtmans and Fantins, his Whistler—a young girl's portrait—show the existence, in him, of a strong romantic strain. This might be proved, too, by the Luks "Dominican" which was mentioned in the last number of *INTERNACIONAL STUDIO*. But I prefer to believe that Daumier, Luks, Sloan, Degas and one or two others are brought in as ballast, as something to straighten the list of the ship. His writing shows him to be capable of considerable

analysis. This is rare in a collector. The Cousin Pons never attempted the dissection of his loves. He was a fluttering little fellow whose heart raced so in the presence of a favorite that he became speechless and incapable of any kind of coherent thought. There is only a little of this innocence in Phillips as his collection shows him.

Degas, although I listed him with others a moment ago, is an isolated spot in the collection. He might be the pivot of it. It is time that he be separated, in any case, from such companions as Daumier, Courbet and Manet. He is almost a direct descendent of Ingres, and, if that is possible, a cooler blade. Courbet and even Daumier, compared with Degas, are sloppy sentimentalists. Degas will sometimes make me think of the correctness of a Swedish dandy. I remember one who played, in the heat of summer, through violent sets of tennis without wilting a collar that stood at least three inches high. He played in creased flannel trousers that ever remained immaculate, and somehow (it seemed natural and inevitable) he won. The mind of Degas was almost always like that: it never wilted, it was never ruffled and it always won. By this last I mean that mind was the controlling factor in everything that he ever undertook. Courbet's most realistic works were tainted by romanticism. He was earlier. His idea was a newer one. I can see him saying that romance was rubbish with a gesture that might have been envied by Don Quixote. He could not throw off the thing he fought. He saw a great deal through the romantic fog that pervaded his period, but he could not see everything. There is something of this, too, in the most acrid of Daumier's satires. This man laughing so wholeheartedly at others could have extended the laugh until it reached back to himself. His most miserable character is endowed with a hardly fitting richness in volume, color and form. There is as much mystery and beauty in his light and shade as in almost anything from Rembrandt. There are tears through the laughter. Compare Daumier to Toulouse-Lautrec; a bear to a jackal.



What a company we are in among these Phillips pictures! Monet and then Twachtman reaching into idealistic heights through the Frenchman's science. John Sloan talking of Sixth Avenue, at six o'clock, with a brush, like the pen of Dickens, giving life to the animate and the inanimate alike, giving real importance to commonplaces, a punch to the wash of a ferry or to the greenroom of a clown. Then the elegances and the exquisiteness of the youthful Hassam in love with the fashions

of the Fifth Avenue of thirty years ago. The jump from Fifth to Sixth Avenues, with their differences in styles, is a large one, but is it comparable in extent to the one from the heaven of Puvis to the earth of Luks. No reason to be bored here. Davies, with his "Erie Canal," follows the letter of the Hudson River men and never touches, never crosses their spirit. They were of the period of Daniel Webster and pompousness. See this, to a minor extent here, in an early example of Inness, with a Turner tree reaching up a long stalk and top tuft of leaves in the foreground. The rest of the Innesses, a moonlight as an example, are the whispers of a man not sure of himself or of his discoveries. No such fear enters with Davies. He could use the words, the tone of voice of Bierstadt or Braque and remain himself. There is a definite personality. Inness is a mumblor and a frail one. He is an early American awed by the art of the foreigners, afraid that he could never reach to their glorious pedestals; a gabby and still timid primitive. His line wants valor and force; his color, the subjective element of inspiration. Perhaps his timidity is the one of self-recognition. But he has a place here in this select company.

A tiny Ryder (A.P.), a small boat on an enormous sea, sings a full-throated note where Inness wavers. There is no more pregnant expression than this, by a craftsman who was a fumbler. The difficulties that this artist had to surmount must have been tremendous. There is something in him of the bravery of the spirit of Henry IV who before battle, legend has it, was wont to say, "You tremble, dirty carcass, but if you knew where I was going to take you," etc. The balance of craft and inspiration in art is rarely right. Men like Luks and Rubens are exceptions. But the interest in their work is often divided between language and theme. No such division could be made in the case of Ryder or Cézanne. The language becomes great through the force of the message which it is worried, fretted, pushed into conveying. Men say what they want to say, no more and no less. I have often suspected that the easy talker was a weak thinker. He is not seldom able to pad a thin matter with such gorgeous raiment that the most skeptical of us will be taken in. (There are ribbon clerks with beards like Vikings in France.) But the raiment is the thing of a fashionable moment which, with the next, becomes *demodée* and ridiculous. One might think, in this connection, of men like Victor Hugo, Théophile Gautier and the painters, Ary Scheffer, John Sargent and Paul Delaroche, the nephew of Théodore de Banville. But when we return to Rubens, we realize that the rule is not invariable.

Hals, as another example, was superficial, a man who could juggle brush marks with the best of them, but he never carried his fears of language into the empty air. They were laid on a very definite and tangible subject matter. The man had a clear objective vision. He saw nothing beyond or under the surface. He made that surface entertaining. He gave it humor, sprightliness at times, dignity at others. Chase (William M.), represented in this collection by an interior in which the figures of girls will remind one of Alfred Stevens, belongs, as a much weaker example, in the class of Hals. His gay language has already become somewhat out-dated. His qualities are the painter ones of the last generation. But we can never altogether dislike him. There is honesty in the pose that he makes of a tripping brush, in his liking for little colors. He is an entertaining little man in a parlor, saying pretty things with a conscious piquancy. Sisley, also here, is another gay spirit, but there is in Sisley a poetry that does not exist in Chase. The American is without innocence; the Frenchman, full of it. The Frenchman is so full of pretty sentimental thoughts, timidly and delicately recorded, on the more intimate aspects of nature. A street scene by Pissarro, which I saw hung near one of his, dwarfed him.

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But we have to watch ourselves in a comparative tour of this kind. The danger is that we may come to judge of the importance of art like those German painters who believe that if the subject matter be great enough, make a tremendous enough figure in the world of ideas, the painting itself will become great. I am sure that they always have been imitators of that cosmic urge which, every decade or so, attacks the serious thinkers. Perhaps a man can do no more than to fill the niche left open for him at birth. The struggle to reach beyond it has been responsible for the utter debacle of more than one good painter, writer and musician. Will power has a great deal to do with art and nothing to do with it. The artist generally can not help himself. The great part, a part so great that those out of it must be considered exceptions, of the men represented in the Phillips collection certainly is of those artists who could not help themselves. They are honest men, sincere in conviction, unaffected in their reports upon their convictions. Even among the exceptions, there are few of the super-aesthetic or artistic dilettantes who play so engrossingly with art that they forget life, and there are no men who tried for the peak of the mountain merely because it is the highest place to be reached.

The Sister of "The Tragic Muse"



PORTRAIT OF MISS FRANCES KEMBLE

by Sir Joshua Reynolds

This portrait of the sister of Mrs. Siddons has never been reproduced before. It is in the collection of the American artist, Walter Gay, in Paris, through whose courtesy it now appears in International Studio. The golden color of this painting is unique among Reynolds' canvases.

—MURIEL CIOLKOWSKA.

A SHELF of NEW ART BOOKS

WENCESLAUS HOLLAR AND HIS VIEWS OF LONDON AND WINDSOR IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. By *Arthur M. Hind*. The Bodley Head, Ltd., London. Price, 31s. 6d.

WENCESLAUS HOLLAR might be called the father of modern topographical drawing. His maps were among the first to omit the mythological figures that adorned the works of earlier etchers and engravers, and he was inspired by a greater feeling for accuracy than was evident in Sixteenth-Century plates. Many of his finest etchings naturally fall outside the confines of this present volume, for Mr. Hind shows only those closely related to London and Windsor—one hundred out of the nearly three thousand plates that Hollar executed. This collection, forming, as it does, one of the chief sources of topographical information regarding London of the Seventeenth Century, is of great interest from both the historical and artistic viewpoints, for Hollar was an artist as well as a draughtsman. In presenting it, Mr. Hind has verified and corrected previous attributions and has given an excellent catalogue containing complete historical data of the plates and their various states and modifications.

The chapters devoted to Hollar's life and work are written with the simplicity and directness of a man thoroughly familiar and in complete sympathy with his subject. They portray a simple and genial artisan, absorbed in his work and sharing the financial difficulties common to most artists; one with whom it is well worth while to renew or further acquaintance.

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REMBRANDT'S PAINTINGS. By *D. S. Meldrum*. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Price, \$25.

IN VIEW of the enormous number of books and articles about Rembrandt in existence, there is little trouble about writing another one, given an author painstaking and industrious. Both of these qualities are possessed by Mr. Meldrum, with the additional one of a love for developing an argument over existing matters of dispute concerning some of Rembrandt's paintings. What Mr. Meldrum has done in this discussion of the paintings of the greatest of Dutch artists is to set forth Rembrandt's life through his canvases after giving an introductory sketch of his boyhood and young manhood in Leyden, thus providing a background to his presentation and discussion of the canvases as Rembrandt's real biography.

The author has depended much on the writings of Dr. Jan Veth and Dr. de Groot and special studies of Dr. Schmidt-Degener in the preparation of his text. This last-named authority is the chief source of the exhaustive chapter on the great canvas which generally is called "March Out of the Banning Cocq Company" but which Mr. Meldrum, with true British conservatism, styles

"Night Watch." We can not imagine any student of Rembrandt becoming so absorbed as has Mr. Meldrum in Dr. Schmidt-Degener's analysis of the picture titled "Eendracht van 't Lant" as the precursor of the Banning Cocq painting, but if such a one exists, he will have an exciting time agreeing or disagreeing with this over-elaborated argument on the subject.

In addition to this section of a hundred and sixty-four pages of text in the ponderous volume, there are indices to the text and to the paintings and a list of paintings. The remainder of the many pages is devoted to five hundred and forty-one reproductions of Rembrandt's canvases.

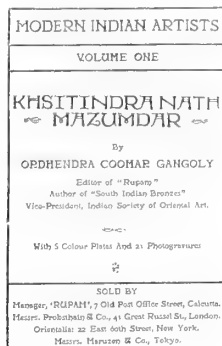
MODERN INDIAN ARTISTS; VOLUME 1, KHSITINDRA NATH MAZUMDAR. By *Ordhendra Coomar Gangoly*. H. Mukburji & Co., Calcutta. American distributor, *Orientalia*, 32 West Fifty-eighth Street, New York. Price, \$8.

ORDHENDRA COOMAR GANGOLY is the editor of *Rupam*, an English magazine devoted to Indian art and published in Calcutta. He is also the author of *South Indian Bronzes* and is vice-president of the Indian Society of Oriental Art. This series, inaugurated with the work of a Bengali painter, Mazumdar, designs to introduce the artists of the "new" Indian school by means of illustration rather than by text. Gangoly has written only forty-one short pages, the remainder of the book consisting of five color plates and twenty-one photogravures. Typographically it is interesting to western eyes, for the type faintly suggests the character of Indian letters, although not to the point of making reading difficult.

Mazumdar has not, like many of his contemporaries, gone to the ancient paintings and sculptures of his race for his models. He has coined his own types, just as Burne-Jones and William Blake did. Gangoly is pleased with the drapery of his figures, both for the skill which makes them a part of the design and also for the imagination which evolves so many entirely original forms. The paintings preserve a flat effect in the main and dispense with modeling and relief. A sensitive and rhythmic line is evident, but Gangoly finds supreme importance in the painter's color. Mazumdar, like all Indian artists, goes to religious or legendary sources for his subjects, such as the "sports" of Krishna, the story of the love of Krishna and Radha and the life of Chaitanya.

PRINCIPLES OF PICTORIAL PHOTOGRAPHY. By *John Wallace Gillies*. Falk Publishing Company. Price, \$3.50.

MR. GILLIES' work as a photographer is so well known that a book written by him upon the subject of his work is sure to be of interest. In this volume, which is used as a supplementary text book in the New York



Institute of Photography, he has not attempted to discuss at great length the technical aspects of picture-making but rather to give the amateur or student a conception of the artistic possibilities inherent in the camera.

In painting, all that is necessary to the creation of a masterpiece is a canvas, brushes, paints and the ability to use them properly; the same rule applies to photography. Mr. Gillies believes that, given a good equipment, technique is a matter which the pictorialist must develop through experience. He gives, therefore, only general rules for procedure, rules based on discoveries which his own experience has shown to produce satisfactory results. In this connection, the chapters devoted to composition and to criticism of several examples chosen from among his own prints are particularly suggestive.

SMALL FRENCH BUILDINGS. By Lewis A. Coffin, Jr.; Henry M. Polbemus and Addison F. Worthington. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. Price, \$10.

ON THE theory that "There is no truer mirror of a people and a civilization than their informal architecture" and with the intent to do for the "minor architecture of France" what others have done for that of Italy, England and other countries, these co-authors have assembled one hundred and eighty-three illustrations in book form and accompanied them with only sufficient text to give a general explanation of them. Most of the plates are from pictures which they themselves took on tours on foot or on bicycles in Normandy, Brittany, the Côte-d'Or, the Dordogne section and the picturesque valleys in the interior of France.

The illustrations are divided into five groups: cottages, farm buildings and hamlets; chapels; town houses; chateaux, manors and farm groups, and details, this last group consisting principally of gates and entrances. By far the greater number of the illustrations is of the homes of peasant farmers and larger land owners. Few examples of the architecture of the town house are given, and but half a score of that of religious structures, these being covered sufficiently in other books in print. The authors believe the farm group to be particularly suggestive, since today "we have much of this sort of building" and because of the ideas of mass, materials and details demonstrated in their well reproduced pictures.

THE NORWEGIAN WORK OF W. H. SINGER, JR. By Cornelis Veth. Frans Buffa & Zonen, Amsterdam.

IN THIS sympathetic little monograph on the paintings of Mr. Singer, an American artist long domiciled in Norway, Cornelis Veth adopts an uncommon viewpoint and regards his subject's work from the writer's national background, a pardonable form of critical chauvinism since it is used to show how the greater brilliance of the Norwegian atmosphere has tended to heighten the range of Mr. Singer's palette as compared with that which he used when painting in Holland in his early residence in Europe.

Mr. Veth is happy in his analogy between Japanese pictorial art and that of his subject, for, in common with the older artists of Nippon, Mr. Singer is mostly concerned with his design, using color chiefly to that end. The English translation is stiffly academic and occasionally shows lack of familiarity with our language. The monograph is illustrated with a reproduction of a crayon portrait of Mr. Singer by J. Dooijwaard and thirty-two reproductions of paintings by the former printed in halftone.

THE ARTS IN GREECE; THREE ESSAYS.

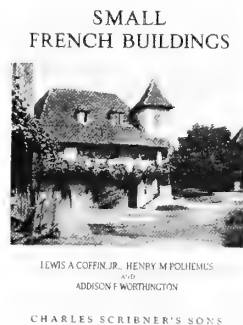
By F. A. Wright. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. Price, \$2.

THE DANCE, music and painting as practiced by the ancient Greeks are the subjects of Mr. Wright's three essays. He begins by scolding the world in general, and England in particular, for permitting dancing as it was known to and practiced by the Greeks to degenerate into "the trivialities of the modern ballroom, where couples interlaced slide about on a polished floor" whereas what we should do is to "remember that, to a Greek, dancing was an art, and moreover an art of universal application." After this introductory essay the author appears to be in better humor, and in those on music and painting he is the informative essayist, pure and simple, and, in common with most literary essayists, shows how much reading he has done in preparation for writing this volume.

For any student or reader in search of the most information about these three arts in the smallest amount of text, Mr. Wright's work may be enthusiastically recommended. His sources are of the best, he sets down his facts in admirable sequence, and these facts are sufficiently numerous to give the reader a general and excellent idea of what the dance, music and painting were in ancient Greece.

A HISTORY OF ENGRAVING AND ETCHING FROM THE FIFTEENTH CENTURY TO THE YEAR 1914. By Arthur M. Hind. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston and New York. Price, \$12.

FOR the second time since its original publication in 1908, Professor Hind's valuable history of engraving on metal appears in a new edition, the previous one having been published in 1911. Unlike the average so-called "new edition," this volume actually lives up to that description, for the revisions and additions, while not so numerous as in the second edition, show an earnest desire to incorporate new discoveries regarding obscure or disputed engravers and prints and a laudable willingness to correct previous errors of statement. The larger part of these revisions and additions has been made in the chapter on "Modern Etching" which, in common with the average British work of reference, is lamentably brief and unsatisfactory regarding our American workers with the burin, only twelve artists being mentioned.



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THE ARTS IN GREECE



F. A. WRIGHT

THESE DAYS when one thinks of painting in Germany one calls to mind simply "Expressionism," that sometimes tortured style in which the Teuton has set down his feelings since the war. But Germany, like France, still has her grand old man of Impressionism. Max Liebermann last year celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday, while Claude Monet in France passed his eighty-second. The main difference between the two is in color, for the German, developing by way of Frans Hals, is low and sober in hue. His art is discussed by Dr. Christel Schmidt in the September number, and several of his best works are reproduced.

A SELECTION of masterpieces from one of the world's three or four finest collections of drawings by the old masters, not excluding that in the famous Albertina of Vienna, will be a striking feature of the September number. They were assembled by M. Jean Masson of Amiens, France, and those reproduced are rare and unusual specimens from the sketch books of Benozzo Gozzoli, Raphael, Primaticcio, Schongauer, Jan Gossaert, the school of Clouet, Van Ostade, Fragonard, Chardin, Guardi, Freudenberg, Saint Aubin and Boucher, but most interesting of all perhaps will be a little gouache head by Holbein, companion to the portrait of Lucas Hornebolt whose four inches of diameter fetched the record price of \$35,000 at the Engel-Gros sale in Paris two years ago. This group has found the most sympathetic and understanding of commentators and historiographers in the person of a fellow-draughtsman, H. S. Ciolkowski of Paris.

WHEN John Noble was an infant at Poker Bill, Kansas, his mother guarded him carefully to keep the Indians, who were always prowling around, from stealing the "little papoose." As he grew up, he was a sheep herder, a cowboy and a general ranchman, in turn. Later he turned to art, and one of his first pictures, "Cleopatra at the Bath," which used to hang over the bar at the Carey Hotel in Wichita (alias Poker Bill), so aroused the ire of Carrie Nation that she threw rocks at it and destroyed it. Now Noble is ranked among the most individual and serious of America's artists. The story of his career with several reproductions of his paintings, two of them in color, will appear in the September number.

EVERY LITTLE WHILE the residents of New Rochelle, New York, are startled to see some citizen who has lived among them modestly and unobtrusively all his life suddenly spring upon the cover of a popular magazine and become known—physiognomonically at least—to several million persons. Maybe the subject is a weather-beaten old man with a whimsical countenance; maybe, in another instance, a saucy faced damsel, or again a mischievous urchin. At any rate it never fails to give New Rochelle a thrill when Norman Rockwell, who lives there, reveals one of his neighbors in a new role. For this illustrator is in reality a portrait painter with a knack for finding sitters who perfectly illustrate his whims. He is the subject of the second article by Louis H. Frohman in his series on American illustrators, in the September number.

CERAMIC ART in Mexico is so old that there are found, buried under volcanic deposits, examples of it that antedate

all historical records. At the time of the Spanish conquest the art had progressed so far that only the lack of fine materials prevented it from attaining perfection, and it is the opinion of José Juan Tablada that, with this exception, this pottery was superior to that of Asia. In an article Mr. Tablada traces the development of the art from its primitive stage through the influences of Spain and the Orient to its present-day manifestations. American designers have found a rich field of inspiration in the native arts of Mexico, and their appreciation is becoming widespread, for the finer pieces of Mexican pottery are among the most prized possessions of collectors. Mr. Tablada's text and the accompanying illustrations will show why.

FIFTY YEARS, according to Dwight W. Tryon, is not too much time to devote to an understanding of the subtleties of nature and to the technical perfection that enables an artist to put them on canvas. Nor can an artist obtain too much knowledge of other things in life; therefore Mr. Tryon has been a student, during the fifty years he has been painting, of science and poetry, music and literature. This gives a hint of the reason for the mastery of this well-known American landscapist, concerning whom Lula Merrick writes a most interesting article in the September number. An illustration in color and several in black and white of Mr. Tryon's most typical work are presented.

DATING back to a time when blacksmiths rather than electricians tried to "make housekeeping easy," the shoe-scraper was in its day an essential part of the well-ordered house. The craftsman of a century or more ago, although he doubtless would have scorned the designation of artist or designer, wrought with such skill that even such utilitarian articles as these were beautiful. Edward B. Allen has gathered a collection of photographs of some of the finest examples of scrapers in Maryland, Pennsylvania and New England, and these will be reproduced as illustrations of his entertaining article in the September number.

LOUIS BETTS painted his first portrait when he was fourteen years old, the commission coming from a musician who offered to teach the lad violin playing in return for the completed likeness. Eleven years later he made portrait painting his vocation and he has carried on his profession twenty-five years. His work is in public and private collections all over the country. An appreciation of his art and reproductions of several of his portraits will appear in the September issue.

A GLIMPSE at the art of the Argentine will be given in the September number, wherein seven examples of painting and sculpture will be presented, with explanatory text. There is a vivid and picturesque quality in these works that will appeal to the venturesome mind.

THE Persian lustre-glazed tombstone and the mirhab of lusted tiles illustrated in color in the May issue of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO are in the possession of, but not owned by, Messrs. Vincent Robinson, of London.

Payton Bownell



FAMOUS AMERICAN ILLUSTRATORS
James Montgomery Flagg

*"The artist is at once the
master and the slave of Nature..."*

He is her slave inasmuch as he must work with earthly things in order to be understood; but he is her master inasmuch as he subjects these earthly means to his higher intention "

So said Goethe, in defending Reubens' device of casting a shadow *toward* the sun.

The artist may make Nature's aspects subservient to his mode of representation, but he may not for a moment trifle with her chemical laws. In this he must follow implicitly her dictum that there can be no lasting beauty in his work unless his colors are *absolutely pure*.

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STEAMSHIP SAILINGS—SEPT. 1923

DATE	FROM	TO	VIA	LINE	STEAMER	APPROXIMATE ARRIVAL
Sept. 1	Quebec	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	Canadian Pacific	Empress of Scotland	Sept. 11
Sept. 1	New York	Liverpool	Cobh (Queenstown)	Cunard	Franconia (new)	Sept. 9
Sept. 1	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Anchor	Columbia	Sept. 9
Sept. 1	Montreal	London	Plymouth, Cherbourg	Cunard	Andania (new)	Sept. 9
Sept. 1	New York	Havre	Plymouth	French	Lafayette	Sept. 9
Sept. 1	New York	Rotterdam	Plymouth, Boulogne	Holland-American	Volendam (new)	Sept. 13
Sept. 1	New York	Bremen	Plymouth, Cherbourg	United States	George Washington	Sept. 10
Sept. 1	Montreal	Liverpool	Quebec	White Star-Dominion	Regina (new)	Sept. 9
Sept. 1	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Majestic (new)	Sept. 7
Sept. 1	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Adriatic	Sept. 8
Sept. 1	New York	Cherbourg	Southampton	Cunard	Berengaria	Sept. 11
Sept. 1	Philadelphia	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Haverford	Sept. 13
Sept. 1	New York	London	Plymouth, Cherbourg	United States	President Garfield	Sept. 15
Sept. 1	New York	Antwerp	Plymouth, Cherbourg	Red Star	Belgenland (new)	Sept. 15
Sept. 6	Boston	Liverpool	Cobh (Queenstown)	Cunard	Samaria (new)	Sept. 14
Sept. 6	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Anchor	Tuscania (new)	Sept. 14
Sept. 6	New York	Havre	Direct	French	Chicago	Sept. 15
Sept. 6	New York	Copenhagen	Christiansand, Christiania	Scandinavian-American	United States	Sept. 22
Sept. 6	Boston	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Haverford	Sept. 13
Sept. 7	Quebec	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montclair	Sept. 15
Sept. 7	Montreal	Glasgow	Quebec	Anchor	Cassandra	Sept. 15
Sept. 8	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	United States	Leviathan	Sept. 14
Sept. 8	New York	Havre	Direct	French	La Savoie	Sept. 20
Sept. 8	New York	Rotterdam	Plymouth, Boulogne	Holland-American	Ryndam	Sept. 20
Sept. 8	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	Royal Mail	Orduna	Sept. 20
Sept. 8	New York	Bremen	Plymouth, Cherbourg	United States	America	Sept. 20
Sept. 8	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Baltic	Sept. 19
Sept. 8	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Olympic	Sept. 14
Sept. 8	Montreal	Liverpool	Quebec	White Star-Dominion	Megantic	Sept. 17
Sept. 11	New York	Bremen	Cherbourg, Southampton	White Star	Canopic	Sept. 23
Sept. 11	New York	Cherbourg	Southampton	Cunard	Aquitania	Sept. 18
Sept. 12	New York	London	Plymouth, Cherbourg	White Star	President Adams	Sept. 23
Sept. 12	Montreal	Antwerp	Cherbourg, Southampton	Canadian Pacific	Melita	Sept. 23
Sept. 12	New York	Hamburg	Plymouth, Cherbourg	Cunard	Tyrrhenia (new)	Sept. 23
Sept. 12	New York	Havre	Plymouth	French	Paris	Sept. 20
Sept. 12	New York	Antwerp	Plymouth, Cherbourg	Red Star	Zeeland	Sept. 24
Sept. 13	Montreal	Glasgow	Belfast	Canadian Pacific	Marburn	Sept. 20
Sept. 13	New York	Copenhagen	Christiansand, Christiania	Scandinavian-American	Hellig Olav	Oct. 1
Sept. 13	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montclair	Sept. 21
Sept. 13	Montreal	Southampton	Cherbourg	Canadian Pacific	Marglen	Sept. 23
Sept. 13	Quebec	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	Canadian Pacific	Empress of France	Sept. 26
Sept. 13	New York	Liverpool	Cobh (Queenstown)	Cunard	Carmania	Sept. 23
Sept. 13	New York	London	Plymouth, Cherbourg	Cunard	Saxonia	Sept. 24
Sept. 13	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Anchor	Cameronia (new)	Sept. 23
Sept. 13	Montreal	London	Cherbourg, Plymouth	Cunard	Antonia (new)	Sept. 23
Sept. 13	New York	Havre	Direct	French	Rochambeau	Sept. 24
Sept. 13	New York	Rotterdam	Plymouth, Boulogne	Holland-American	New Amsterdam	Sept. 26
Sept. 13	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	Royal Mail	Ohio	Sept. 27
Sept. 13	New York	Bremen	Plymouth, Cherbourg	United States	President Roosevelt	Sept. 25
Sept. 13	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Homeric (new)	Sept. 22
Sept. 13	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Celtic	Sept. 24
Sept. 13	Montreal	Liverpool	Quebec	White Star-Dominion	Doric (new)	Sept. 24
Sept. 18	New York	Cherbourg	Southampton	Cunard	Mauretania	Sept. 23
Sept. 18	New York	Havre	Direct	French	Suffern	Sept. 28
Sept. 18	New York	Bremen	Direct	United States	President Fillmore	Sept. 29
Sept. 19	New York	Havre	Plymouth	French	France	Sept. 27
Sept. 19	New York	London	Plymouth, Cherbourg	United States	President Monroe	Sept. 30
Sept. 19	New York	Antwerp	Plymouth, Cherbourg	Red Star	Lapland	Sept. 30
Sept. 20	Boston	Liverpool	Cobh (Queenstown)	Cunard	Scythia (new)	Sept. 28
Sept. 20	Montreal	Glasgow	Belfast	Canadian Pacific	Marloch	Sept. 28
Sept. 21	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montcalm	Sept. 29
Sept. 21	Montreal	Glasgow	Quebec	Anchor	Athenia (new)	Sept. 29
Sept. 22	Quebec	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	Canadian Pacific	Empress of Britain	Oct. 2
Sept. 22	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	Cunard	Caronia	Sept. 29
Sept. 22	Montreal	London	Cherbourg, Plymouth	Cunard	Ansonia (new)	Sept. 30
Sept. 22	New York	Rotterdam	Plymouth, Boulogne	Holland-American	Veendam (new)	Oct. 4
Sept. 22	New York	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	Royal Mail	Orbita	Oct. 4
Sept. 22	New York	Bremen	Plymouth-Cherbourg	United States	President Harding	Oct. 3
Sept. 22	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Cedric	Oct. 1
Sept. 22	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Majestic	Sept. 29
Sept. 22	Montreal	Liverpool	Quebec	White Star-Dominion	Canada	Sept. 30
Sept. 25	New York	Cherbourg	Southampton	Cunard	Berengaria	Oct. 2
Sept. 25	New York	Copenhagen	Christiansand, Christiania	Scandinavian-American	Frederik VIII	Oct. 10
Sept. 26	Montreal	Antwerp	Cherbourg, Southampton	Canadian Pacific	Minnedosa	Oct. 9
Sept. 26	New York	Hamburg	Plymouth, Cherbourg	Cunard	Laconia (new)	Oct. 7
Sept. 26	New York	London	Plymouth, Cherbourg	United States	President Van Buren	Oct. 7
Sept. 26	New York	Antwerp	Plymouth, Cherbourg	Red Star	St. Paul	Oct. 7
Sept. 27	Montreal	Glasgow	Belfast	Canadian Pacific	Metagama	Oct. 6
Sept. 28	Montreal	Liverpool	Direct	Canadian Pacific	Montrose	Oct. 8
Sept. 28	Montreal	Glasgow	Quebec	Anchor	Saturnia	Oct. 6
Sept. 29	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	United States	Leviathan	Oct. 5
Sept. 29	New York	London	Plymouth, Cherbourg	Cunard	Albania (new)	Oct. 8
Sept. 29	New York	Glasgow	Londonderry	Anchor	Columbia	Oct. 7
Sept. 29	New York	Havre	Plymouth	French	Lafayette	Oct. 8
Sept. 29	New York	Rotterdam	Plymouth, Boulogne	Holland-American	Rotterdam	Oct. 11
Sept. 29	New York	Bremen	Plymouth, Cherbourg	United States	President Arthur	Oct. 11
Sept. 29	Montreal	Liverpool	Quebec	White Star-Dominion	Regina (new)	Oct. 5
Sept. 29	New York	Liverpool	Queenstown	White Star	Adriatic	Oct. 7
Sept. 29	New York	Southampton	Cherbourg	White Star	Olympic	Oct. 5
Sept. 29	Quebec	Hamburg	Cherbourg, Southampton	Canadian Pacific	Empress of Scotland	Oct. 11
Sept. 29	New York	Liverpool	Cobh (Queenstown)	Cunard	Franconia (new)	Oct. 7

TOURS AND CRUISES

Nov. 15, 1923—Around the World Cruise. New York. S.S. Franconia.

Arranged by The American Express Company.

Jan. 3, 1924—Around America. From Vancouver. S.S. Empress of Canada.

Arranged by Canadian Pacific Line.

Jan. 5, 1924—Mediterranean Cruise to Feb. 23. S.S. Adriatic. Arranged by White Star Line.

Jan. 14, 1924—Mediterranean Cruise. Empress of Scotland. Arranged by Canadian Pacific Line.

Jan. 16, 1924—Mediterranean Cruise to March 5. S.S. Lapland. Arranged by Red Star Line.

Jan. 19, 1924—Mediterranean De Luxe Cruise to March 26. S.S. Belgenland. Arranged by Thomas Cook & Son.

Jan. 19, 1924—Round the World. S.S. Laconia. Arranged by Frank C. Clark.

Jan. 19, 1924—Round the World (including the South Sea Islands). S.S. Resolute. Arranged by Raymond-Whitcomb Co.

Jan. 26, 1924—Round the World De Luxe Cruise. S.S. Samaria. Arranged by Thomas Cook & Son.

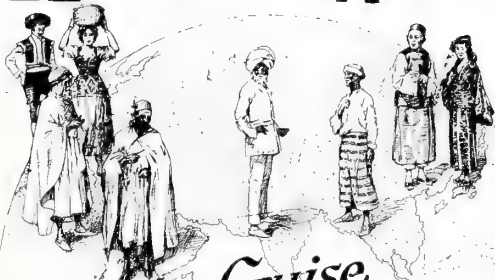
Jan. 30, 1924—Around the World (120 days). S.S. Empress of Canada. Arranged by Canadian Pacific Line.

Jan. 30, 1924—Mediterranean Cruise. S.S. Scythia. Arranged by Frank Tourist Co.

Feb. 2, 1924—Mediterranean Cruise. New York. S.S. Baltic. Arranged by Frank C. Clark.

Feb. 9, 1924. The Mediterranean and Egypt. S.S. Reliance. Arranged by Raymond-Whitcomb Co.

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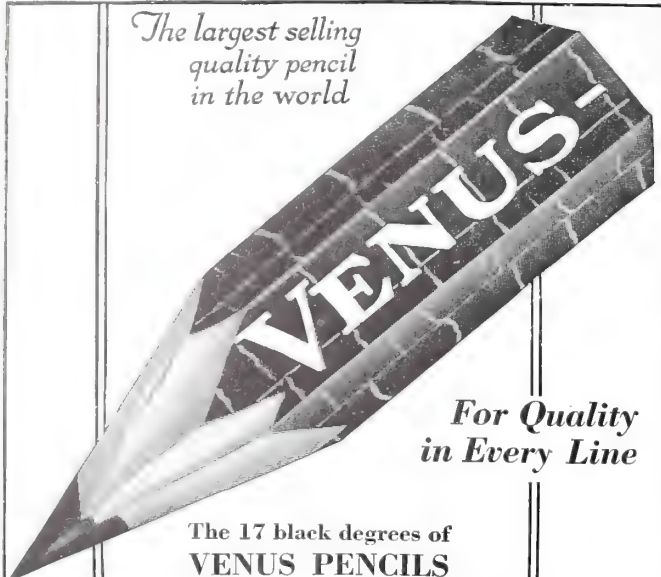
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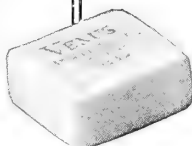
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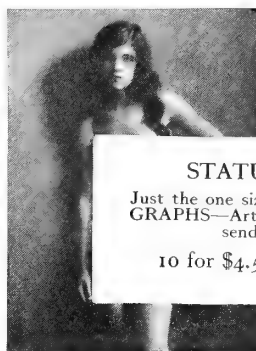
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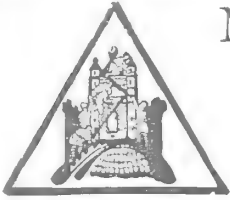
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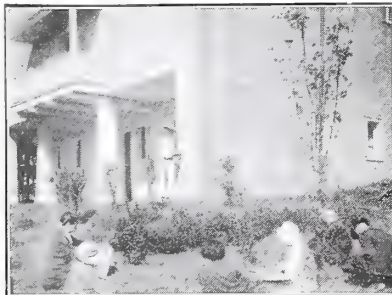
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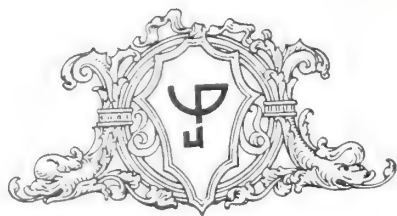
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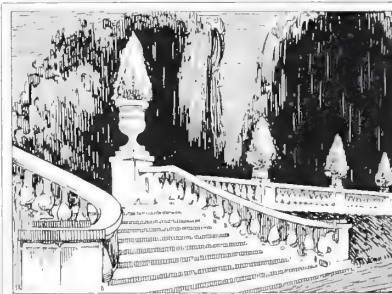
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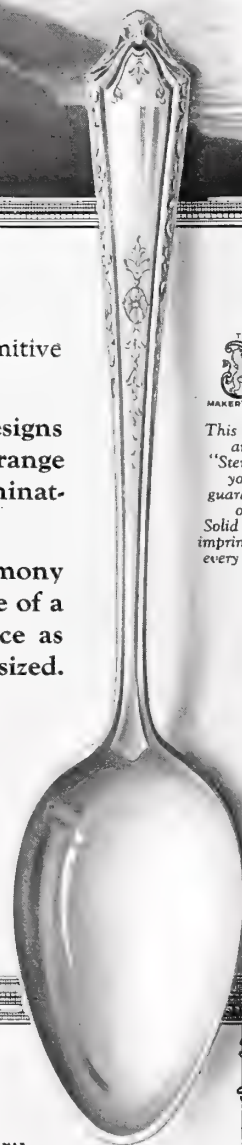
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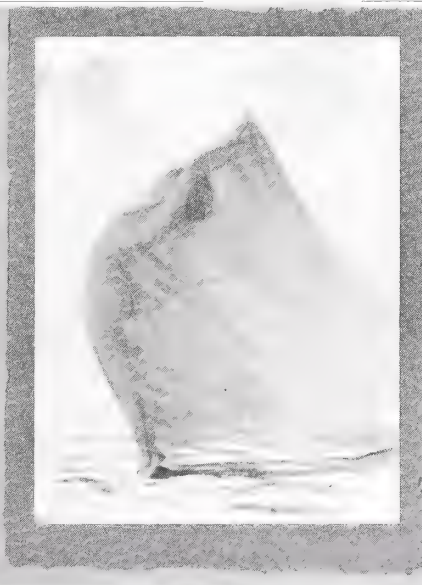
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INTERNATIONAL STUDIO

Volume
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Number
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September 1923

LIEBERMANN - *Impressionist*

ONE of the few living German painters known and appreciated abroad is Max Liebermann, pre-eminent exponent of German Impressionism. He celebrated his

seventy-fifth birthday last year, and the expressions of admiration which he received from every part of the world are evidences of the extent of his reputation and the fame of his works.

Liebermann comes from a family of merchants.

Germany's septuagenarian master still in the van of art and elucidating his principles as a teacher . . . by
Dr. Christel SCHMIDT

He was born in Berlin on July 20, 1847. Since 1859 his family has lived in Pariser Square, where he now has his atelier. In youth he showed evidence of an artistic direction. It

was only, however, after his matriculation at the University of Berlin, finding that he had no interest in studies there, that he was permitted to consecrate himself to art. His first teacher in this was Karl Steffeck, who had studied with Krüger

"WOMEN PLUCKING GESE"

BY MAX LIEBERMANN (1872)





"THE SHOEMAKER SHOP"

BY MAX LIEBERMANN (1881)

and Begas in Berlin and with Delaroche in Paris. He did not remain long with him, however, but went to Weimar and its School of Arts. He found the teachers excellent, but they had little influence upon him. In 1871 he met Michael Munkacsy, a Hungarian living in Düsseldorf, and through him he received the first suggestion not to paint the story-telling or pretty genre pictures that were then the vogue, but to find his models in the working classes. A large picture, "Women Plucking Geese," executed in 1872, established him at once. In it he manifested his ability to show the common people—women poorly clad and the workman, objectively, at their daily work. It is a picture full of actuality: a gloomy room filled with women plucking kicking birds in their laps, a man carrying in more geese, the uncertain

darkness of the room broken by a flickering light. Afterward he painted similar subjects. In 1872 he produced the first sketch of "Women Preserving Vegetables" (Konservenmacherinnen)—the same place with the broken hanging lantern, full of women and girls busy cleaning vegetables. "Women Plucking Geese" was sold at its first exhibition in Hamburg. Naturalism and social problems were coming then into the consciousness of the people, were "in the air."

In 1872 Liebermann visited Paris. In that year Munkacsy settled there. In November, 1873, Liebermann followed his example,

attracted by the opportunities for artistic development. Painters of the Barbizon school—Corot, Rousseau, Diaz, Millet, Daubigny—were held in high esteem; on the other hand, Impressionism, concentrated about Manet; was just then extending itself. Liebermann

was influenced more by the Barbizon painters, especially Millet. Peasants busy with their harvests and at other work made on him a deep impression. Impressionism probably did not interest him at that time, as he had no personal acquaintance in that circle. It was soon after the war of 1870-71, and the French were still hostile to citizens of Germany.

Still under the influence of the Barbizon painters, Liebermann went to Holland in 1875. It may be said that he discovered Holland to the great profit of German art. From 1875 onward, he spent there the sum-

"THE OLD INVALID"

BY MAX LIEBERMANN (1873)



mer of each year. The inhabitants, as well as the country itself, attracted him. It is well not to underrate the influence that the old Dutch art had on him. Frans Hals, as well as Velasquez, has been called the first of the Impressionists. Hals' portraits, their naturalness of expression, the splendid painting, the great technique evident in them, impressed him—they possessed something more virile and human than the carefully painted French and English story-telling pictures. He tried to make his own the flat, broad style of Hals; he copied parts—hands and heads—and practised on them. The result was pictures like "Old Invalid" and "Mother and Child," painted in a different technique from "Women Plucking Geese." The general effect was always low in tone. Here he withdraws himself from the contemporary young French painters. Manet and his circle had discovered the fascination of the sparkling light; they placed their models in the dazzling rays of the sun. Liebermann's palette was several hues darker than theirs, although he sometimes produced bright sketches, anticipating his later development. In Holland he preferred to show the inhabitants—old men warming themselves in the garden of an almshouse at sunrise, children working or playing before an orphan's home in Amsterdam, or a shoemaker's workshop. He recorded faithfully the visual impressions of life, underlining some dominant traits, effacing or minimizing others, but never neglecting the spiritual charac-



"FLAX-SPINNING IN LAREN"

BY MAX LIEBERMANN (1885)

teristics. His paintings give the impression of real life, as in his "Infant School."

In those same years Liebermann improved his own impressionistic manner. He saw the world and life more completely but not less correctly. The strokes of his pencil became surer, more direct. No better performance exists than his "Flax-Spinning in Laren," done in 1885. This

"THE ROPE-WALK"

BY MAX LIEBERMANN (1887)



large picture, now in the National Gallery in Berlin, fascinates one by its innumerable charms as well as by the grandeur of the total impression. Its women have proper importance by the way in which they are placed in the low and dusky room, each framed by a glory of glittering light and shadow. Here clearly is an example of the first period of German Impressionism: not only to reproduce an arbitrary fragment of visible life, but to recreate it by artistic perception. In the foreground, well rendered, are three big women, each with a

bundle of flax. They are spinning long strands which are turned on spooling wheels. To the right, behind them, are others, their contours partly absorbed by light from the back and the side, each spinning her thread—all arranged in such a way that the entire room seems to be lines of thread, although distance exists between them, seen through a complete atmosphere. The next step forward, made two years later, was in the handling of a subject similar but in the open air. It was in his "Rope-Walk." The absorption of all contours and details improved. Between rows of trees, the rope-makers come forward from the depth of the picture; at the left, a row of trees and, at the right, a shed and a single tree form a sort of frame, and between these pillars all things lead to the background, where light absorbs all forms. At the top, the picture dissolves into the untouchable green of the trees. The foreground is broadly and slightly painted, and the figures are presented with

few large spots. One might say that the whole impression is more of a sketch than of a complete work of art; but in Impressionism, where does the sketch stop, where does the complete picture begin? This little painting is an anticipation of a distinct trait of the later German Impressionism. Other famous pictures followed these—"Women Mending Nets," executed in 1888-89, and "Woman with Goats," 1890. In both are grandiose figures in simple landscapes. The first, one of the painter's best-known works, is full of fresh and daring life: a young Dutch woman standing straight, braving a storm, in striking contrast with the low meadows where sit working women, with the sky above. The other painting, less strong but equally characteristic of Dutch life, represents a woman who makes her slow way up a sandy dune, dragging an obstinate goat. A simple incident, but picturesque.

These pictures are not only *seen* but intensely *felt*. The impression of inward life is made still stronger by the manner of painting: colors are set

one beside the other in awkward strokes, in some way symbolizing the daring character of the subject. The mere reproduction of a picturesque fragment of life, as in his earlier Dutch paintings, "Old Men in Hospital" or "Orphans in Home," has given way to a deeper animation, to a kind of emphasis of the inner traits and to a greater perception of the whole scene. These paintings were results of Liebermann's own development. In

1887 his first long stay in Holland came to an end. He gave up his studio in Paris and, persuaded by friends, went to Munich. His stay there, interrupted by journeys to Holland, was filled with new suggestions. He studied with Leibl in Munich and with Menzel in Berlin. The influence of Leibl's careful manner and of Menzel's unusual perception of things might be perceived in his works of that period. In 1884 he returned to Berlin, and there he remained. There he came to his maturity. His paintings of this period, now considered master-

terpieces, were received unfavorably by the public, which was not prepared to understand fully the art that he chose to present.

Development of Liebermann's art went on steadily. Unpretentious persons in simple surroundings or primitive landscapes continued to be his favorite subjects. Sometimes the landscape overpowered the figures. When he painted "An Inn's Garden" in 1884, he reproduced trees, tables, chairs and gesticulating, chattering individuals. Ten years later, in the "Inn's Garden in Brannenburg," he treated a similar subject in quite another manner. Here the principal thing was not the chattering and drinking crowd, but the general impression of sun-filled trees, with tables and benches and human beings. It is not only by their smallness that these persons disappear in the general aspect; they are drawn less clearly and are only animating tones within the lively harmony. There is no story told to detract from the picturesque view. Regarding such a



"CHILD AND NURSE"

BY MAX LIEBERMANN (1920)



"THE ORPHANAGE, AMSTERDAM"

BY MAX LIEBERMANN (1882)

picture, you may perceive something of the nervous speed which seized the artist when he wished to reproduce this brightness of the sun together with the trees, tables and people. He succeeded so well that the painting seems to show a fragment of life itself. The more direct his style becomes, the more he simplifies his subjects by omitting all that might be regarded as superfluous.

Figures and other details having become less important for him, Liebermann now for the first time painted real landscapes. Conceived in an impressionistic manner, they needed no figures to animate them. There are no wide and calm views, but forest roads, producing the impression of a charming summer day with glittering foliage and sparkling light. Yet more often he painted the sea, which in those years first excited his interest. He loved to take it as a background for gaily playing and bathing boys and for parties on the shore. His palette became bright and sunny. He aspired to render the floating colors that the world enjoys. It was not a deep, natural touch that incited him to work, but a lively susceptibility to all that spoke to his eyes. He painted only visible things, for the visible impression was the most important for him. So he changed his point of view in an incomparable manner and painted as much as he could catch from "life," which for him meant light and air and color. It is this that makes

him treat always unsentimental subjects, and it is also this power to divine only visible things that makes him fail if he tries to paint an historical composition. Twice he has painted "Samson and Delilah," in 1902 and in 1910, but both pictures are without convincing power and the subject seems only to have been chosen as a pretext for showing two naked figures. The canvases are well painted but they have no inward life.

In Liebermann's paintings after 1900, the bickering vivacity of stenographically shortened visual impressions increased. Alleys with gaily colored parrots, gardens of inns near rivers, polo with prancing horses and violently moving riders, the "Jews' Street of Amsterdam" attracted him often, this last pictured with huddled, dirty walls, glaring signs, bright window frames, and crowds about carts heaped with vegetables and other things. These pictures were not executed in a careful manner. He used much color, trying to reproduce instantaneously an impression seized in a moment. Such a sketch looks like a pell-mell of colors if you see it at short range, but at some distance it surprises one with the incredible life arising from the chaos. The picture seems to rise before the eyes, to be in a constant motion. The painter has given only insinuations and abbreviations; it is the eye which must work to discover the subject. These abbreviations are done



"JEWS' STREET OF AMSTERDAM"

BY MAX LIEBERMANN

ingeniously, invented by a feverish and nervous passion. Impressionism can go no farther than it has gone in Liebermann's paintings. They show that Impressionism is not an objective art. The artist does not pretend to show the world as it is, but only as it acts upon his eye, as it "impresses" itself on his mind. Liebermann once said: "To draw—that is the art of knowing what to omit."

In his portrait painting Liebermann is more careful. There are few portraits done by him before 1900. From that time on, their number increased, and in his later years more than half of his paintings are portraits. Here, too, he relies on what he sees. Omitting all superfluities, he seeks the characteristic traits only, even though that is not always agreeable to the person represented. In 1906 he painted the "Professorenkinvent" in Hamburg, nine figures of learned men grouped without constraint about the most important of them, to whose words they seem to listen. This was an interesting essay at resurrecting the old Dutch group portrait, but, although he succeeded well, it was the last one of its kind.

We find the true Liebermann in his drawings. They are numerous, from his careful, early drawings from nature to the more direct manner of his later years. "Draw as you see," his first teacher,

Steffeck, was wont to say, and Liebermann has kept it in his mind all his life. It is only the way in which he saw that altered with time. His own seeing of the essential things became more and more acute. In quite the same measure his technique became more nervous and striking, so that you may feel with what enormous speed his pencil moved. In his earlier years he preferred hard lead-pencils. Afterward, when his manner became softer and more picturesque, he used smoothly working chalks, sometimes colored. There are delicately toned crayon drawings done in these years which recall French impressionistic drawings. Finally black chalk became his favorite material; it is most fit for his later manner. He executed pen drawings also in each period of his life, nervously scribbled, negligent of pleasing effect or beautiful line and exhibiting only the effort to seize a quick moment. Liebermann likewise worked as an etcher. Many of his pictures he treated by this method; but they are not repetitions; they are new creations. Only in the last years has he made illustrations. Pen drawings for two novels by Goethe, cut in wood by O. Bangemann, and lithographs for Kleist's *Kleine Erzählungen* show that, despite his more than seventy years, the master is working with success in a new field.

MEXICO'S *New-Old* CERAMICS

FROM the remotest days of the Aztecs, through the epoch of Spanish rule and up to the present time, Mexico has produced a continuous supply of objects for domestic or personal use stamped with a strong artistic character. All these things, ceramics, lacquered works, textiles, furniture, jewelry, even toys and playthings, are demonstrations of the fancy of a people and, what is more important, of a real culture not only creative but economic, as the more simple, prime materials are used with surprising results. One material, earth, mud or clay, has been and still is employed by the Indians for supplying many needs, from their adobe dwellings, so well designed for simple wants, warm in winter and cool in summer, to kitchen utensils and children's toys. Even statuettes of gods for domestic shrines were made of clay by the ancient craftsmen of the Aztecs.

Dating back to times of her ancient races, pottery has passed under Spanish and Chinese influences . . . by
José Juan TABLADA

Ceramic art in Mexico is so old that examples of it, in crude clay slightly baked and hand decorated, are found under the volcanic lava of eruptions preceding all historical records. These objects, jars, trays, smoking pipes, statuettes of gods, reveal unusual skill in modeling and decoration. Later, up to the epoch of the Spanish conquest, ceramic art had progressed so far as to be almost perfect. Only the inferiority of the prime materials used by the Indians, who never knew the kaolin or porcelainous clay, and their ignorance of mineral enamels prevented the art from reaching the high standard of the Orient. The forms were beautiful and elaborate, some of them recalling certain Greek shapes, like the oenochoe, olpé, amphora, aryballus and bombylius. Others were strikingly similar to Oriental shapes, particularly a vase resembling the Buddhistic receptacle for

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floral offerings made at ritualistic performances, having a spherical body with elongated, cylindrical neck broadening like a calix near the edge. The even surfaces and symmetrical shapes of these old products incline us to believe that the Indians made use of the potter's wheel. The smooth and fine clay employed and the mirror-polished surfaces gave

often to these objects the appearance of metal, increasing thus their resemblance to Chinese and Japanese vases. The clay is so fine and so hard after being fired that in certain places of Mexico they even now make clay bells which, when struck, give out quite a sonorous metallic sound. These old

products, on account of their rich polychromic decorations, are greatly admired in those specimens preserved in American and European museums. Among them, the vases from Casas Grandes, related to the Pueblos' cultural centers in both South American and north Mexican territories, are striking examples of strong, simple decoration. Others from Oaxaca and Vera Cruz are rich and elaborate, and at least in this respect deserve to be compared with the Chinese. Dr. Atl in his two-volume, illustrated work, *Los Artes Populares Mexicanos*, published in Mexico City last year, expresses it as his opinion that the Mexican ceramics are rivaled only by the Chinese and Japanese, but we regard them, except as to the quality of the materials, as far superior to the Asiatic productions.

Under Spanish rule, potters from Spain introduced into Mexico the manufacture of

maiolica, or pottery under glaze, and, with this new industrial technique, those Moresque and Renaissance styles of decoration used by Spaniards of the epoch. Later, Spanish galleons trading with the Orient brought to Mexico the ceramics of China and Japan, and these shapes and decorations intermingled with the Aztec and the Spanish to form the Mexican ceramic art of today.

Loza de Guadalajara, or Guadalajara earthen ware, is one of the most characteristic ceramic products. There are three kinds of this: opaque, polished and glazed. The forms are the cylinder and the sphere and combinations of these two geometric shapes. Like cubists, the Indians express themselves through the purest forms. The decoration of their works, on the contrary, is gorgeous and elaborate. In the naïve mind of the Mexican potter, all nature is mirrored as a whole garden in a drop of rain. The geometrical forms of minerals, the arabesques

of vegetables with all the designs provided by trunks and leaves and blossoms, the dynamic and animated expressions which animals suggest—all these are translated in the decoration of these ceramics from Guadalajara. The general color scheme assumes the same character in all this pottery, and even by this alone it is



TONALÁ GLAZED POTTERY

easy to distinguish at a glance any of these specimens. Upon the clay color of the ground—cinnamon brown or brownish ash—the colors used are Indian red, dark blue, pure white, and black only for the outlines. This scheme is the same in both the opaque and the polished Guadalajara

TONALÁ OPAQUE JARS

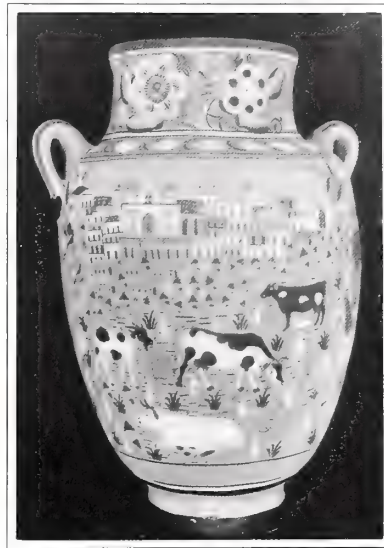


ware, but in the glazed ware it is different. Many specimens known as Guadalajara are in fact manufactured in villages east of that city, mainly in Tonalá. One design for decoration used here is the "sanate" bird, a kind of magpie. With it goes a floral decoration whose elements are not slavishly copied from nature but rather interpreted, reformed, created, for the sake of beauty and expression. The trend of stylization is so powerful among these artists that they have made new forms, among them a certain fantastic flower which has, with the form of a real flower, the splendor of fire-works and the gay radiance of the butterfly's wings. It is represented in almost all decorations and is more stylized and fanciful than the Egyptian lotus, the Chinese peony, the Persian carnation or the Japanese chrysanthemum. It is a flower which exists only in the spiritual garden of the Indian artist. It has deserved to be called the "Tonalá flower." Such abstract and essential form is to be found in only the most radical and modern aesthetics, perhaps in the imaginative, greenhouse of Odilon Redon or in the "kompositions" of Kandinsky. A striking fact is the kinship of the Mexican Indian artists with the most revolutionary painters of our day, such as Picasso and Goncharova. The gardener who created the fantastic "Tonalá flower" never heard of Oscar Wilde's paradoxes, but they seem to agree on this point, that "Nature imitates art." This Indian artist never heard of James McNeill Whistler and his "Ten o'Clock,"

TEXCOCO GLAZED POTTERY



PUEBLA OR OAXACA GLAZED POTTERY



TONALÁ JAR, OPAQUE WARE

but doubtless when his brethren went to war or to the hunt "he staid by the tents and traced strange designs with a burnt stick upon gourd," and this Indian "deviser of the beautiful, this dreamer apart—who perceived in nature about him curious curvings as faces seen in the fire, this dreamer," discovered and expressed flowers more beautiful and rare than a newly found orchid. This design and that of a strange beast on the water bottle, resembling both a buffalo and a bear and spotted like a cow, shows that slavish realism does not concern the Indian potter. He is content to express or even to suggest. On another jar is seen the town of Guadalajara as it appeared in the mind of the rural artist. It is not the actual city in its physical aspect but as spiritual a vision as Toledo in El Greco's

famous painting. It is interesting to find a similar disdain of objective realism in the great master forerunner of modern art and in the humble Indian artisan who never suspected such an illustrious precedent. In the foreground of this remarkable vase the spotted cows amid plants and grasses furnish a charming decorative example of this Mexican art.

All the objects so far mentioned were destined solely to hold flowers, to contain water or to store food. Not intended to be used in the kitchen, they were only slightly baked in the ovens. Those intended for cooking purposes and to stand high temperatures are first lightly fired, then decorated, glazed and again submitted to the greatest heat in the kiln. Being made of a fine quality of clay, they are thinner and stronger than the former and have the bril-

liant and vitrified surfaces peculiar to maiolica or glazed pottery. These objects, when first taken from the oven, have an even surface of brick-red color. Then the potter paints a decoration of animals, flowers and letters, filling the spaces between with trellis or straw-yellow lines like a net or rather, I might say, lace work. This yellow, the red on the original ground, a burnt sepia, and some green spots are the only colors used in the decoration of this particular ware. As the technical proceedings vary in both Tonalá wares, this is sufficient to give a different character to each of them. The handling of the light water colors is quite different from that employed in the heavy enamels. The lines of the first are spontaneous and free, while in the designs of the latter, the potter's additional task is to hold the thick enamel in its place without permitting it to run. Both craftsmen are excellent in their own way. In crude clay manufacture, the names of Galvan, Ortega and Jimón are conspicuous, and for glazed pottery, Lucano and Maestro are recognized masters. All these artists have such individuality that their work may be recognized without a glance at the signature. Notwithstanding their humble expressions, they deserve great praise and admiration. One can easily prophesy that in the near future American museums will preserve these masterpieces, now unknown or neglected, as jealously as they now treasure the works of the old Mexican potters of Puebla, who in their time were looked upon with the same contempt as the wonderful Tonalá potters of today.

The pottery manufactured in Texcoco and Oaxaca, when glazed, has many common characteristics, but its peculiar differences are manifold and subtle. The clay is dark green, black or dark sepia under glaze, and the ornamentation is obtained by patterns and fringes in relief, enameled letterings and, in some instances, by floral decoration painted in many colors, but not under glaze. Unlike the Guadalajara pottery, these products do not easily show their source, and even the expert may be led astray when trying to trace them. With a large jar used for containing pulque, a popular Mexican beverage, go smaller ones intended for partaking guests. Some of these are shaped like human heads. Convivial drinking inscriptions or quips of an amatory nature are written around the necks of the jars—"I am a tippler," "I am the pet of the house," and this rather philosophical saying, sadly true in part: "Out of me flow friendship, love and lots of gunshots." E. Atlee Barber in his catalogue of Mrs. R. W. de Forest's Mexican maiolica quotes in Spanish, although erroneously, a similar rhymed

inscription on a Talavera jug. It may be translated into English thus: "The one who doesn't go to the bar, at least sends his jar." Other big jars, or "ollas," are for keeping a Mexican dish as popular in the United States as in Mexico, "hot tamales," but they are vessels "de luxe" for use at feasts. All are decorated with leaves and flowers in relief or painted in light colors. One with a cover is used for storing sugar lumps or chocolate cakes. Shown with it were twin cups for keepsakes and a spherical fancy pulque container.

There is a distinctive pottery produced only in Oaxaca. Its forms are extremely primitive and pure and some are strongly expressive. One example is a big alcohol container much like a Philippine wine jar. Possibly this ceramic shape, alien to the indigenous variety, originated after the importations of Oriental ceramics by galleons trading with the Orient. Other typical forms of this pottery are a little figure of a woman, which in reality is one of those clay bells with the metallic ring already mentioned; a pudgy bat carrying its offspring in its claws, fowl and quadruped animals. Another interesting product of Oaxaca is the tripod incense burner. This, although derived as to shape and use from the old Indians, has strong individuality, a certain peculiar beauty of fashioning and sentiment and a naïveté of modeling where the mark of the fingers, the only tool, may be traced. The decorative motif in the fringe is supposed to represent souls in purgatory. The coloring is cobalt, white and black upon a coral-red ground. It is a clay bisquit, not glazed. Only one woman in Oaxaca, assisted at times by relatives, is able to make these incense burners, which, although intended for certain mystic ceremonies, now find their way into Mexican art studios and collections of amateurs.

In Teotihuacan, site of the famous Toltec pyramids, there is a small pottery industry of peculiar character, the activities of which have lately been stimulated by the Department of Anthropology, headed by Professor Manuel Gamio. There are manufactured vessels of red clay for home use with painted decorations in one or two shades glazed under a cover made of lead salts. There also are produced ornamental ceramics of an archaeological character. These are not forgeries, as many suspicious tourists are inclined to believe, but conventional imitations of ancient pottery for decorative purposes. The clay mixed with coal dust gives these objects their characteristic blackish color, which occurs also in certain Oaxaca pottery. This Teotihuacan black pottery is not glazed, and the brilliancy of its surface is obtained by rubbing with a hard and smooth

stone. Professor Gamio remarked that the Teotihuacan natives had two main elements for success in the ceramic industry, the superior quality of the clay found in the locality and the skill and experience inherited and developed through countless generations of potters, and thus he materially encouraged the industry, improving the ancient methods and introducing a new technique. Local potters were sent to Puebla to learn the processes of the manufacture of Talavera pottery, and when they returned a special oven was built and the use of mineral enamels for glazing and coloring was studied in theory and practice. The result has been an increasing output of ware, superior to the old, and a market absorbing all the present supply has been found. Although similar to the Puebla glazed ware in its technique, the new Teotihuacan pottery has in its color and pattern a charming individual style.

Guadalajara pottery is more closely related than the Puebla glazed ware to the indigenous tradition. Its makers have more creative imagination, and not only a marked and strong individuality, but a pride in their *metier*, both personal and collective. They sign their creations, showing thus the importance that they attach to the artistic value of the work produced with such loving care. They are simple, honest and not at all concerned with financial rewards. Dr. Atl in his work has emphasized this quality, quoting Zacarias Jimón, a maker of jars, as saying: "My earnest desire is to be able to paint my jars and present them as gifts; not to sell them. When some one orders a piece, I feel as if my hands were tied. This work should be only for oneself. If, after it is finished, some one admires your work—well, let him have it without paying for it!" One must go to the Quattrocento or to old

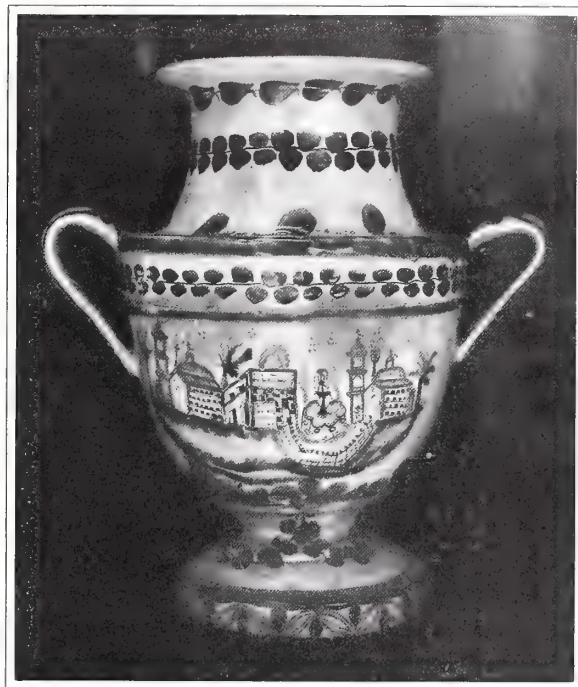


OAXACA POTTERY PRIMITIVE IN CHARACTER

China or Japan to find such joy in creation and indifference to profit. But in spite of these excellencies, Guadalajara pottery is surpassed by that of Puebla on account of its variety, color scheme, hardness of surface and technical method. On the other hand, Puebla products are decadent in comparison with the older standards, while those of Guadalajara maintain their original beauty if they

do not surpass them in many respects. The Mexican Talavera or Puebla pottery is perhaps one of the best known Mexican products in the United States, as very fine old specimens are on exhibition in American museums and modern examples are occasionally sold in curio shops. Some writers in this country have dealt with the subject interestingly, notably Mr. Barber. American readers may gain reliable information from all his admirable books on the subject.

Like all maiolicas, this is a soft pottery of whitish or creamy-buff



PUEBLA POTTERY OF ABOUT 1850

tint covered with a hard tin and lead enamel of dense white color on which the pigments of the decoration are applied. After the object in crude clay has been baked for the first time, it is called *jaguite*, a word equivalent to the European "biscuit." Finished to receive the enamel, it is immersed in a bath of *calerna* (oxides of lead and tin, a sand called *coapiaxtla* and a small portion of molasses), then dried in the sun's rays. Afterward

it is decorated with the required colors and submitted to the fire again. One peculiarity of the Mexican enamel as stated by the master potter, Enrique Ventosa, is that it needs to be melted once only, while European enamels must go twice into the ovens. The colors in the palette of old Pueblan potters were light and dark blues, *abuevado* or chrome yellow; orange, green, Indian red, black and *morado*, or sepia. These are the same as are used nowadays, although the shades seldom have the brilliancy of the ancient colors. The formulas show also the basic mineral salts, many peculiar sands and clays found in the locality. Lately some formulas from Valencia, Spain, are being used, and an old dark blue similar to the *bleu de Sevres* has been re-discovered.

This industry, introduced by the Spaniards about 1630 to 1650, has through different epochs varied the character of its products, which can be classified into four principal groups with definite styles. First of these in point of time came the Moresque with the Arabian features brought by the first potters from the south of Spain, and the Aztec style of the natives. Since the publication of Mr. Barber's books, the dates that he assigned to those classes have been corrected. Second came the style of the Talavera de la Reina showing characteristics of that Spanish factory. Third was the Chinese style, directly inspired by Oriental ceramics brought to Mexico by the galleons or indirectly introduced through Spanish imitations of Oriental china from 1680 to 1800. Fourth was the Mexican or Puebla style (1800 to 1860), characterized mainly by its variety of shapes and polychrome decorations. Although these styles are well defined in regard to shape, decorative lines and color, they are not altogether separated chronologically, as many of the same styles were produced simultaneously and the periods intermingled. Industrial evolution does not create similar types but follows a gradual course. One of the fullest collections of Mexican

ceramics is that of Mariano Bello. Many of the pieces in it are unique and all are rare. One of his large glass show cases is framed with tiles used in veneering the façades of old Mexican houses, and in them the four periods of the industry are represented by well-preserved examples.

While the character of manufacture has been preserved to some degree through the centuries, close examination of the ancient and the modern products will show that the industry has degenerated from its old standard. Many causes were responsible for this, the first being the abolition of customs duties on similar foreign wares by the independent government and the indiscriminating public preference for such imported products. During many years, as Waldo Frank has charged in *Our America*, Mexicans were "lost in the spell of the tin can and the lithograph," or, as Katharine A. Potter remarks in her *Outline of Mexican*



OLD PUEBLA POTTERY, WITH RARE TILES
Collection of Mariano Bello

Arts, they gave preference to sophisticated and commercial goods over their own "personal, authentic creations of a race that expresses itself simply and inevitably in terms of beauty." Fortunately, with the nationalistic reaction brought about by the last revolution a clear realization of the values of its own culture came to the Mexican mind. The present government has started a great movement to encourage native arts and crafts.

In closing, I wish to make two statements, one flattering to me as a Mexican, and the other, complimentary to you Americans. The first maiolica or glazed pottery on the American continent was made in Mexico, but, as I have pointed out, those beautiful works of yore were neglected by my people to such an extent that American tourists during the latter part of the last century were able to acquire valuable or unique specimens for a song. It may be truly said that American tourists rediscovered the Puebla pottery, the old Michoacan lacquered works, the ancient, hand-woven sarapes—all the Mexican popular arts and crafts.



"TOILERS OF THE SEA"

BY JOHN NOBLE

JOHN NOBLE, *from* KANSAS

WHEN John Noble, now acknowledged as one of America's most individual and serious artists, first opened his eyes to the light of day in Poker Bill, Kansas, now the city of Wichita, the world that greeted him was his father's cattle ranch. It was in the midst of about one thousand acres of land that is at the present time the principal section of the city. Banks, tall buildings, shops and department stores have risen on what at the time of his birth was little more than prairie land. Those acres, now so precious, came into his father's possession through the exchange with "Poker Bill," for whom the place was named, of a sack of flour. "Poker Bill" had lost his all in his favorite game and asked six bags of flour for his holdings, but John's father was a good bargainer and succeeded in persuading him

Reared on the frontier, this strongly individual American artist passed twenty-five years abroad . . . by

MERWIN MARTIN

to accept one for them and call it a fair exchange.

John Noble was one of the first white children born on that frontier and his mother had to guard him every moment from Indians

who were always prowling about the place for an opportunity to steal the "little papoose." The word "art" was seldom heard by those early settlers of the West, yet at the age of five years John was drawing the sheep and cattle that abounded about his home. The many sketches that he made from that time until he was ten are among his mother's dearest possessions, and no persuasion could extract them from her for she says that even since he has become a great artist he never has painted anything that could give her the pleasure that those crude little drawings did.

Whence the youth's talent came no one could



"SEAWeed GATHERERS"

BY JOHN NOBLE

understand, but when he was in his early teens he declared to his father that he intended to become an artist, as by that time he had seen pictures "made by hand" in magazines and newspapers. The elder Noble scoffed at the idea. "Not much!" he said. "Doing pictures is woman's work. I want my son to be a man." So young John became a sheep herder, a cowboy and general ranchman, living as the men of the prairie did, sleeping in the open for months at a time with nothing but a horse blanket to give spring to the earth they called bed, washing his face in the morning dew and letting the rays of the sun serve as his towel. He learned to use the lasso to perfection. Yet there were odd times when he corralled pencil and paper and drew the scenes about him.

Finally, when he was about seventeen years old, John "pulled up stakes" and started for the Cincinnati Art School, which he had seen advertised. There he studied for a time, and it was then that he painted the "Cleopatra at the Bath" which was purchased by the Carey Hotel in Wichita and hung over the bar and which later so aroused the ire of Carrie Nation that, on

beholding it, she rushed out and gathered a bag of rocks and returned to hurl them at it. One of the stones struck the picture in the centre and destroyed it. That painting made Carrie Nation famous, but it did nothing for its creator for no one took the trouble to find out who had painted it.

Every one was talking of Paris in those days. That city was the Mecca of all American art students, and John Noble, having read a book by Berkeley Smith on the advantages of the Latin Quarter, decided to join the throng which was going and to take his chances of studying with some of the great French artists whom he had come to know by reading. Arrived in Paris with neither friends nor acquaintances, he looked for a likely teacher. One day he came upon Jean Paul Laurens, whose deep voice and forceful manners gave him a feeling of satisfaction. "Here is a man," he concluded, and presently with Laurens he began to study. The typical "refined" students from all parts of Europe jeered at his Wild West ways, but Noble studied assiduously, working out art problems and paying little heed to their "squawkings." It would have taken far more



"THE ICE CUTTERS"

BY JOHN NOBLE

"THE WHITE HORSE"

BY JOHN NOBLE





"PROVINCETOWN IN WINTER"

BY JOHN NOBLE

than jeers to depress the youth who had gained strength of mind, character and body in the fearless life that he had led in his own country. He could have "lassoed the whole jolly lot of them and dumped them into the Seine" had he been so minded, but he just laughed and plodded on, learning to draw and to apply the color gift that had been his inheritance, for if ever there was a born colorist, it is John Noble. Presently, however, the amusement of the "cultivated" ceased, for one day they became apprized of the fact that one of his "crazy" pictures had been accepted for the *Salon d'Automne* and hung prominently for its "individuality, sincerity and independence." John Noble had "arrived," not because he had adhered to the styles of masters or because of the fashions of the day in painting, but because of the fact that he had brought into art in Paris a spirit new to those in the *ateliers*, something spontaneous and fearless, and a personal quality that lurked beneath a riot of "crude" color and sharp angles and was revealed to the knowing and appreciative as that of a born artist with a sincere vision. His sturdy independence had permeated his work. Here was one not afraid to express himself, who

defied teachers and the art world in order to state the truth as he saw it. His early life had made him see nature with the reverence that belongs to all great men. He saw grace and poetry in the human figure, in animals, in trees, in water, in sunshine and skies, and these he determined to express in his own way; to send out to the world messages of the emotions that they had stirred within himself, regardless of technical methods or formulas. It is these qualities that made his art big and drew to him the respect of great painters in America and Europe, while this simple nature and keen intelligence endeared him to many on either side of the Atlantic including men of world-wide fame.

John Noble spent twenty-five years in Europe, living in Paris, Brittany, Etaples and London. He experimented with every phase of art. He painted impressionistic pictures before Impressionism was known to the world by that name. He went farther—his work for a time was ultra modernistic, not because he had any ambition to be permanently a futurist or an "isimist" of any sort but that he might learn the principles of art from every angle, for his abounding sincerity never would permit him to do aught but express

...THE PICNIC...
by
John Noble

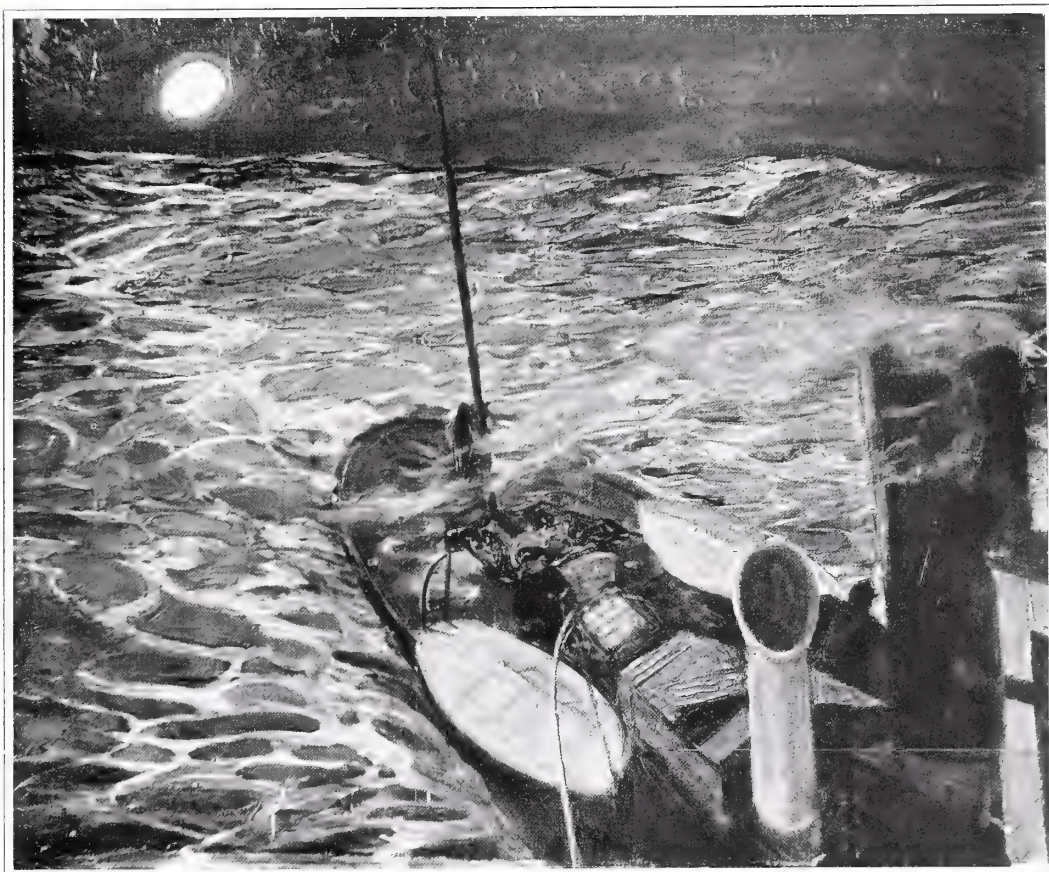


*"THE BASIN,
BRITTANY"
by
John Noble*



his own emotions in the best way that he knew. When the war started, he was living in Etaples, but he was compelled to move when that part of France was given over to military occupancy. He then went to London, where he remained until 1919. His return to America was intended to be only temporary. He expected that when peace was restored he would go back to Europe, there to spend the remainder of his life. But when he

Noble found in Provincetown, Massachusetts, the atmosphere and art interest of the Old World and there he leased a house and studio which he occupied until last winter, when he came to New York. He has become one of the most ardent advocates of American art that we have had, working for its advancement with all the intensity of his nature. Last winter he visited his old home in Wichita. He found wealth but little interest in



"THE SHIP'S WAKE"

BY JOHN NOBLE

visited the galleries here and viewed current exhibitions, he was amazed. "Landscapes!" he exclaimed. "Why there's nothing like them in Europe." Figure works also impressed him. He became familiar with the canvases of American "old masters." He saw the spirit in the work of Inness, Winslow Homer, Twachtman, Wyant, Abbott Thayer, George Fuller, and in that of living painters, Thomas W. Dewing, Dwight W. Tryon, Emil Carlsen, Max Bohm, Childe Hassam, Charles W. Hawthorne, Arthur B. Davies and many others. He laughed: "Why, Europe thinks that the only American artists are Sargent and Whistler, and here is this country creating the best art of the present age. America will save the world for art. This is good enough for me. Never will I go back to Europe." He has kept his word.

art, and he determined to influence the populace to erect a gallery for American art. Plans have been made and it is expected that the erection of the building will be begun soon. In Provincetown he built a new art gallery and became its director, which office he still holds. Each summer exhibitions are held there and works by artist residents and all who ever have painted there are shown and Provincetown bids fair to have one of the most popular summer art galleries in the country.

Noble's art, as shown by his exhibition at the Rehn Galleries in New York last winter, is the result of long years of study of methods and of sincere feeling. It exhales the spirit of art, is vital and individual and full of beautiful color. America has welcomed and appreciated him, and he is becoming the celebrity here that he was in Europe.

Beauty Builds a Shrine for Music



THE NEW BAND-STAND IN CENTRAL PARK

WILLIAM G. TACHAU, ARCHITECT

*B*ACKED and flanked by a wooded eminence and facing the broad level of the Mall in Central Park, stands the new band-stand given to New York by Elkan Naumburg for the benefit of the city's thousands of music lovers. Classical in line, it is of Indiana limestone, with the interior of the dome finished in dull gold. At either side is a group of gilded bronze figures, repeating the single note of color in the gray structure. From each group a curving stairway leads to the top of the terrace, forming a pleasing transition between the natural rock in the hillside and the dressed stone of the building. Under the stairs and running deep into the rock are rooms for the conductor and the bandmen and for storage. These are illumined by skylights concealed by shrubbery. The design was made by William G. Tachau, who chose the semi-circular form because of its beauty of line and also because of the acoustic properties inherent in it.

TRADITION *in the Livable* HOME

HOW FAR shall we go in copying the past when we build and furnish houses for today? The love of antiques is always an accompaniment of an advanced period of civilization.

There were antique fakirs in the days of the pharaohs. Whenever a people achieves prosperity and worldly goods beyond its actual needs, the aesthetic spirit manifests itself. Men begin to value line and form and artistry, and they rediscover the fact that there are rules and formulas of beauty which have been observed in past civilizations, and they study the things made long ago to find out what these rules are. Things are not beautiful just because they are old. If they fail to conform to the mysterious laws of form and color which man recognizes as beautiful, then they have no value except as curiosities, no matter how old they may be or what may be their associations.

Models of good taste in furnishing and building left by early Americans for those of the present day . . . by
RALPH E. ERSKINE

Why should one remark "I like this" and "I don't like that?" There is something within us that governs our likes and dislikes without our being conscious of its operation. If I reach out my hand, it is because I have willed to do so, but if I look at a blank wall and say "I do not like it," there is no act of will involved. Throughout the ages man has felt a liking for a wall space that is divided by horizontal lines better than a blank wall. He likes three divisions better than two, and he likes these divisions to bear a certain relationship to each other in proportion. A person who is offended by a violation of these ancient likes and dislikes and is pleased by the things that conform to them has innate good taste. Good taste can be cultivated by study and observation.

Many of the simple artisans possessed good taste at various periods of the past. The common

McIntyre was the great early American architect. Notice the absence of mantel shelf, and the pine paneling of the entire end of the room, made one hundred and fifty years ago. The small Dutch tiles are typical for the fireplace.





GUEST ROOM IN AN OLD HOUSE IN MARBLEHEAD

Notice the proportions of the windows in relation to the height of ceiling and secretary desk, the deep jams with painted pine paneling and the wide floor boards.

potters of Greece made vases a thousand years ago, and today Hambidge measures their minutest proportions and records them in an abstruse volume named *Dynamic Symmetry* in an effort to discover the ancient formulas of beauty. For this, hard headed business men spend the flower of their thought in study of old Chinese screens, Persian pottery and what not. Charles Lang Freer, that captain of industry who built the first steel car and guided thousands of workers in the building up of one of the great industries of the world, turned his keen brain and passion for exactness to recording and cataloguing examples of these eternal principles of beauty that posterity might have them and reap the benefits.

What is this passion that absorbs men's minds at one time and at another seems so ephemeral? The Victorian gimcracks were atrocious, the houses were gross in proportion, and every principle of line and form had been forgotten in their making. Yet, a generation or two before this was one of the greatest periods of beauty in building

and furniture that the world has known. Today the eternal principles are being observed again. Men are rubbing their eyes. Slender columns that were rotting in decay are straightened. Simple houses that were built as a direct expression of their builders and owners themselves a hundred and fifty years ago are recognized as having more than age. There is something about the slope of the roof, the size of the windows in relation to the wall space that is satisfying beyond anything commercial. Those quaint proportions did not just happen. Sir Christopher Wren, a great soul, a man whose brain could conceive the dome of St. Paul's and the plan of London after the fire, is said to have furnished the details for those village houses that please us so much.

Men and women are like sheep in following styles. When the great ones lost their appreciation of true principles of beauty in dress and architecture in the wave of industrialism that swept over the world after steam power was discovered, then the lesser ones were employed in great under-

takings, and the innate sense of grace in line and form was lost as completely as though it were a light smothered in fog and darkness. And when the great ones searched for a means to show their achievements, they turned to ornaments so chaotic

rhythm and color and form. I will create new standards of conduct and new words of language." Such are the evidences of the modernist in German furniture and interiors, French furniture and color schemes. The modernist poetry, pictures and



This modern hall in the eighteen-foot Danforth house, New York, might easily be taken for the entrance to one of the McIntyre houses of old. A study in interlacing curves. Electus D. Litchfield, architect.

that it is laughable. The whole evolution has to be traversed again. The anarchists and individualists say to themselves: "I am God. My thoughts are sacred. I, myself, will create something that never has been before, and the world will eventually learn that it is beautiful. I am above rules of

sculpture! Now and again, perhaps, they borrow from ancient Egypt the last conventions of a decayed civilization, and we see a gleam of light and say: "There is something in this after all." Neither in nature nor in art, however, are there sudden miracles of creation. The best things of

today, the livable things, are built on foundations and principles of the past. They are developments, not sudden manifestations. Thus the architects of southern California are recreating the Spanish colonial into modern homes of exceeding interest and entrancing beauty. They are not slavishly copying the adobe houses, but they are holding to the principles of line and form that are so appropriate for the climate and giving in them the last word in comfort and mechanical device.

Our country has achieved a new leisure. The railroads have been built. The great steel and concrete structures are an accomplished fact, and our architects have the time to study the eternal principles of beauty of line and form even in these, so that many of them are as noble creations as man has ever done. The same spirit is entering into the business office and the executive rooms of corporations. The mores of industry that

a few years ago demanded solid mahogany desks with brass cups, dusty walls, shirt sleeves and high tension speed are fast giving way to a sane appreciation of the fact that an executive office can be made to show a well rounded man who understands the full meaning of life and the dignity of well chosen things. The subtle influence of paneling that is traditional in design, of furniture that meets the needs of today and yet is constructed with careful regard for details that are related to the fine things of the past, is felt throughout the entire business organization. When these things are done, not in the spirit of display but of respect for thoroughness and appreciation of the cultural side of life, they become active forces for economy of time and effort. Even the office boy feels a little more respect for his employer, and the casual caller is not quite casual or wasteful of another's time because of the surroundings.

It happens that in planning the livable house for today, whether for the city or the country, we

have in our own land a wonderful store of things that are full of inspiration. Just as our forefathers took the ancient principles of law in building our constitution and created a government that is absolutely our own, so they met the conditions of climate and locality with buildings and furniture that were quite distinct from anything in the old

country, yet equally founded on true principles of the past. Mission furniture did not last because it did not touch our affection. It did not reach down into any traditions that we could recognize. Its only value was in strength and economy. Modern methods of merchandizing furniture are destructive of true quality. The salesman knows nothing of correct construction or the fine examples of design. The cheap things are debased approximations of expensive things instead of well made pieces that are simple in form but true to the laws of proportion. The furniture that was made



A modern adaptation in the Danforth house of McIntyre paneling of waxed pine. Electus D. Litchfield, architect.

in Connecticut, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts in the early days is a definite example of a fine creative period. Here are simple things of great dignity that lend themselves to adaptation, not only to the modern home but also particularly to clubs and offices. The latitude in choice of woods is a relief from stereotyped mahogany. The woods used were oak frames and pine tops and panels, or maple frames and butternut, and cherry, beech and walnut. These things were often painted to preserve the wood. Of recent years collectors have scraped off the paint, oiled and waxed the old wood, and the result has been a mellow amber finish that itself has become a new convention in finishing. Once again the fakirs have appeared—new wood is treated to look like refinished old wood. The clever ones take old wood from barns and abandoned houses, and customers pay an added price for an authenticity that they do not obtain. But the wiles of the fakir are insignificant in comparison with the great fact that these choice

old things can be used as documents in designing furniture for the American homes of today. There are now stored in the Essex Institute at Salem, Massachusetts; in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, in private collections such as those of Luke Vincent Lockwood or Miss Frances Morse, in the Andrews collection and in others not even known to the public, things that are really fine. A new wing given to the Metropolitan Museum will be entirely devoted to Americana in furniture and paneling. If manufacturers and artisans will turn to these sources for inspiration in design, they will produce things that are truly appropriate for the choice houses of today, houses that the architects are designing with care for tradition.

In 1740, when a sea captain in Salem wanted to house his family in a way that befitted his success and his treasures, he commanded the services of the best builders and joiners of the town. His home was not so much for show as to be lived in, and there were no fakes either in the paneling or the furniture. Around the walls was a low dado of pine paneling and above this was a scenic paper brought from abroad in tin tubes, so precious was it, and above the paper against the ceiling, a pine cornice. Today the same old scenic papers are available in a gray tone that can be overlazed with sepia so that the design is mellowed and subdued to harmonize with the woodwork. Square Dutch tiles were around the fire opening, not brick nor cold marble. Generally the walls were pure white.

Now for the furniture. What a setting for livable things, for pieces that reach into our affection because of their association with our own land and our tradition! A secretary desk of walnut or mahogany with a collection of lustre or Staffordshire on its shelves, or else our choicest books. The chair was a banister back or fiddle back

with cabriole legs. The fireplace welcomed a comfortable wing chair of ample dimensions and a little butterfly table of curly maple close by for a few books and smoking things and a lamp. To mention all the incidental pieces is impossible; the variety available is too great; but the essential thing is that such a room gives a combination that

is livable. The pieces may be simple or rare treasures fit for a museum, yet they fit into the picture, and the whole spirit of the place is one of welcome and good taste and content.

The first evidences of wealth are in a desire for something grand—a castle with ramparts, stage-set-

ting rooms, foreign furniture, elaboration and carving, Italian priestly robes hung on walls, silk Persian rugs, uncomfortable refectory tables at which to dine, most of which never saw a refectory and were not originated as dining tables! The last evidences of wealth and good breeding are the opposite. Many are the homes from which of late the foreign elaborations have been expelled. The struggle for display is too endless. There is always some one who can go a step farther, ending as in one or two instances in gold plated plumbing when all other resources had been exhausted. But that is a far cry from the aristocracy of good taste. The livable house is within the reach of every one of us because it is a matter of cultivation, of personal observation and common sense, all of which qualities money can not buy.

Many persons able to build choice houses would gladly have them traditional if the suggestion was made with authority; but, lacking this, they fall into line with the regulation, stereotyped thing that is going the rounds at the moment. Compare a typical room illustrated in our magazines as an example of carefully studied decoration with a room done in the spirit of the old mariner's house in Salem.



Many old rooms had scenic paper above a dado of pine on three walls, and only the fireplace side of the room completely paneled.

Modern setting of scenic paper overlazed with sepia and pine stained the color of old meerschbaum.



A Marble That "Swims With Color"



"FLOWER OF THE EARTH"

BY NANNA MATTHEWS BRYANT

THIS composition by Nanna Matthews Bryant brings out perhaps better than any other of her work her faculty for "painting in stone." Although done in the purest of marble, "Flower of the Earth" is nevertheless a work in color. In an interview printed in the January, 1923, number of this magazine, the sculptor said: "An artist can model in color on the stone if he treats the stone exactly as he does his canvas. If he will keep color in mind, his composition will swim with color." And it can truly be said of the work here pictured that, in addition to its beauty of modeling, it "swims with color."

DRAWINGS *by the* Old MASTERS

FROM the prison in Holland where his zeal in the service of Louis XIV had caused him to be thrown, Roger de Piles, painter, art critic and diplomat, wrote in his *Abrege de la Vie des Peintres* the following opinion:

"Although knowledge about drawings may not be so prized or so extensive as that about pictures, it is still delicate and stimulating because the greater number of drawings gives more opportunity to those who love them to exercise their criticism and because the work in a drawing is all from the spirit. Yet there are few *connaisseurs* in drawings. *Semi-connaisseurs* have no leaning toward this form because, not entering sufficiently into the spirit of the drawings, they can not enjoy all the pleasure that they provide. There is something which is the salt of drawings and without which little or nothing can be made of them, and I can not express it better than by the word 'character.' This character, then, consists in the way in which the painter thinks. It is the stamp distinguishing him from others and impressing a strong mark from his mind on his pictures."

If the style were not typically that of the Seventeenth Century, one might think that these lines had just been written, for today, as in the time of Roger de Piles, those whom he called *semi-connaisseurs* are in the majority, while the number of real *connaisseurs* is small. Most good galleries contain, besides paintings, furniture and *objets d'art*, drawings by old masters, but only as accessories. The famous Dutuit collection, which has two or three dozen drawings from Rembrandt to

The Jean Masson collection, gathered from finest examples, by draughtsmen of the Old World . . . by
H. S. GIOLKOWSKI

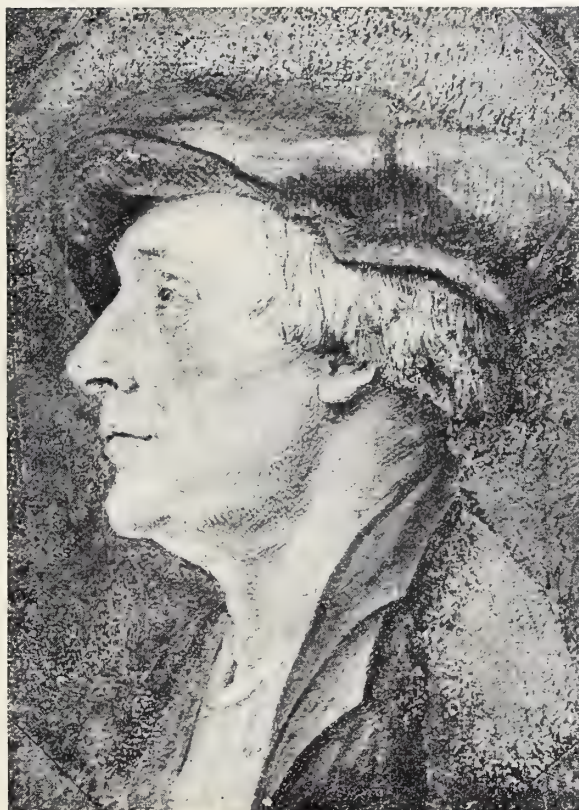
Watteau, furnishes an example of the typical place reserved for drawings. The collector possessing a cabinet of drawings is seldom met today. The reason may be that the assembling of old drawings demands much more taste and discernment, more research and time than the collecting of paintings, for numerous are the snares and disappointments awaiting the novice. Indeed, one can not collect old drawings without being a real

connaisseur, while an amateur may easily assemble a reputable gallery of pictures if he has a little taste, much money and some advice. The big collections of drawings have become extremely rare. The larger part of Bonnat's great assemblage is about to enrich the museum of Bayonne, his native town, and I see only two others that can rival it: those of Walter Gay and Jean Masson in France.

Research work having taken me to M. Masson's door, I asked him to let me see his collection. He acquiesced readily, but said, "I doubt that you will have the patience to see the whole of it, for all my draw-

ings are in portfolios, and as there are more than six thousand of them, it will take some time." He explained that it was his absolute rule not to frame drawings because of the injurious effect of light on them. His collection is now in Paris, he having taken it there from Amiens in March, 1918, when that town was under German fire and deserted by all its inhabitants.

"Why did I collect drawings in preference to paintings?" M. Masson repeated in reply to a question from me. "First, because I always had a taste for drawings, and, second, because, when I



"HEAD OF A MAN"
German School

BY HANS HOLBEIN
Photo by Lemare



In the Masson Collection

“DEATH OF THE VIRGIN MARY”

by Martin Schongauer



"THE VIRGIN MARY, CHILD JESUS AND ST. JOHN"

by Raphael Sanzio

In the Masson Collection

“THE
FORTUNE TELLER”
by
Il Primiticcio



In the Masson Collection



"LA SIESTE"

Masson Collection

BY FRAGONARD

Photo Lemare

began to make my collection forty years ago, pictures were beyond my means, while one then could find good drawings at small prices—a condition which does not now exist. I have sought to form what has been called 'a cabinet of drawings'; as complete a collection as possible of documents illustrating the history of drawing in Europe from the Middle Ages to the end of the Eighteenth Century. This has been my purpose much more than to assemble the work of the masters and celebrated signatures."

This, too, was the method of other great collectors, such as



Portalis, Goncourt, Destailleur and Beurdeley, whose traditions M. Masson has followed. This spirit has become rare, and to-day it is difficult to find a collection formed purely for love of the work and for study and free from vanity and, above all, from the blemish of mental reservations as to the possibilities of speculation in value.

The size of M. Masson's collection makes it impossible here to set down even the names of all the artists whose signatures appear in it. All that can be done is to

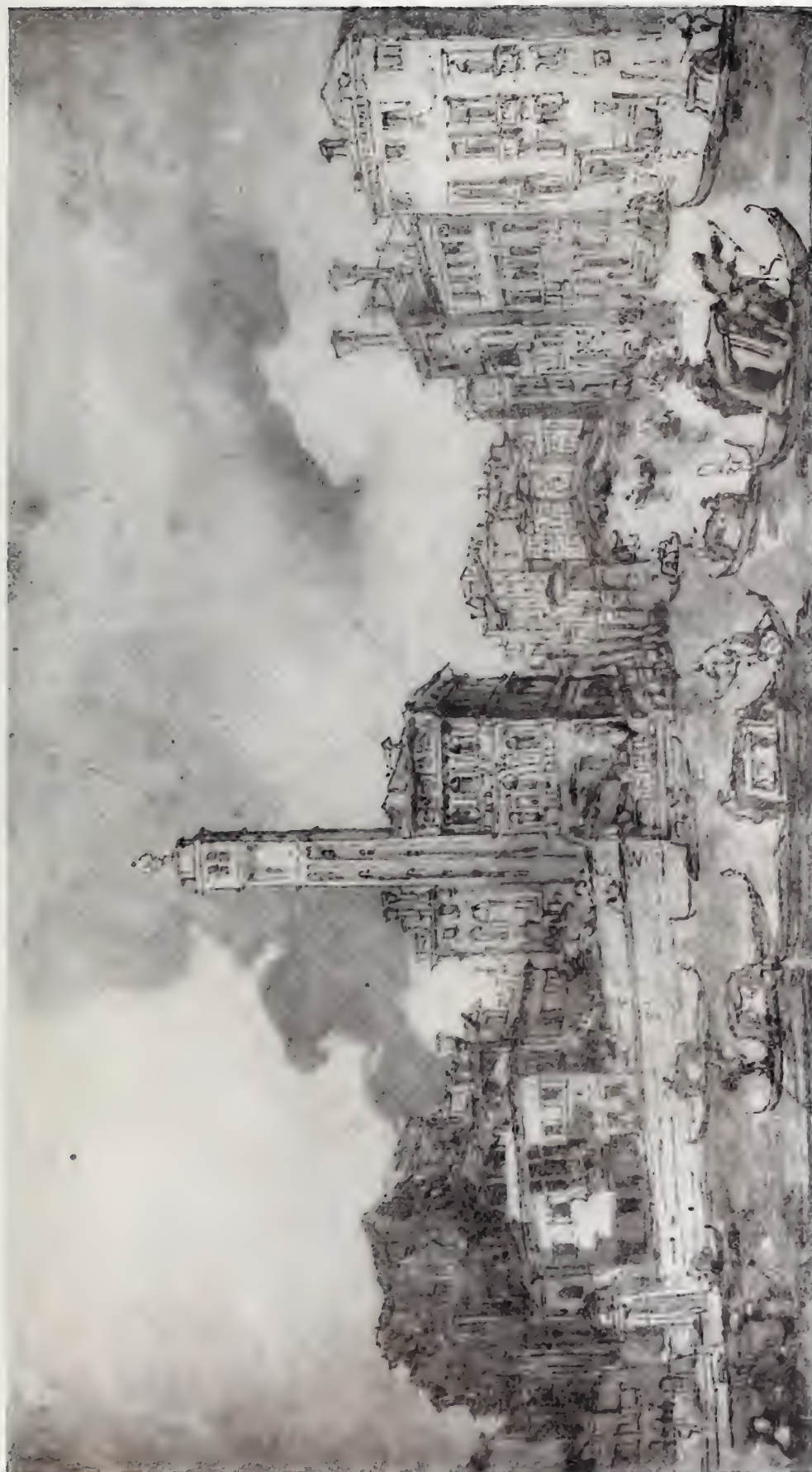
DRAWING BY GABRIEL
DE SAINT AUBIN

In the Masson Collection
Photo Lemare

"THE DRINKERS"
by
Isaac van Ostade



In the Masson Collection



"THE GRAND CANAL"

by
Francesco Guardi

In the Masson Collection



PENCIL DRAWING

In the Masson Collection

BY BOUCHER

Photo Lemare

indicate its general character. The oldest example is a Byzantine drawing of the Ninth Century representing a religious subject and contemporaneous with Charlemagne. From that time until the Renaissance, pictorial art persisted in the form of illuminations, and of these M. Masson has a representative collection. Coming, then, to the period of the re-blossoming of art in Italy, we find a marvelous drawing by Benozzo Gozzoli reviving the mystery and the spirituality of the primitives. Representing an angel, it is done with brush on a rose background with a kind of gouache glazing on a foundation of gold. A drawing by Ghirlandajo, another Florentine of the Fifteenth Century, is a worthy pendant. A fine head of a woman is unsigned, but M. Masson and other *connaisseurs* unhesitatingly attribute it to Leonardo. These anonymous drawings form a significant part of so large a collection

"BEHEADING OF JOHN"
BY GENNIN GOSSART



In the Masson Collection
Photo Lemare

and an interesting part, for, as M. Masson remarked, it always is necessary to mistrust a signature. The real signature, he maintains, is the hand in the drawing. It frequently happens that some credulous collector, in quite good faith, inscribes a name on the back or even on the face of a drawing, and such cases are entirely different from those of forgery. There is an admirable pen and ink sketch of the Virgin, the Child and Saint John by Raffaello which seems to have been a study for "The Virgin in the Meadow" in the Museum in Vienna. There also are Tiepolos, especially a "Saint John the Baptist Preaching"; Luinis, Cellinis, Primaticcios, Campagnolas, Carraccis, Canalettos, Guardis, Correggios and many more.

France was ready to receive the art of her southern neighbor, and under the influence of Italian artists of the Renaissance who were attracted to the court of the last Valois the school of Fontainebleau came into being with Jean Cousin at its head. Then there arose the school of Clouet with a national spirit inspiring anonymous artists whose portraiture never has been excelled.

Representing the Eighteenth Century are Chardin, Boucher, Fragonard, Van Loo, Hubert-Robert, Gabriel de Saint Aubin, Trinquesse, Santerre, Tanche, Gravelot, Taravel, Jean Francois Dunant, Freudeberg, whose gouaches now rival the drawings of Rembrandt in price; Francois Vincent, drawing master to Louis XVI, and the unfortunate Duché de Vancy, whose hopeless love for Marie Antoinette drove him to his death.

German art is represented by Dürer, Schongauer, Aldgraver, Altdorfer, Hans Baldung, Hans von Kulmbach, Lancelot, Blondel, Hans Schaufelin, Holbein and others; the Flemish school, by Van der Meer of Ghent, Mander, Gossart, the Brueghels, Hans Bol, Teniers, Snyders, Rubens, Jordaens, Van Dyck, Garamyn of Bruges; the Dutch school by Jerome Bosch, Coynxloo, Blomaert, Jan van Huysum, Buysteweg, Philip de Conynk and a score of others.



"LA PERI"

BY MALVINA HOFFMAN

LA PERI

by GERTRUDE NASON GARVER

Ah, Little Flower I have so bent,
Too young, too sweet,
Too breathless dear for pain,
Yet—thou art lost,
Forever lost, with me.
There is no penance
That will place again
Secure within an altar vase
The lily crushed beneath thy feet!
There are no prayers
To make our lips forget their kiss;

No heaven for us
Beyond the one we find together,
For God has closed His gates
Against our happiness.
A love too great for earth,
Too earthly for a heaven
Has lost us here.
Ah, Little Flower,
Forgive, and drink with me
The wine of pity
For our perishing!

OLD-TIME SHOE SCRAPER

DICTIONARIES define "shoe scraper" as a small piece of iron placed at or near the door of a house, on which to scrape the dirt from the soles of the shoes, and the Century Dictionary makes the following quotations: "Advice to servants (footman), Swift (1667-1745): 'Never clean your shoes on the scraper, but in the entry, or at the foot of the stairs;—the scraper will last longer,'" and "W. Melville ('White Rose,' I xix). 'Bad,' echoed Mrs. Briggs. 'It's death's door as you've been nigh, my dear, to the very scraper.'"

This lowly scraper was only one of a host of articles made by the local blacksmith who, a hundred years ago and earlier, was generally a highly skilled craftsman capable of designing as well as making beautiful wrought-iron gates, fences, balustrades and household implements and furnishings, the quality of design of which made them veritable works of art. The names of these men are practically unknown; they were simply the village smiths, men of a trade who worked at it for a living with eye and hand.

Peter Kalm, naturalist, in his account of his visit to England on his way to America in 1748, wrote of customs there:

"Clean floors, etc. —English women generally have the character of keeping floors, steps and such things very clean. They are not particularly

Designed in Colonial days to save housewives work, they now are valued for craftsmanship . . . by
EDWARD B. ALLEN

pleased if anyone comes in with dirty shoes, and soils their clean floors, but he ought first to rub his shoes and feet very clean, if he would be at peace with them in other things. Hence it is

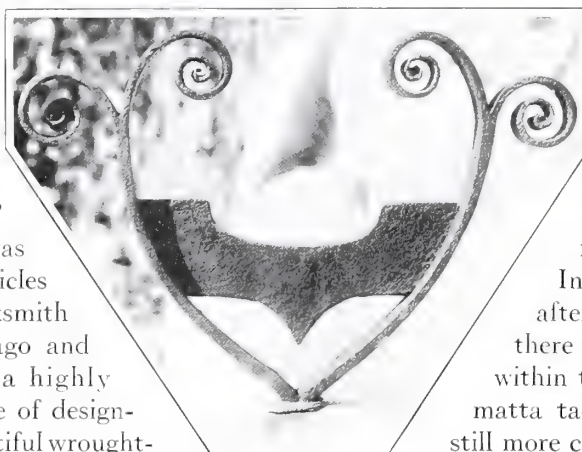
that outside every door there stands a fixed form, on which the men scrape the mould and other dirt off their shoes before they step in. The women leave in the passage their pattens, that is, a kind

of wooden shoes which stand on a high iron ring. Into these wooden shoes they thrust their ordinary leather, or stuff, shoes (when they go out), and so go by that means quite free from all dirt into the rooms.

In the hall or passage, and afterwards at every door, though there were ever so many, one within the other, there lies a mat, matta tacke, or something else, to still more carefully rub the soil off the shoes, so that it is never, in short, sufficiently rubbed off."

Gertrude Jekyl, in *Old West Surrey*, says: "Many of the older cottages have a rough paving of Bargate slabs or a pitching of the loyal black ironstones, from the gate to the cottage door, or of both kinds mixed, with often a

few paving bricks. It not only looks well and is durable, but as the man comes in from his work he stamps his feet as he passes over the stones, and shakes off most of the loose, sandy earth that clings to his boots. In this country of light-soil lands, one does not see the handsome



SHOE SCRAPER FROM THE WISTER HOUSE, VERNON PARK, PENNSYLVANIA



TWO GRIFFINS BACK TO BACK FORM THIS UNUSUAL AND STRIKING SHOE SCRAPER

FROM THE VAN WYCK HOUSE, IN GERMANTOWN, PENNSYLVANIA

wrought iron door-scrapers so frequent in the clay of the Weald."

These excerpts clearly give us the origin of our Colonial door scrapers, and the inherited desire for clean floors was carried so far in some villages in New England a generation ago that the husband, as is the custom of the Japanese, was compelled to take off his boots before entering the house, donning slippers in place of them to keep out the dirt of road and field.

Specimens of these old scrapers may yet been seen at the entrances of houses on Beacon Hill, Boston, dating from about 1810. On Chestnut Street is one having the figure of a cat walking with its head erect, its long tail curving upward like a scroll, the whole cut from a piece of sheet-iron. Pussy's back is the scraper. Others are merely strips of metal about six inches long and two inches wide which project from the wall of the house near the door or are fastened between balusters of the railing of a porch. Some resemble wide, shallow shields and are made fast to a lower step. Many have spiral supports, and scarcely any two are exactly alike. At No. 54 Beacon Street, Boston, is a scraper which has two square upright bars with pear-shaped finials, between which is a thin blade or cross-bar having on its under edge two semi-circular curves which join at the centre to form a long, pointed figure terminating in a trefoil. The whole is strengthened by two brackets which are



WROUGHT-IRON SHOE SCRAPER FROM BALTIMORE

twisted into large spirals at the top, one to each post. The four feet of the scraper are fastened firmly into a stone step.

At No. 316 Courtland street, Baltimore, is a scraper that is little more than a plain blade fastened to a step by a projecting bar on its under side. Its decorative feature consists of the extension of the blade into a narrow bar at each end, the two curving upward and outward with a circular twist at the pointed end and serving the purpose of guards to keep the shoe on the blade.

One of the most elaborate scrapers extant is at the old Shippen mansion, No. 1109 Walnut street, Philadelphia. At the base is a thin, wide cross-bar arched on its under side. This is attached to two uprights which curve outward to end in rosettes from which depend spiral figures. Above the rosettes rise slender, double bars which form a pointed



DECORATIVE SHOE SCRAPER FROM PHILADELPHIA



WROUGHT-IRON SHOE SCRAPER FROM PHILADELPHIA

pediment with the ends elongated into spirals, while the ends of the under bar curve downward and twist in a similar manner to meet the supports below. Another elaborate scraper is on South Third street, Philadelphia. The cross-bar, its

West Walnut lane, stands the Van Wyck house, built in 1690. This has a scraper of an entirely different design. It is a striking combination of two winged griffins standing back to back in a shallow basin. The wings join at the tips to

upper edge cut with a shallow curve and its lower with a double scollop, is fastened to the ends of a slender bar bent like an inverted, elongated horseshoe having two scrolls at the top, the one on the under side curving downward and the smaller one above partly enclosing an urn. A very different one, low, wide, and devoid of all scroll ornament, makes a pleasing appearance with curved outlines. The whole resembles a double-headed hammer cast in one solid piece. At No. 239 Pine street, Philadelphia, is a scraper of still different design. This consists of a narrow, curved cross-bar supported by flat iron uprights which at their upper ends are twisted into double spirals for ornamentation. The lower ends of the supports are fastened into a stone step. In the aristocratic Germantown section of the same city, at Germantown avenue and

support the cross-bar. Beneath them two curved bars, one from each side, unite to support an oval ornament. The heads have pointed ears and bulging eyes and large mouths. Near the base of each figure the skin, or outer covering, of the curving, tube-like body opens and bends outward like a lotus, from which issues the lower section which terminates in a broad, flat foot like that of an elephant. It is perhaps not intentional, but the markings of the wings remind the spectator of the Stars and Stripes.

A SIMPLY DESIGNED SHOE SCRAPER FROM PHILADELPHIA



The effect is that of Chinese figures of artistic hideousness. For sheer airy grace and beauty of line, none surpasses the scraper at the Wister house, Vernon Park, Germantown. The slender bars form a heart, the point of which fastens it to a stone block close by the steps. The upper end of each bar is split into two spirals resembling the tendrils of a grapevine. The cross-bar is cut deeply on the upper edge, and the lower line curves downward to a sharp point at the center, the bar being just wide enough to give strength and balance. The beauty of the whole is enhanced by the contrast between the dark blade and spirals and the white steps which form its background.

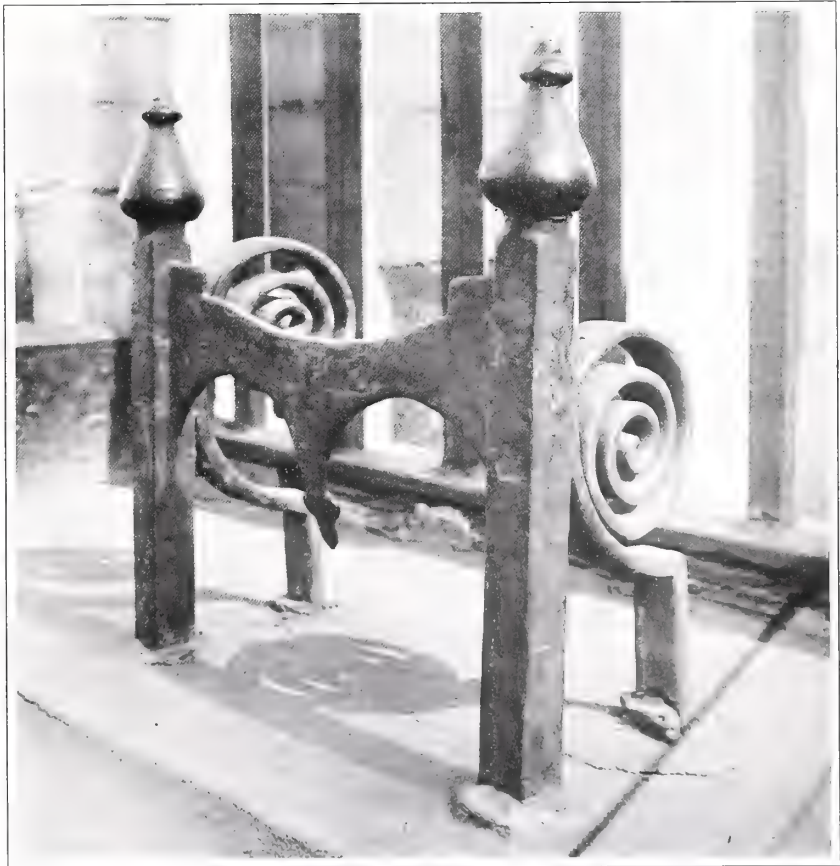
These little objects of wrought or cast iron breathe the spirit of an age when common things were made ornamental as well as useful. The workman was proud of his craft and the product of his hands and sought to do his work well, if not to accumulate riches. Although he studied in no school of art and employed no designers, his work stands unrivaled to-day. His was the satisfaction of creation. That is why the commonplace articles of yesterday are the highly prized objects of to-day.

Henry C. Mercer, of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, says that during the Colonial period wrought-iron foot scrapers, 'more or less artistically made, were reasonably common at the better class of city houses and in the country at mansions and a few houses of the wealthier farmers but rare at the ordinary farm houses. After the Revolution they became more and more common in the country but lost nothing in ornateness down to about the year 1840.

SHOE SCRAPER FROM AN
OLD HOUSE IN BOSTON



SHOE SCRAPER
FROM SHIPPEN
MANSION,
PHILADELPHIA





"MARCHING TO THE TOWN OF MARZO"

BY RAFAELIO GUNTIA

ART FROM THE ARGENTINE

ON entering the Museo Nacional de Bellas Artes of Buenos Aires, one is greeted by the large sculptural group "The Song of Labor," which instantly suggests the question: Is there a distinctive Argentine art?

The work of the local artists was selected by the genial sculptor, Juan Carlos Oliva Navarro. The dominating note and prevailing color would have told their own story quickly to the inquiring spectator had not the canvases been so modestly placed in the side galleries. One is delighted with the strength and character of the painting "Buenos Aires" by Alberto Rossi and the technique and the use of pure color in "El riachuelo" by Pio Collivadina, which is

Work of native painters and sculptors shown in national museum in Buenos Aires, typical of country . . . by
MARY Q. BURNET

a splendid suggestion of the charm of the great waterfront of the city. "El embujador" by Cesareo C. de Guiros and "La comida de las cerdos" by Fernando Fader express a phase of Argentine rural life. Eduardo Sivori paints his "Auto retrato" in his own distinctive style. In "La galera" by Carlos de la Torre, the broad expanse of fertile land, the gray haze of the distant horizon over-hung by the blue dome and drifting

clouds of the sub-tropical skies well express the vastness of the Argentine plains. "La cancion del fogo" by Carlos P. Rifa-monte gives us the storied Ombü tree, the gauchos and their horses and colorful trappings. The gaucho still wears the picturesque poncho. In nar-

"LA GALERA"

BY CARLOS DE LA TORRE



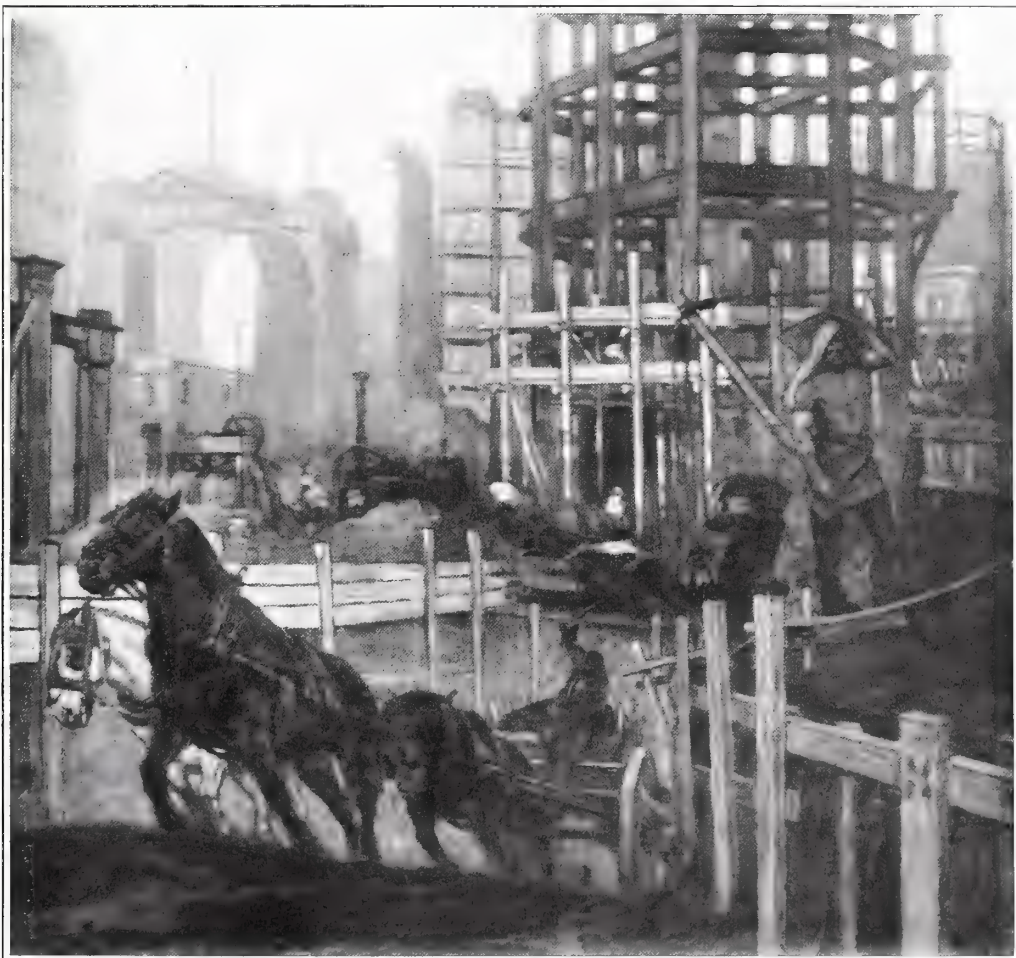


"LA CANCION DEL FOGO"

BY CARLOS P. RIFAMONTE

"BUENOS AIRES"

BY ALBERTO ROSSI



rative song, to the gentle thrumming of the guitar, he sings the events of the day or the week. If the story is an unusual one, it is repeated again and again under various Ombü trees over the Argentine plains until it becomes folk-lore. The poncho is the product of a native art not unnoticed in the local shops. It is a shawl or blanket, woven from the wool of the llama by the women of the Andes mountains. It can be procured in varying degrees of fineness, from that resembling heavy pongee silk to that of coarse wool blankets. The coloring ranges from a delicate shade of antique ivory to a dull brown. The llama is herded on the mountain slopes by women, who pluck the wool in small bunches, deftly roll it into a thread between finger and thumb and wind this on a distaff, ready for weaving by the older women. The looms are rude frames which lean against the hut or a perpendicular rock of the mountain side.

There seems to be no native modern pottery. All the decorative tile used in the Argentine is imported from Spain. In connection with the art of the country two things are obvious: the need of sculpture and monuments in the broad plazas and numerous



"EL EMBUJADOR"

BY CESAREO C. DE GUIROS

"FEEDING THE PIGS"

BY FERNANDO FADER



parks, and a permanent means of expressing native customs and traditions. The first century at Argentina closed in 1910 with the capital, Buenos Aires, an established and magnificent metropolis. To celebrate the event, the Plaza de Mayo was constructed, many streets were broadened and the park system was extended. Splendid monuments and other sculptures were given by the leading nations of the world, thus meeting the first need and setting up a standard which the local sculptors have maintained.

"EL RIACHUELO"

BY PIO COLLIVADINO





MISSION OF SAN JUAN CAPISTRANO, CALIFORNIA

by

Pieter van Veen

When Elizabeth, Queen of the Belgians, visited the United States, among the many things that interested her were the old Spanish missions in California. While in California she commissioned Pieter van Veen, a Belgian artist living in America, whose work she greatly admired, to paint a picture of the mission of San Juan Capistrano. Van Veen's canvas, reproduced here, was held on its way to Belgium just long enough for International Studio to make plates

Reproduced by courtesy of Elizabeth, Queen of the Belgians

RENAISSANCE of the SAMPLER

THE SAMPLER is having a revival of popularity.

In its rejuvenation it is not like the old examples, dull in color and lugubrious in sentiment, but of a gladness which links it with the spirit of modern interior decoration in both scheme and motive. I know of no quainter charm than that which is characteristic of this type of needlework, the origin of which lies in the distant past, as witness the facts that Chaucer wrote "en sampler" as synonymous with "pattern" and the English poet Skelton in 1498 remarked that "ladies are making samplers." Elizabeth of York indulged in the cultural pastime in 1502, as did most of her ladies-in-waiting, and she carefully recorded the expenditure of eight pence for "an ell of cloth to be utilized for the composing of a sampler." In the Elizabethan and Jacobean periods, threads of gold and silver were intertwined with silk and crewel in sampler stitches for embroidering shirts, and similar elaboration adorned the brocades with the gold bullion and pearls that the gentlefolk fancied. Such works, reflecting the artistic progress of the centuries, have come down to us, and fortunate are those who can boast possession of even one specimen from those days.

Many of the old samplers in this country recall the days of the "dame schools," about 1800 or a little later, when many a gentlewoman of limited means eked out her livelihood by keeping a school in an upper room

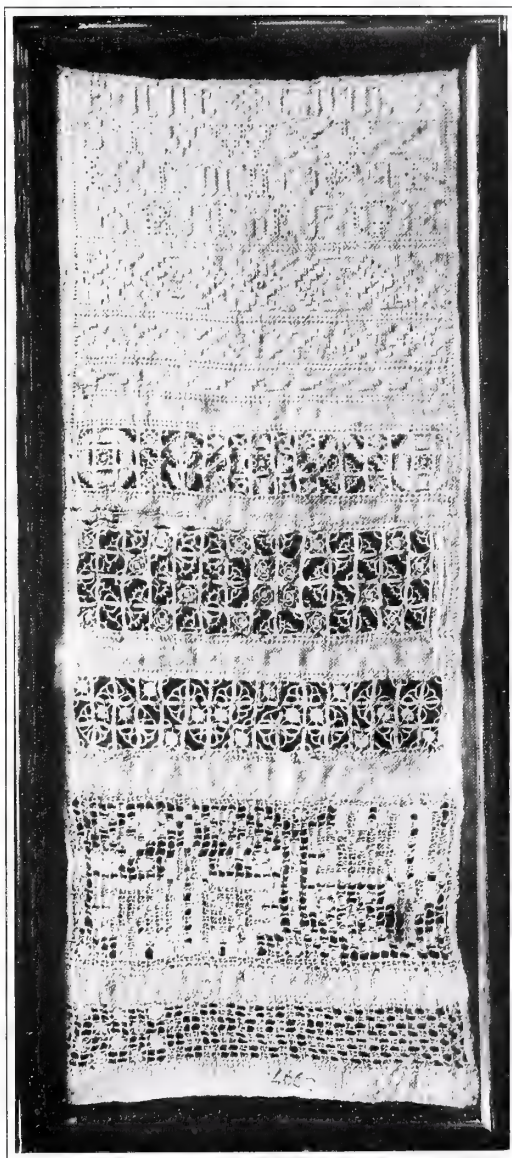
Modern feminine fingers are reviving this quaint pastime of the damsels of Colonial days . . . by

Mary Harrod Northend

tended. Almost pathetically she reviewed the tiresome task of making a sampler, seated on a hard bench, head bowed and shoulders aching, her tiny fingers shedding tears of blood from the constant pricking of the needle as she conscientiously copied not only alphabet and numerals but also

the difficult designs to which, upon completion, she affixed her name, age, and place of residence. As I ponder over the crude needlework of that distant day, compassion surges over me, especially when I come upon the sampler worked by Patty Polk, who, with patience exhausted by the seemingly endless task, added in defiant text beneath the completed stint, "Patty Polk did this and she hated every stitch she put into it. She loves to read much more," or when I view the work of Mary Leavitt, of Salem, Massachusetts, who so far departed from the straight and narrow path that she illustrated her own idea of a finish to the irksome sampler by devising a hill covered with vivid green grass and overshadowed by a mighty tree in the shade of which Ashur and Elisha, in knee breeches and long tailed coats, joyously skipped to the music of their pipes.

One unfamiliar with the difficulties of the early sampler makers is appalled at the paucity



SAMPLER, IN THE ESSEX INSTITUTE, SALEM, MASSACHUSETTS, MADE BEFORE 1628 BY ANNE GOWER, FIRST WIFE OF GOVERNOR ENDECOTT



ONE OF THE EARLY SALEM SAMPLERS WROUGHT BY MARGARET SHANAHAN IN A "DAME SCHOOL"

of subjects for their work in the early periods of our country's settlement. Patterns were unknown, and the needleworkers, forced to rely on nature and imagination for ideas, stitched pictorial effects that often were inharmonious and even ludicrous. Almost we can vision the maternal ancestor, as twilight fell, gathering her little flock around the cavernous fireplace to evolve samplers on hand-made linen, using home-dyed crewel and silk to create patterns marked with the austerity of the period. Two of these early samplers stand out conspicuously. One, the very first made in America but of English origin, was worked by Anne Gower, first wife of that John Endecott, governor of Massachusetts, who, with the

den of Eden while the wily serpent, wound around the trunk of a tree, tempts them to eat of the forbidden apple. Underneath is this effusion:



A SPLENDID EXAMPLE OF THE EARLY EMBROIDERED SAMPLER, WROUGHT BY LUCY H. GOULD, NOW OWNED BY DWIGHT PROUTY

courage of his convictions, cut the red cross from the hated British flag. This sampler contains drawn stitch, filet and flat white stitch, such as was worked on damask. The second sampler, likewise of English origin, is the work of Loara Standish, daughter of that gallant soldier of Pilgrim days, Myles Standish. It shows blues and browns, and the religious tendency of the period is revealed in the primly worked verse:

*Lord, guide my heart that I may do
Thy will
And fill my heart with such convenient
skill
As will conduce to Virtue void of
shame
And I will give the Glory to Thy
name.*

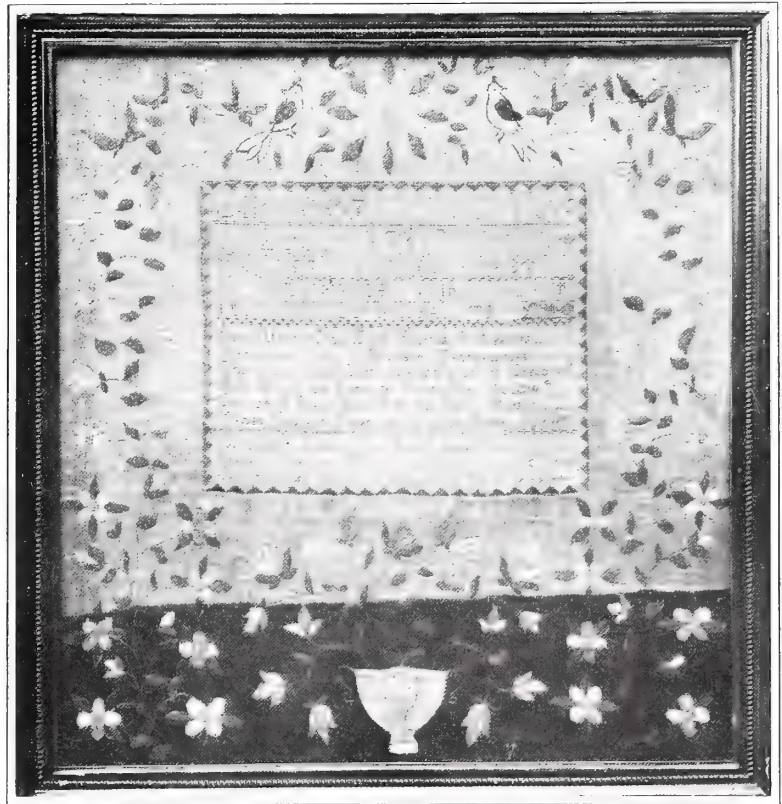
Lord de Tabley's "sad sewers made bad samplers" rings true in our ears as we come now and again upon such an atrocity as Adam and Eve in Quaker costume wandering in the Gar-

*Teach me to live that I may
dread
The grave as little as my
bed.
Teach me to die so that I
may
Triumphantly rise at the
last day.*

As one roams through the maze of samplers, often worked with gorgeous, unrealistic flowers in red, blue and green, he comes upon some with inscriptions of the day when Puritanism was supreme which are blood curdling in their intensity. Others show the Ten Commandments on tiny tombstones, intended to represent the tablets of the Mosaic Law. I have seen a few that

contain both poor and good features, such as huge sheep disporting themselves in a vivid green pasture and watched by an admirably designed shepherdess in a Dolly Varden gown. Fortunately not all are grotesque—some are rarely beautiful. In this list is "Shepherdess of the Alps," in charming color tones, the work of Ann Susan Hancock, of the family of John Hancock, who married Dorothy Quincy after a stormy wooing in Revolutionary times. Another done on white satin shows a bunch of flowers true to nature in form and coloring, its beauty enhanced by a black glass framing. Originally this was a fire screen, but today, simply framed, it hangs on a wall.

In Colonial times, samplers generally were made by girls of from six to sixteen years, although there are many fine examples worked by women of sixty. Their content commonly combined the alphabet, numerals, a verse or pictorial effect, the name, age and place of residence of the worker. So many and intricate were the stitches that it is little wonder that the small needle-woman often became confused. "Raised worke," "new worke," "tent worke," "laid worke" and "tapestry stitch" were all used, as well as the cross stitch, which has survived and is commonly used on the samplers of today. The first samplers were worked on homespun linen, bleached or unbleached. This varied in texture, some of it being so coarse that it was almost impossible to make the stitches lie smoothly. The crewel and silks colored with home-made dyes were not always true to nature and often were dazzling, but fortunately time has



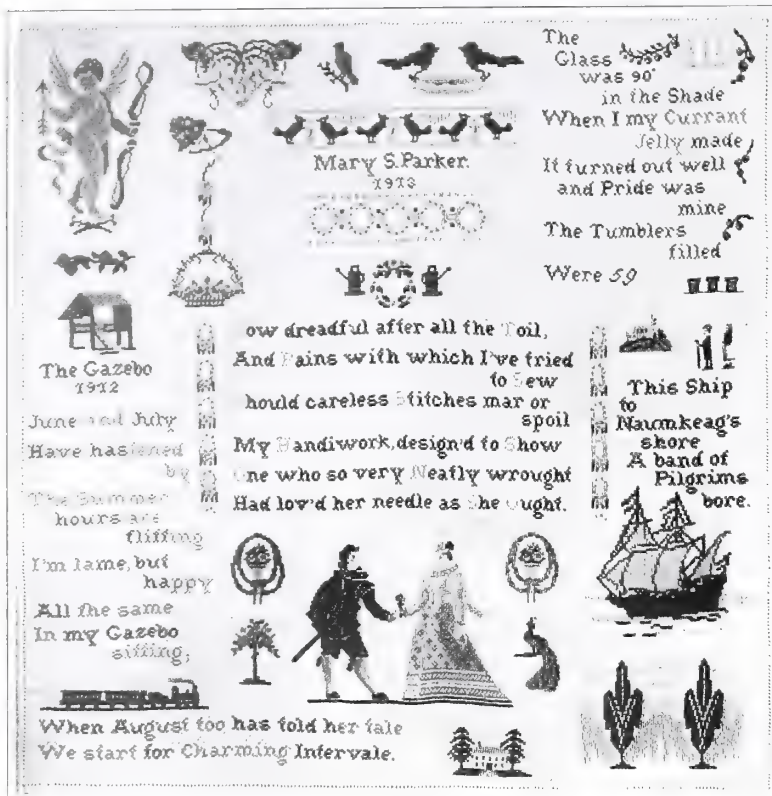
SAMPLER WROUGHT BY ELIZABETH BRIGGS IN 1806

has tempered the brilliancy of those that remain until today they are really lovely. As the years passed, a fine linen, known as pillow-case material, was spun for samplers, and this enabled the workers to produce much better results. Toward the end of the Eighteenth Century, bolting cloth, also

known as tammy-cloth, quite transparent and used for the bolting of flour, had a vogue among sampler makers, and tiffany, a fine gauze, was used for small, delicately wrought pieces. The stitchery of this period was almost invariably done with silk, although on some of the coarser work untwisted crewel was used. Early in the Nineteenth Century coarsely woven linen canvas was restored to favor, and crewel displaced to some extent the soft toned silks. Then came cotton



"THE SHEPHERDESS OF THE ALPS"
WROUGHT BY ANNE SUSAN HANCOCK



SAMPLER WROUGHT BY MARY SALTONSTALL PARKER IN 1913

canvas and Berlin wool, and gradually the sampler deteriorated and lay dormant, to be revived in our own day. Today, "Indian head" is considered by experts to be the most suitable weave, bringing out the carefully blended colors, and instead of the silk and crewel of old days, we are turning to mercerized cotton for the stitches.

There is something distinctive about the new samplers, perhaps the artful combination of the old and the new. Some of the most effective work has been done in Salem by a descendant of Colonial dames. Familiar with the history of New England, she has combined old-fashioned subjects with modern-day tendencies. She leads us into a gazebo fashioned of soft yellow and brown, with red, yellow and green deftly intertwined in the awning; she presents a Colonial dame gowned in rustling silk and accepting a red rose from her cavalier; she invites us to journey to Intervale, New Hampshire, on a summer's day in a train worked

in yellows and browns; she sets forth, among realistic roses, birds and flowers, her success in making currant jelly, stitching this quatrain:

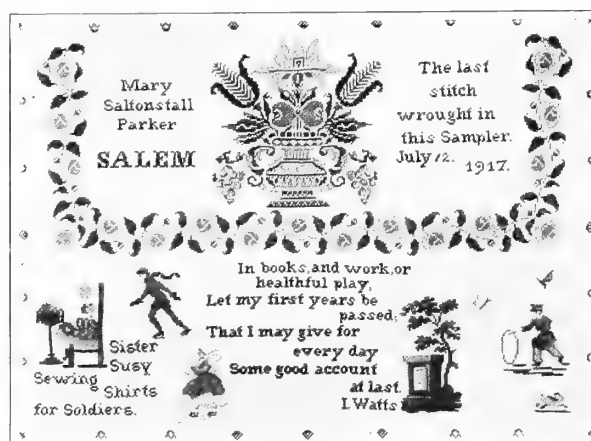
*The glass was ninety in the shade
When I my currant jelly made.
It turned out well and pride was mine.
The tumblers filled were fifty-nine.*

This artist of the needle is Mary Saltonstall Parker. Two of her other samplers, one of which is pictured with this article, were worked at the time of the war and the mottoes on them bear witness to the fact as, for example, "Sister Susy Sewing Shirts for Soldiers," explanatory of the activities of a busy little girl seated in a straight-back chair. The other production is known as the "peace sampler," much of the inspiration for it having been found in phases of the armistice.

Above Sister Susy is a great garland of pink and yellow roses. In the sampler mentioning the culinary operations with the currants, the colors are pink, blue, red, green, yellow, brown and black. The design is worked on "Indian head" with mercerized cotton. All of Mrs. Parker's samplers are original since she supplies her own motifs and works them out according to her own judgment. She has preserved in them the charming naïvety of spirit of the needlework of her ancestors but has developed a technique that is superior to that of most of the pieces of the generations long gone. Like the early workers, too, she has made in her samplers references to or records of

contemporary events or incidents which doubtless will be interesting to future students of domestic art.

Thus the old and the new combine to produce samplers permeated with a beauty like the fragrance of old lavender, flaunting the shadowy charm of yesterday's quaintness and the colorful glory of today's designs.



SAMPLER WROUGHT BY MARY SALTONSTALL PARKER IN 1917

PAINTER of the ADIRONDAGKS

IN these days when the world of art is suffering a martyrdom to theory, when painters march in groups under banners emblazoned with strange heraldic symbols, it is a little disconcerting to find an artist like Archibald Browne who does not fit conveniently into any group classification. He has gone all his life serenely his own way—a beautiful, flower-strewn way—and is completely without group consciousness. It is difficult to appraise an artist so unlabeled, so philosophically detached from the polemics of contemporary disputings; to give him due rank and place in his own day and generation, or to indicate his precise historical gradation.

It is simplicity itself to state Browne's aesthetic creed. He accepts the dictum that a landscape is a state of the soul and that there are as many legitimate viewpoints as beholders. He does not permit objects to tyrannize over him. He is neither a desperate realist trying to squeeze the essential reality out of the phenomenal aspect of things, nor a mystic contemptuous of the concrete fact, engrossed only in an inner ecstasy. He follows a happy *via media*. His art is a gracious compromise dictated to him by his own temperament and personality. With him, the physical eye and the imaginative eye are in perfect focus, and his landscapes give the strongest impression of naturalness and emotional truthfulness. There is no strain about his pictures, no contortion. One is perfectly willing to accept his artistic word of honor that the scene is as he has pictured it, all except critics who expect artists to depict landscapes only as they, the critics, imagine or, for that matter, know them to exist. These will not be altogether pleased with Browne. He paints a

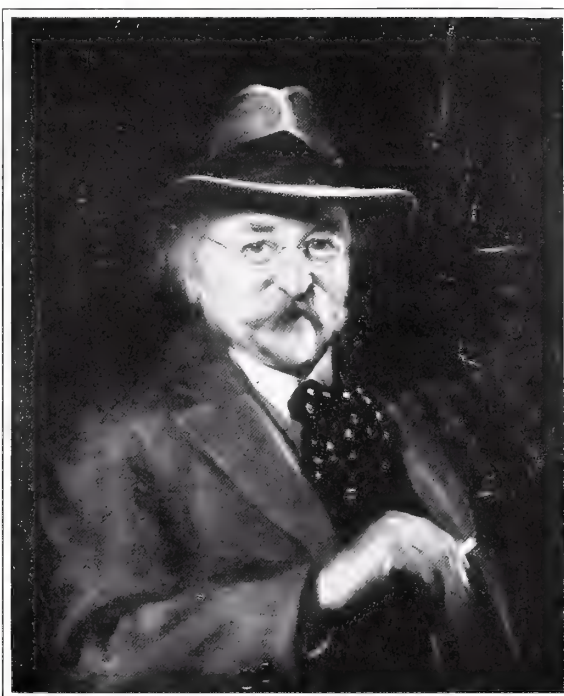
Unlabeled as to school or cult, Archibald Browne portrays mountain scenery in an individual manner · by

R. G. READE

scene as he sees and feels it, not as he might imagine you would see or feel it. He is quite polite about it, but he adheres to his own point of view none the less firmly for all his courtesy.

This essentially subjective method might, in rash hands, be productive of nothing but lunacy and license, but Browne does not abuse his artistic freedom. He is no seeker after bizarre effects, after mental grotesques. His soul state has nothing to do with psychoanalysis. He sees nature beautifully, in the plain, ordinary sense of the word, as

normal persons understand it and as artists of all ages have understood it. His beauty is the age-old beauty of the earth, the beauty of the setting sun, of the rising moon, of rustling trees reflected in quiet water—the beauty of solitude, of desolation, of tranquility, the beauties that are moods and facets of the heart of man. That is to say, he paints poetically. But there are manners of poetry. There is Conrad Aiken and there are Edgar Lee Masters and Carl Sandburg. One would rather say that Browne paints in the manner



PORTRAIT OF ARCHIBALD BROWNE

BY WAYMAN ADAMS

of Aiken, like an echo of distant music, with a keen delight in tenebrous moods and the murmur of occult voices—in wavering moonlight rather than with the sun's stark realism. It is probably not without significance that the moon has played an important part in Browne's compositions. His moon symbolism is no doubt due to the latent melancholy and reverie of his Celtic ancestry. The pure and ultra sun-impressionists who gloried in fierce sunshine were French and Italians—not Slavs or Celts, but Latins.

There are painters, Americans as well as Europeans, who identify themselves with certain geographical districts. Browne is one of these. The



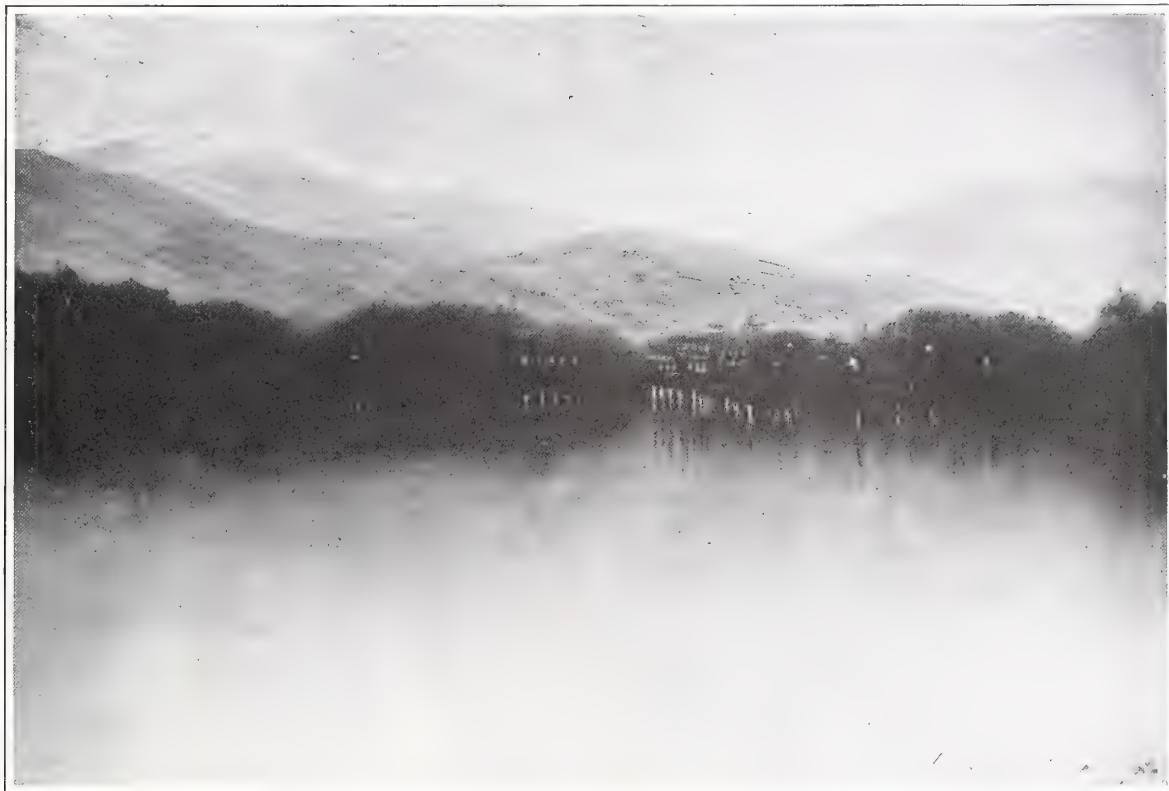
"IN THE WILMINGTON ROAD, LAKE PLACID"

BY ARCHIBALD BROWNE

"WINTER"

BY ARCHIBALD BROWNE





"ADIRONDACK NOCTURNE"

The Lake Placid Club, across Mirror Lake from the artist's studio

BY ARCHIBALD BROWNE

habitat of his muse is the Adirondacks. There it ranges at any time and all times of the year. It finds him beauties in the vernal period with its soft greens, in the mid-summer days familiar to vacationists, in the autumn of glowing mountain-sides, in the winter with its frozen greens and stark grays against its glaring whites. It discovers for him vistas of forest and lake and peak, glowing with color by day, mysteriously lighted and shadowed by night. For years he has studied the features and characteristics of these hills and confined his canvases to them. They have been and are to him a perpetual source of inspiration, as his pictures show.

Technically, Browne keeps pace with the emotional sincerity and simplicity of his general artistic viewpoint. There is nothing histrionic and futuristic about his methods. He mixes his colors on his palette, and his brushwork is suave and unostentatious. All details in his canvases

are subordinated to the harmony and rhythm of the ensemble. His composition is uniformly excellent, and he has succeeded in achieving a quality of personal expression which may fairly be denominated style—a courtly, distinguished, extremely well-bred and urbane style. He is essentially an artist of candor and simplicity who has created a very individual kind of sweet music and dreamy magic which have the charm of the territory translated through his eyes.

"AUTUMN IN THE ADIRONDACKS"

BY ARCHIBALD BROWNE



*Photographs by courtesy
of the Ebrich Galleries*

TRYON, DEVOTEE of NATURE

DWIGHT W. TRYON has been painting more than fifty years; studying Nature in her varying phases, the effects of light in the changing seasons and the hours of the

day, the character of trees, of flowing brooks, of rock forms and of the heavens. He has gone infinitely farther than placing graceful trees enveloped in a tenderly realistic atmosphere and in happy juxtaposition to luminous skies or flowering growths and hills and streams. He has gone to the very roots of the trees that he has loved to paint, deep into mother earth whence they derived their life; he has gone to the depths of water; he has penetrated the secrets of the light quality of snow, of the texture of ice and of those elements that make days warm or cold, windy or calm. He has studied science and poetry, music and literature, for his belief always has been that the more an artist cultivates his mind, the better qualified he is to appreciate and record the fine subtleties of Nature. He has traveled in many lands, has taught art two score years or more in this country

Realist in painting, he holds that art was born of religion and that beauty is its reason for being by

LULA MERRICK

and abroad, and has won honors and medals without number. Yet he declared recently that he thought he was only now beginning to bring his art up to the high standards that he had es-

tablished in his early manhood, and he added that he believed fifty years were not too many to give to the understanding of Nature's refinements, to gaining technical perfection and to acquiring the ability to represent convincingly and unfalteringly upon canvas the emotions that Nature stirred within the soul of any true artist.

What an example of modesty is this great artist to the younger painter to whom a picture hung "on the line," a prize or two, or the right to affix "A.N.A." to his name is sufficient proof that he has "arrived"! Tryon has been an Academician since 1891 and he has received prizes all over the land. His pictures are in every museum of importance in the United States. The Freer collection in the National Gallery in Washington, where a special room has been set aside for them, has forty-eight examples. The Colonel Frank J. Hecker

"BEFORE SUNRISE—MAY"

BY DWIGHT W. TRYON





"EVENING LANDSCAPE"

by

Dwight W. Tryon

collection in Detroit contains eleven of his works, four are in the George A. Hearn collection in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, fifteen oils are owned by W. K. Bixby, of St. Louis, and eight by A. T. Sanden, of New York. N. E. Montross has bought outright some fifteen examples, and the Metropolitan Museum of New York, Smith College, the Worcester Art Museum, the Boston Museum of Fine Arts and many others throughout the country have purchased his pictures.

Yet neither honor nor financial success has ever had the power to swerve him from his great purpose of "working out problems" and his determination to reach the heights that he has seen as his own artistic goal.

Born in Hartford, Connecticut, in 1849, Tryon inherited from a long line of New England ancestors those sturdy, tenacious qualities that lead to success. In his early boyhood he determined to become an artist. He began by making the scroll-work designs in ink on white paper popular in the late 1860's. This led to the practice of expert penmanship, through which he gained recognition as a skilled engrosser of diplomas and other documents. In those early days he became expert also in "cut work," then popular, which was done by cutting designs on cardboard with a sharp knife, getting the light and shade and expression by the depth of the incision. It required skill in drawing and knowledge of design. To gain an art education, however, he found it necessary to increase his income and became bookkeeper in a book store in Hartford. There an insatiable desire for reading

aided his advancement. The money that he saved went toward a European trip. He continued drawing and painting at spare moments, his ambition at that time being to paint fishing scenes, as he always had been an ardent fisherman. He devised a fishing rod which is in use to this day and is considered the best ever invented. He has designed boats, and marine paintings are among the best of his productions. Later he adopted landscape painting, and after a few years he became so successful that he gave up his business life and opened a studio where he took pupils while he continued to improve his own art. In 1874, when he was twenty-four years old, he held a sale of his pictures, the proceeds from which, with his savings, enabled him to go to Paris, where he studied seven years. His remarkable advance was due to the advantage that wide reading and knowledge of art history as well as art success in his own country had given him. It meant a degree of self-confidence that few artists of his age have reason to possess. In his clear, disciplined, cultivated

mind there was a fixed idea of what his future should be. His knowledge made plain to him the difficulties in the way if he would attain his ideals. So with no other thought than to conquer in the great struggle still ahead of him, he entered the *École des Beaux Arts*, and there for several years he studied figure painting under the direction of Jacquesson de la Chevreuse, one-time pupil of Ingres. Later he submitted his work for criticism to Harpignies, Dau-

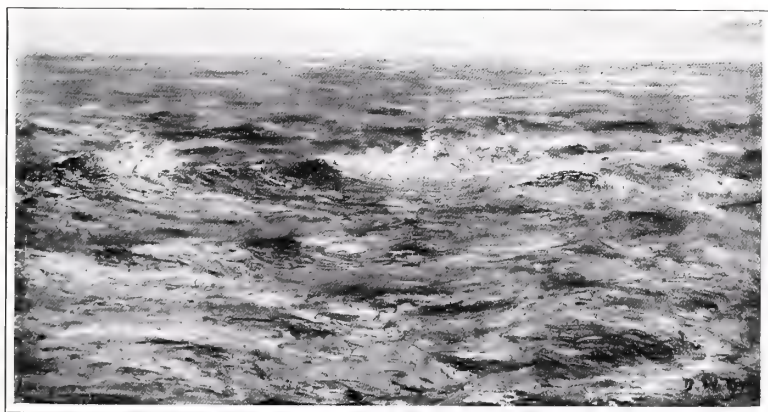


"EAST CHESTER"

BY DWIGHT W. TRYON

"SEASCAPE"

BY DWIGHT W. TRYON





"STARLIGHT"

BY DWIGHT W. TRYON

bigny and Antoine Guillemet. Yet in his art there never has been the slightest evidence of influence or reflection of any teacher or other painter. A born artist with a distinctly personal vision, deep reverence and an abounding love of Nature, it was natural that he should work out his problems in a personal manner. His technique therefore is his own. Although he is a realist and an advocate of technical perfection, he is nevertheless a poet. His power of expression springs from a spiritual

nature. He has something to say, definite emotions to express, and that explains his great patience and perseverance. That is why the smallest blade of grass, the tiny ripples on the smooth surface of a lake, the pebbles about its borders, or the homeliest field flowers have not been too insignificant for long hours of serious study. And the spectator feels the solidity of the earth beneath the soft gradations of tone in his foregrounds, responds reverently to the immensity of space indicated beyond his tender skies.

In 1881, after his years of study and travel abroad, in the course of which he painted bits of scenery in Guernsey, in the Channel Islands; at Dordrecht, Holland, where he conceived his beautiful "River Maas" which held the place of honor in the Paris Salon, and in Normandy, where he executed "Harvest Time," now owned by F. W. Cheney, of New York, and other notable canvases which readily found purchasers here and in Europe, Tryon planned a visit to America, intending to return to Paris within a few months. When he arrived in New York, the first exhibition of the newly formed Society of American Artists was on view at the Fine

Arts Galleries. He was so amazed at the quality of the work displayed, at its superiority over anything he had seen in current exhibitions in Europe, that he decided to remain in his own country; nor

"FARMYARD"

BY DWIGHT W. TRYON



has he ever had reason to regret his decision or to change his opinion regarding the future of American art and artists. He declared then that America was good enough for him, and he never has gone back to his European haunts.

Tryon's attitude toward art is a reflection of his life. He



"OCTOBER DAY"

BY DWIGHT W. TRYON

believes art and religion always have gone hand in hand. He says: "Art was born at the foot of the altar, and the farther it gets away from its source, the weaker it becomes." He asserts that a man cannot produce great art unless he has great thoughts. He defines art as a visible expression of Nature's wonders. "Beware the art that abandons beauty," warned Goethe. Tryon is of the same mind. If a work of art does not express beauty, he says, there is no excuse for its existence. He insists that the study of art makes a better human being and he considers art education as the making not only of a painter but also of a highly intellectual person who will be an aid to art. So many terms are used in explanation and description of an artist's work that the layman is led to believe that painters may be classified or recognized by their special qualities. One expresses sentiment; another, intellectual imagination; others are concrete, abstract, visual, technically perfect, strong, or poeti-

cal, as if one or one dozen attributes ever could make a great artist. Tryon's art comprises all these. It is visual because he employs the physical aspects of Nature familiar to all lovers of God's handiwork; concrete, because he knows how to compound all the knowledge of long years of study into the making of potent factors, into beautiful harmonies of line, color and design; abstract, because it contains the essence of that secret of all art, sensibility to the profound significance of form and the power of creation. The one attribute that never fails of comprehension by either connoisseurs or amateurs is the spiritual attitude held by the artist when he is inspired by Nature to

"MOONLIGHT"

BY DWIGHT W. TRYON

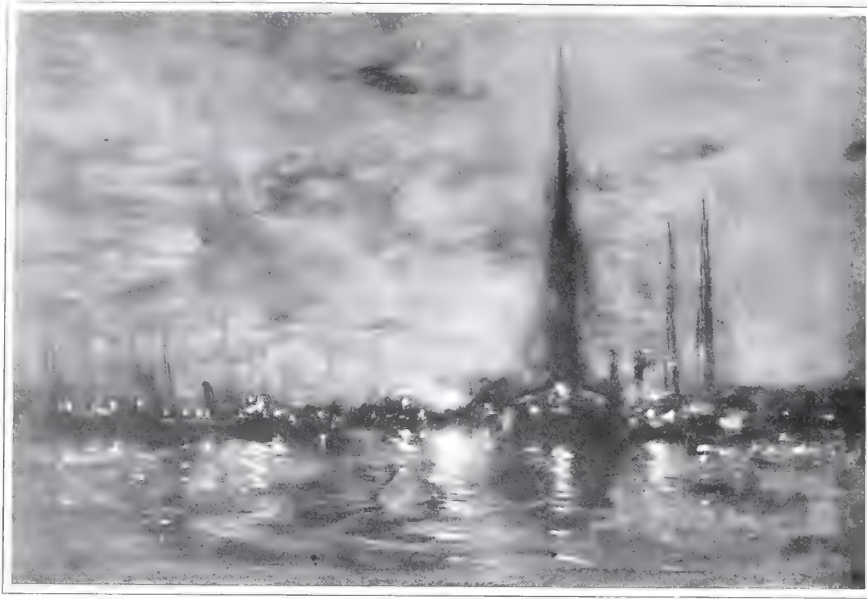


express the feeling which she has evoked in his soul. The casual observer may not be able definitely to give his reasons for liking or not liking a work of art, but the great artist never fails to make him *feel* what he has intended. It is not the language that a man speaks that makes him; it is what he has

to say that counts. It is this quality in particular, backed by hard-won knowledge, that makes the work of Dwight W. Tryon stand out in bold relief against much of present-day art of quick impressions. The messages that Nature has read into Tryon's soul have filtered through his fingers to his brushes and have been recorded upon canvas.

Tryon has no predictions to make concerning

strict adherence to all that is refined and beautiful in the world. His love of beauty—of the beauties of light and shadow, of cloudless skies, gray or sunlit; moonlight and night when romantic forms are mysteriously revealed beneath enigmatical heavens, the beauties of foliage, water, snow, ice, flowers, sand and earth—has been the creative impulse that has given him also the patience that



"NEWPORT HARBOR—NIGHT"

BY DWIGHT W. TRYON

the modern movement in art. The world has had a terrific upheaval; its inhabitants do not know where they are nor what they want. Disturbed sensations arising out of the war can not subside at once. The world, grown accustomed to excitement, conflagration and hate, can not for some time settle back to real enjoyment of pure beauty and culture. But as poetry, romance and religion have been the strongest spiritual factors in the advancement of the human race, Tryon optimistically believes the time will come when the individuals of the race will again demand those expressions of beauty that made Greece, Italy, France and Spain, in their various periods, the world's great art centers. The strident tones created in flamboyant colors where "pure design" is sought, and called "individuality" without consideration for Nature's laws, will pass when the world recovers from its shock, for progress can not continue without reverence, without religion and without long, serious study and sacrifice to ideals, he declares.

Tryon's art will endure with that of Inness, Wyant, Thayer, Winslow Homer, Twachtman, Fuller, Weir, Homer Martin and Albert Ryder because, like those great Americans, he is a thinker, a man of intellectual attainment and a

he has expressed in his minute study of the subtleties that compose his wonderful foregrounds. It has given to his trees individual character, while at the same time expressing the depth of feeling that lies beneath their trunks and branches, offering to the observer the means of exercising his own imagination in their poetic suggestions. His work will live because he knows, so intimately and so lovingly, the nodding branches, earth and rock formations, the exhilarating atmosphere of spring and the bracing air of winter. Because he has faithfully devoted more than fifty years of intelligent study, backed by a great and poetic talent, to interpreting for others the emotions that Nature evokes in him, his art will retain a place of distinction. He has rendered a great service to American art by his thirty years of teaching and directing the study of art at Smith College. There he has encouraged and advanced talent in hundreds of students who have imbibed his principles. There he built a gallery of marble in which he has placed examples of all the great American painters, and when he ceases his activities, Smith College will inherit his fortune, his paintings and a rare collection of old china, pottery, furniture and other objects collected on two continents.

A WESTERNER'S SCULPTURE

FROM the sunshine, the buffalo-grass and the tepees of Oklahoma, to Rome and its wealth of tradition, and back to the brilliant atmosphere of southern California and the surging Pacific is a far flight for even the soul of an artist, but it has been made, and in the case of Harry Fielding Winebrenner it was made with splendid results so far as his art is concerned.

Winebrenner was born in Virginia, his mother dying at his birth but endowing him with the love for the beautiful which has dominated his life. Still in his childhood, he was taken westward by his father at the opening of "the Cherokee strip,"

Harry Fielding Winebrenner was trained in Oklahoma and Rome and now California claims him . . . by
NEETA MARQUIS

which already plumes itself as "a second Athens in process of evolution."

From the Oklahoma State School of Technology, where he received his preliminary training in art,

Winebrenner advanced to the Chicago Art Institute, fated there not only to enlarge his acquaintance with the romance of imagination but also to encounter that of life. To pay his way at the Institute, he taught English to foreigners, and to facilitate this work he devised a system of lessons based on the Roberts word-and-sign system which had been originated for use with the immigrants at Ellis Island, supplementing the words and signs

CLAY MODEL OF "WELCOME"

BY HARRY F. WINEBRENNER



a pioneer movement known now to history as "the Oklahoma run." There they settled, and he grew up in that new country of primitive economic conditions and contrasting races. His artistic tendencies developed rapidly and he went on early to attain success in esthetic creation with pigments, only to abandon color later and consecrate himself to sculpture. Now he is director of the art department of a million-dollar high school; art commissioner, or city designer, for Venice, California, and leader in a broad movement destined to benefit his fellow artists and to develop that point on the Pacific coast

with pictures sketched rapidly on a blackboard. By this method and with the help of a corps of twenty teachers which he organized from among other students at the Institute he was able to instruct fourteen hundred men of all nationalities in the language of their new country. His success with this work and also in his studies was so noteworthy that upon the completion of his four-year course at the Institute he was recommended by William M. R. French, brother of Daniel Chester French, for the post of business manager of the art department of the Carnegie Institute in Pittsburgh. One year in this position,



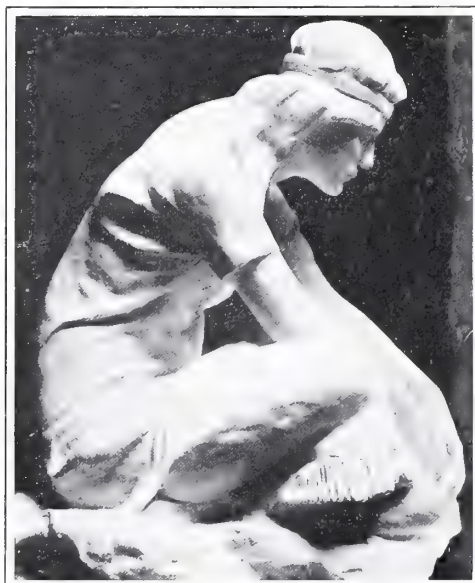
"THE FOUNTAIN OF EDUCATION"

BY HARRY F. WINEBRENNER

however, convinced him that the business side alone of his profession never could satisfy him, so he married Marie Underwood, who had been one of his fellow students in Chicago and who nine times in succession had won first place in figure drawing there, and together they started for Rome to put art and life to the test of experience.

On the strength of work already done, Winebrenner obtained a scholarship in the British Academy in the Eternal City. One of the first things that he did there was to model the bust of an Italian boy who sold flowers at the Piazza di Spagna in front of the Spanish embassy. This was so effective that the director of the

Kansas and noted for her poetic writings about the fate of her people. This piece of work is now the property of the State Historical Society of Oklahoma.



"THE PASSING OF A RACE"
BY HARRY F. WINEBRENNER

Impelled by the illness of one of his children, Winebrenner moved his family further westward, to the more sophisticated but not less romantic California. Arriving in Los Angeles at the time of the war, he immediately sought a position as teacher in the public schools. Simultaneously placing six applications, backed by a statement of his record and letters from such men as Antonio Sciorini, of the British Academy in Rome; Lynn Glover, president of the University of Chicago; William M. R.

French and Lorado Taft, he found himself almost at once with five acceptances on his hands. For four years he has directed the art work of the Union Polytechnic High School of Venice, a beautiful group of buildings of Florentine design and the art centre of half a dozen communities. In addition to his teaching, he is making the gallery of the school noted for showings of collections of pictures and one-man exhibitions. These are featured solely on their artistic merits and are open to the recreation-seeking public as well as to the student of art. Sculptures which he designed for the school were in large measure responsible for the awarding of first prize to this, one of the newest of the great educational units of the Southwest, for the most beautiful and best kept high school grounds in southern California. His "Fountain of Education" stands at the entrance to the main building, male and female figures of youth symbolizing respectively physical and mental development or "The Manual Arts and Knowledge." "The Spirit of Aspiration," a lightly draped, tense, eager figure, stands above them in the centre of the fountain. The model for this was a pupil in the art department. She posed also for the teacher's "Soul of a Dancer."

Venice, a seacoast resort about eighteen miles from Los Angeles, was laid out somewhat on the lines of the historic city on the Adriatic from which it derived its name. Canals and lagoons penetrate its low lying, sandy areas. Primarily a recreation center, it responded to the spirit of artistic zeal infused into its consciousness by Winebrenner, and two years ago it bestowed on him responsibility for a municipal beautification which should emphasize esthetic pleasure as of higher value than the pleasure of sensation. Pursuant to this plan, he has designed a figure, "Welcome," to adorn the head of the lagoon at the entrance to the city and three large groups symbolizing "The Gift of the Sea" to stand on the ocean front. The dance hall near the pier, a building of pure Venetian type, contains a gallery in which Winebrenner expects one day to house a permanent collection of art of high quality.

It is not often that an artist has such an opportunity as this to impress the form and the love of beauty not only upon the minds of students but also upon an entire city, but the blending



"THE FOUNTAIN OF EDUCATION" BY HARRY F. WINEBRENNER

of the elemental with the classic in his own process of preparation and the indefatigable zeal of the artist in love with his work have equipped Winebrenner for this unusual problem.

How closely Venice can approach artistically to that city on the Adriatic to which she bears a physical resemblance and to what extent she can realize her declared ambition to rival the seat of ancient Italian culture, only the future can reveal. There is, however, this to be said: the vitality of the New World persists in California and it is showing itself in the love for the finer things of life as well as in the energy of business. With its color, its topography, its atmosphere, its gradually growing colonies of artists, and the spread of the knowledge and practice of art among its own sons and daughters, the state is developing a mood which regards the esthetic as the necessary and no longer as a luxury. And Winebrenner has arrived while the tide is flowing, perhaps not to reach its full in many years.



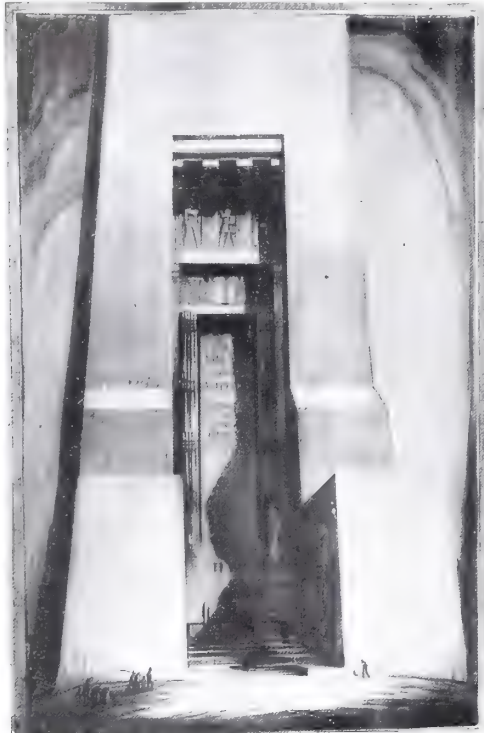
"SOUL OF A DANCER"
BY HARRY F. WINEBRENNER

FRANCE'S *Tribute* to AMERICA



"LANDING OF THE AMERICANS"

BAS-RELIEF TWENTY METERS LONG BY NAVARRE



DETAIL FROM THE BACK OF THE MONUMENT OF
FRENCH GRATITUDE



DETAIL FROM THE FRONT OF THE MONUMENT.
ANDRÉ VENTRE, ARCHITECT

THE Monument de la Gratitude Française, to be erected on the Pointe de Grave near Bordeaux, will commemorate both France's help in America's fight for freedom and America's aid in France's battle for the same ideal. It was thence that Lafayette sailed for the United States, and it was there that the first American expeditionary forces landed in 1917. The architect of this magnificent work, religious in its grandeur, is André Ventre. The decorations, statues and bas-reliefs, are from the chisels of Bartholomé, Bourdelle, and Navarre. France is spending 1,000,000 francs on the memorial. The architect's sketch of the monument is reproduced on the opposite page.

"LAFAYETTE EMBARKS FOR AMERICA"

BAS-RELIEF TWENTY METERS LONG BY NAVARRE







"THE JOURNALISTS"

ETCHING BY JULES DE BRUYCKER

An ETCHER with a Fertile Mind

JULES DE BRUYCKER, Belgian painter and etcher, exhibitions of whose work have been held in the United States, beginning at the Art Institute of Chicago, is an artistic

figure new to America. His complete technical freedom, his decorative sense, the unexpected turns of his imagination bring to these displays a personality unusual and compelling. De Bruycker is not a prominent figure abroad, although he is well represented in galleries and private collections in Brussels, where in 1921 an exhibition of his work made a sensation. Born in Ghent in 1870, he studied in the art academy of that city and also at Dordrecht. At the time of the invasion of Belgium by the Germans, he became a refugee in England for the period of the war.

De Bruycker's etchings made in the course of his exile are more expressive of his Flemish individuality, and yet in all his compositions he has something to say. The refreshing ease and versatility of his technique is apparent in all his work.

Daring imagination and exquisite technique characterize work of the Belgian, De Bruycker . . . by Eleanor Burtis SAXE

His medium is not an end in itself but is a vehicle for the expression of his ideas. For this reason his street scenes of London or Bruges, filled with minute, scurrying crowds which sometimes

make us think of Callot, or his larger figure subjects have an atmosphere, a vitality too often lacking in the work of other men. He obtains his effects from a knowing use of etching and dry-point, from a chiaroscuro that often has the aspect of a pattern, from his sense of decoration. In such a plate as "Monsieur Malin" one is conscious, beside the interest in the peculiar type, in the rendering of an aged person, of a decorative feeling for line that reminds us of Arthur Rackham. De Bruycker's ability to make quaint buildings and narrow city by-ways alive with an air at once mysterious and fantastic is a relief from the over-architectural emphasis which many a modern etcher gives to the study of a pleasing arch or building. Many of his compositions of market place, street or theatre show a paramount interest

in unusual types—types which his curious imagination tinges with a certain satire. "The Journalists" illustrates his satirical bend in an amazing manner; here it is humorous satire that is quite like Daumier. His imagination is the accent which

them that is closely akin to the Gothic spirit as one finds it in the small grotesque figures in the decorative borders of Thirteenth and early Fourteenth Century French and Flemish illuminated manuscripts. It appears again in the Renaissance.



"MONSIEUR MALIN"

ETCHING BY JULES DE BRUYCKER

makes his compositions always a surprise. His crowded street scenes are not like Callot's but may suggest him in the very diminutiveness of the individuals. These small figures are like gnomes; a few lines have given them dramatic action and there is something about the spirit that animates

De Bruycker's plates produced at the time of the war exhibit his imaginative genius to an even more extraordinary degree. While these compositions exercise an effect that is often mysterious and sometimes brooding, this feeling is somewhat diverted by his fertile, thoroughly Flemish imag-



"DEATH SOUNDING TAPS OVER FLANDERS"

DRAWING BY JULES DE BRUYCKER

ination—by his persistent grotesquerie. Among the most interesting of his war plates is the large one, "Death Sounding Taps Over Flanders." The great tree on the right resembles the portal of a Gothic cathedral into which the tremendous crowd surges with its dead. Across the snow from the left glide with incredible swiftness two small devils garbed as priests and carrying censers. Around about is devastated and snow-laden country; overhead, an amazing skeleton clangs his

bell, a skeleton with huge boots that seem to dominate the composition. These boots worn by Death perhaps signify to De Bruycker the brutal, crushing force of the German invasion of Belgium. With these different elements, the mysterious and rather fearful atmosphere, the possible satire on the church, the life-like, strange figures, we have a startling composition, and, as always with De Bruycker, it is an example of a masterly technique serving a grotesque imagination.

OLD DOLLS OF THE ORIENT

Chinese and Japanese figures of two to seven centuries ago are interesting in dress and expression by

ALIGE MATZDORFF

MODERN progress and the modern movements in arts and crafts in Germany have extended even to the toys and dolls. Nowadays, well known artists, painters and sculptors, design figures for them, competitions for large prizes are arranged and the leading firms make exhibits at



AN OFFICER AND HIS LADY. OLD CHINESE DOLLS

least once a year about Christmas time. Once, a doll consisted of a leather body and a porcelain head. It was easy to put on its clothes or to take them off. Later, the dolls were improved by giv-

DOLLS REPRESENTING PEASANTS RETURNING FROM A REVEL. JAPANESE, EIGHTEENTH CENTURY



A FEROCIOUS LOOKING CHINESE DOLL

ing them hair of flax or other material and covering the head and the hands and feet with wax, making a more lifelike appearance. Today, scarcely a doll can be found that does not open and close its eyes, or does not sing with the aid of clock-work or say "Papa" and "Mamma," or does not wear gowns of the latest fashion. Doll-houses are electrically lighted and have electric bells, up-to-date furniture and elevators. Thus the luxury surrounding us has been transmitted to the realm of the doll. Whether it has made the childish possessors of the dolls happier may be a question.

As happens frequently, we find in this case that things which we consider to be our own modern accomplishments are things which have been accomplished by other peoples of other civilizations in other ages. Thus there are the old

dolls of the Chinese and Japanese which, as reproductions of photographs of them show, are sufficiently beautiful to interest not only children but also those who long since passed their childhood days and developed adult ideas of art.

There is a Chinese lady with distinguished, clear-cut features. She is clad in black silk decorated with stripes of white and blue silk. Her elegant shoes with white and green points protrude from beneath blue pantaloons. Beside her stands a jealous husband, fierce of visage, menacing in posture, brandishing a sword. His uniform rivals the rainbow with its reds, blues, yellows and pinks, its enrichments of gold, pearls and other gems. Even more ferocious of face is



THIRTEENTH CENTURY JAPANESE DOLLS

robe of precious yellow silk. All these figures are as remarkable for the vividness of their expressions as for the beauty of their garments.

The old Japanese dolls are equally characteristic. One group of three consists of the son of a wealthy merchant, a distinguished lady and an individual who appears to be one of her servants. The costumes of all are in the styles of two centuries ago. They are of various colors, but gray predominates. Another group is a couple, man and woman, returning from some gay revel. He bears aloft an inverted receptacle for wine, which one opines they may have emptied, while she carries a musical instrument. They also are in dress of the Eighteenth Century. Still another group acquaints us with sartorial styles

of a period earlier by five hundred years. A chef carves a fish and holds converse meantime with a servant, while the mistress of the household unrolls a pictorial scroll.

Thus it appears that, except for mechanical elaborations, the toymakers of the present have made no advances in realism over those who worked generations ago.

OLD CHINESE DOLLS



ABOVE: EIGHTEENTH CENTURY JAPANESE DOLLS

another gentleman thrusting with a sword at an absent enemy. He wears a garment of natural colored silk, a blue shirt and green pantaloons. In contrast with these are a kneeling boy with bright and smiling face and his companion, an aged gentleman with snow-white hair and beard who is clad in a





Hand-Bells for the Collector

Old specimens of metal-workers' art form unusual field with historic and artistic interest

A. E. SWOYER



*I*N these days when so many articles are subjects for collection, it is remarkable that the hand-bells have not received more attention. They have beauty, and, as the field is comparatively new, the acquisition of representative specimens is not difficult, nor has the pursuit of the collector raised prices out of all proportion to the value of the articles.



Large bells date back to remote antiquity, but the hand type seems to have been unknown prior to the Fourteenth Century. One of the earliest mentions of such a bell is in an inventory of the effects of Charles V of France, dated 1380. This concerned "a little silver bell which had been the property of Queen Jehanne of Bourbon, weighing in all with the clapper, which is of iron, three ounces." Another royal inventory, dated 1420, mentions another bell, and the ill-fated Mary Stuart possessed "a silver bell which stood upon her majesty's table." In short, until about the end of the Seventeenth Century hand-bells were rarely possessed by persons other than royalty. In 1650 it was cited as proof of the eccentricity of a certain nobleman that "he had a bell upon





his table which he rang when he wanted anything." In the Eighteenth Century hand-bells appear to have attained great popularity, and famous craftsmen devoted their skill to the production of beautiful designs. The shape of the bell yielded itself so readily to the representation of various objects that the artificers found it a facile medium not alone for pure art but also for caricature, the purely fanciful and the recording of fashions. Meteoric as was this rise to favor, the decline was fully as rapid; the introduction of the push gong and, in the Nineteenth Century, of the electric bell literally sounded the hand-bell's death knell, so that its actual period of popularity spanned but little more than a century.

The accompanying illustrations are from a French collection of some three hundred bells, practically all of which are products of the period mentioned. Perhaps the most fanciful is that representing a malevolent devil drawing the cork from a fat brandy bottle with a huge corkscrew. Other fancies worthy of consideration are the rose bell, the flower being the bell proper and the stem, the handle, and the one representing two mice descending an oddly shaped inverted tun. Character bells are more numerous.





THE BARONESS STAËL DE HOLSTEIN

Silhouette by Baroness Maydell

Courtesy of the Knoedler Galleries

Silhouettes generally fall into two classes, the rather stiff portraits of a century or so ago and the modern, freely conventionalized designs which are solely decorative. The portrait silhouettes made by Baroness Maydell belong to neither class and yet have something in common with each, combining the fidelity of the former with the grace and originality of the latter.

Baroness Maydell came to this country a few months ago from her home in Esthonia, near Riga. Before her marriage she studied the cutting of silhouettes in Petrograd under an artist named Bilibin. After the war she held several exhibitions, one at the Knoedler Galleries in New York. The silhouette reproduced here is not only beautiful in composition but has unique interest in that it is a portrait of the great-great-grandniece of Madame de Staël.

Know Anybody in New Rochelle?

IF asked to name the calling of Norman Rockwell, you probably would answer promptly, "Illustrator." The reply would be the same from several million Americans to whom his

name and work are familiar, yet neither you nor they would be entirely correct. In reality, Mr. Rockwell is a portrait painter, although he never has styled himself such. He is the most happily situated of portrait painters, too, for he does not have to hide the interesting peculiarities of his subjects with tactful deference as to how they would *like* to appear, but can paint them as they are, odd and eccentric though they may be. This delightful state of things comes about because Rockwell pays his sitters instead of being paid by them, and he paints his portraits for millions to see and enjoy rather than for the occasional visitor in a stately drawing room.

"Oh!" you may exclaim, "you have deceived me. I see that Norman Rockwell is an illustrator after all, and that those who sit for him are merely his professional models."

You would still be wrong, for he seldom uses a professional model for any of his pictures. The very human characters that he loves to portray are all real persons. One of his accomplishments is his ability to delve into the byways and the hedges and find in real life the exact types that he needs for a picture, and then to persuade these often reluctant individuals to go to his studio and just be themselves while he works, talking meantime to keep them in the mood suited to the subject. He likes especially to paint children, for their faces are not masked by self-consciousness, and old persons whose true characters have be-

Surely you do, because Norman Rockwell has put many portraits on magazine covers . . . by

LOUIS H. FROHMAN

come impressed upon their faces by the hand of time.

Rockwell's well-known covers on the *Saturday Evening Post*, the *Literary Digest* and *Life* are such literal portraits that there

is almost weekly excitement in the suburban community of New Rochelle, for the old fisherman upon whom you have bestowed but a careless nod for years becomes over night a national character, familiar in two million homes, or the little boy across the street is suddenly immortalized, or a leading citizen is discovered to have lent his physiognomy to the cause of art because Rockwell needed a personage of distinguished mien. Rockwell lives and works in this suburb of New York by choice because there it is easier to find the wholesome, loveable Americans whom he likes to paint, than it is in the city, where one's acquaintances are more nearly of one strata, necessitating a wide-spread search when varied "types" must be found for the subject in hand.

New York City was the home of the Rockwell family for the first ten years of Norman's life. He spent his summers in the country, however, and he probably loved the beauty and romance of

nature far more than does the country boy who has to stay there all year 'round, seeing only chores where young Norman saw enchanting pictures. It was therefore a joyful event for him then, at the age of ten years, when the family moved to Mamaroneck. There he attended school, but art already had become his greatest interest and he was permitted to give one afternoon a week to its study as well as all his Saturdays. Unlike the usual beginnings of genius, his talent was not stifled at home but encouraged. He came by his ability quite naturally, for his

PAINTING FOR A SATURDAY EVENING POST COVER
BY NORMAN ROCKWELL





PAINTING FOR A SATURDAY EVENING POST COVER
BY NORMAN ROCKWELL

grandfather, William Hill, had been an English portrait painter of note and one of his uncles also had made art his profession. At sixteen, Norman finished school and entered the Art Students' League, devoting himself entirely to study by day and earning a slender livelihood by doing illustrations for books by night. During these student days, his most encouraging adviser was Thomas Fogarty, one of his instructors. Through him, Rockwell began illustrating stories for McBride and Nast, later obtaining contracts for weekly illustrations from *Youths' Companion*, *Boy's Life* and other juvenile publications. This was hard, grinding work for a boy of seventeen, and he soon seemed to have reached the limit of his capacity to produce, so far as volume was concerned, with little prospect of progress, professionally or financially, if he continued to travel in the rut into which he had fallen. Rapid strides became imperative, however, and victories of some startling nature had to be won, for by this time there was a girl in the question, and her faith in his greatness had to have justification in things accomplished.

To this urge of necessity and to the sound

advice of Rockwell's close friend, Clyde Forsythe, is probably due credit for the first step that led to the name of Norman Rockwell quickly becoming more familiar to millions of Americans than that of Raphael. Forsythe is a fellow artist, a painter of admirable landscapes, but known to the public by his *nom de plume* "Vic" as the creator of the daily comic series, "Joe's Car." It was Forsythe's keen appreciation of the high quality of Rockwell's work that led the latter to make covers to be submitted to the *Saturday Evening Post*. Even the suggestion raised Rockwell to such a rarified atmosphere that it at first made him dizzy. He finally agreed to make the attempt, and with glowing zeal he set about finding a suitable subject for so momentous an effort. At last he hit upon something seemingly worthy and began to work, half filled with fervent hope, half awed by the audacity of his own aspirations. The chosen subject took form in a preliminary sketch. It was a gorgeous

prima donna upon a vast stage with rich draperies behind her, evidently acknowledging, with gracious modesty, the plaudits of an enraptured audience. With pride, Rockwell showed his work to his friend, but no shout of enthusiasm was forthcoming from that source of inspiration.

"That's not your kind of work," Forsythe commented with a shake of the head. "You do 'kid' stuff."

"I know," replied Rockwell, "—for magazine illustrations, I have to. But a successful cover must have a beautiful lady—they always do."

Later he was persuaded to make sample covers of just the simple, human, true-to-life sort for which he had unconsciously developed his marked talent. Armed with two finished drawings and sketches of two other ideas, he journeyed to Philadelphia. Almost tremblingly he handed his drawings to an assistant in the office who carried them into a mysterious sanctum. Minutes of breathless suspense passed—the longest of the young artist's life. Then the assistant returned with the pictures and Rockwell reached mechanically for the portfolio, feeling guilty at having even presumed to



PAINTING FOR AN ADVERTISEMENT

BY NORMAN ROCKWELL

take the time of so great an art editor, but instead of handing back the drawings, the young man said quietly, "We will use these, and you can finish your other two for us as well. How much do you want for them?"

Rockwell was literally speechless. Finally a price was suggested to him, and instantly accepting it this youth of twenty-two found himself suddenly thrust into the ranks of the foremost illustrators of the day. He retained just enough presence of mind to lay a straight course for the nearest telegraph office and wire the good news to a certain young woman, justifying her faith, for his success made it possible for her to set the date for an event of very particular interest to them both but hitherto of the uncertain future.

His feet now were squarely planted on the highway to recognition and success. His contracts for illustrations could still be a sort of "emergency ration" if he chose to carry them; yet, without their burden, he could make faster progress along his new course. It required confidence to start to travel an unmapped road, trusting entirely in his ability to find supply as he strode on, but this is what he concluded had to be done. The arduous task of illustrating several stories weekly was set aside and Rockwell devoted himself entirely to

developing ideas for drawings for covers. He has been richly repaid by the universal response to his peculiar ability to depict human, loveable types familiar to all, and the demand for both covers and advertising illustrations soon reached the limit which he had placed upon his own production. His first cover for the *Saturday Evening Post* appeared in May, 1916. Since then he has done sixty-three of them, beside monthly covers for *Literary Digest* and *Life* and numerous color drawings of a similar nature for advertising. Success has not in the least removed the simplicity or the earnestness of his character. Today he is twenty-nine years old, and he dreads reaching the advanced mark of thirty in a few months.

When the United States entered the war, Rockwell was one of many young men from New Rochelle to volunteer for the Navy. He was sent to Charleston, en route overseas for camouflage work, but he never got beyond the embarkation port. His superiors were delighted by the discovery that he could paint portraits, so in Charleston he stayed and found himself extremely busy, for while his talent won him much consideration, other duties fell to his lot as well. During this period, the magazines did not lose track of his whereabouts and got special permission for him to

continue making covers with timely subjects of strong patriotic appeal. With the signing of the armistice, he was anxious to be discharged as quickly as possible. His commanding officer was willing to comply with his wishes but was powerless to act, orders having been issued indefinitely postponing the granting of any honorable discharges. He discovered one channel, however—men could be discharged because of “inadaptability,” and so it happened that Norman Rockwell, nationally known illustrator, was discharged from the United States Navy upon the ground of “inadaptability” as a third-class varnisher and painter.

It is Rockwell's ambition not only to paint likenesses but to define character as vividly with his brush as did Dickens with his pen. His paintings always tell a story, and he believes this so-called type of “subject picture” will rise in favor until it is on a par with portraits, landscapes or still lifes, which classes now represent practically all the modern work in our exhibitions and galleries. The public always has liked subject pictures that tell their own story. Rembrandt and Frans Hals chose subjects that were intensely human. Millet was a story teller. The subject picture lost favor years ago because it was overdone, especially in England, with too many chubby children, Saint Bernard dogs, poor flower girls, day-old chicks and sleeping newsboys. Rockwell has always admired the early Dutch and Flemish painters because of their skill in handling minute detail, yet keeping it always in proper relation to the composition as a whole. Last year brought his first opportunity to study the old masters in the galleries of Europe. He went upon this first trip abroad to admire and to learn, and his keen imagination and faculty of observation found much material of interest. There was for him a fascination in the quaintness of past centuries, the historical significance and the traditions of the old world. Before leaving

home, he had thought to remain abroad perhaps a year and carry on his work, but he wished to continue with American subjects and there he found not enough characters typically American from which to work. His ideas might have been adapted to a foreign setting, but he refused to permit this because it always has been his belief that it is due to America for some artists to stick to their native folk. He finds just as much that is picturesque and interesting in the Connecticut farmer as in the Norman peasant. The simple, genuine qual-

ities of American life present unlimited subjects, to his mind, for the painter who will but see and understand and properly value his own people.

When he was in Paris, Rockwell met several of his old friends of student days. “We see that you have gone over to the enemy,” they would say; “that you have sold your art! You had good possibilities, but you have sacrificed your talent by descending to a level that satisfies the multitude. You are lost!” Before he left Paris, however, several of these same advocates of the new art asked him whether he thought there would



DRAWING

BY NORMAN ROCKWELL

be opportunities for them to find compensation in advertising art “back in the States.”

Much of the modernist art strikes Rockwell as fanatical. He can not see why a picture that is indefinite as to subject, motive and the ability of its painter, is any higher art than one which is comprehensible to all humanity.

Norman Rockwell's own words can explain the secret of his success: “People somehow get out of your work just about what you put into it, and if you are interested in the characters that you draw, and understand them and love them, why, the person who sees your picture is bound to feel the same way.” What a simple recipe this is, yet anyone seeing his work must feel its truth and realize that one of the ingredients mixed with Rockwell's paints is his genuine love for all his race.

LOUIS BETTS—PORTRAITIST

ALTHOUGH Louis Betts has painted landscapes and still occasionally does a figure subject, he is so much the portrait painter that the official biographies mention

him in that relation only and few of those interested in art ever think of him as other than an artist whose life has been devoted to portraiture. As a matter of fact, this belief is well grounded, since, so far as public exhibitions of his work are concerned, his landscapes are a negligible quantity and his ideal figures, such as the winsome little girl of "Apple Blossoms" in the Art Institute of Chicago, grow fewer in appearance owing to the pressure on his time for portraits. That success in this field has had all to do with the gradual narrowing of his career would be an incorrect assumption, for to set down on canvas the physical and spiritual characteristics of man has been his life-long vocation. He painted his first portrait when

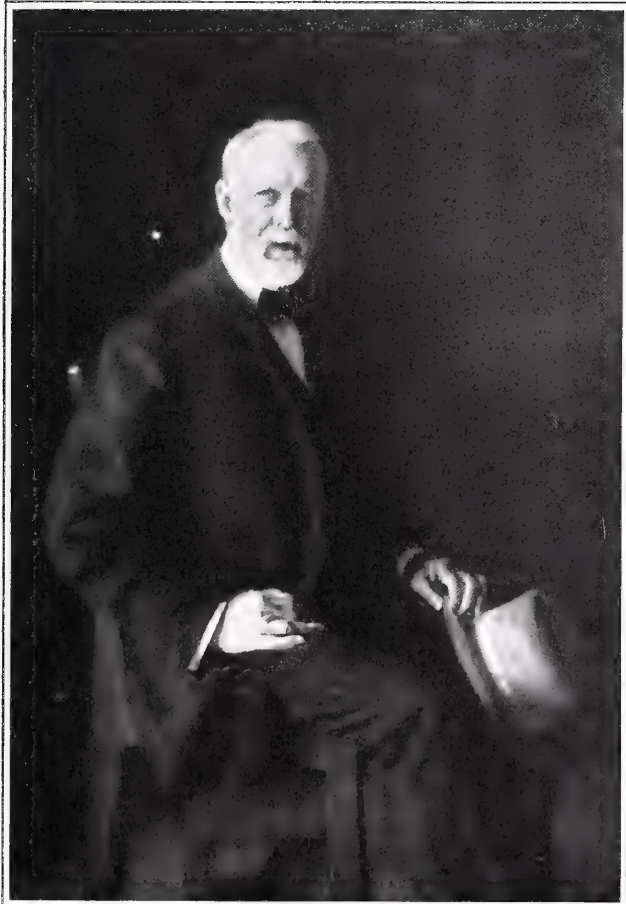
"Character above all," his motto, and he gains effects without aid of accessories or nonessentials . . . by

W. B. M'GORMICK

he was fourteen years old, his subject being a violinist who offered to give him instruction on his favorite stringed instrument in return for a personal likeness.

An anecdote such as this of his first portrait savors of the boy prodigy, but nothing of that atmosphere hangs over the youth of Louis Betts. He was born into an artist's family, his first teacher being his father, and canvas and paint were as much the familiars of his childhood as the mechanism of an automobile is of that of the average American child of today. He absorbed his love of pictorial art as he did that of the violin—in the home—and the two have remained his vocation and avocation through all his years, the one becoming the public's possession; the other, a talent shared privately with his friends. That he is not wholly an indoors man is shown, however, by his second avocation—the pursuit of the muscallonge. If it might be expected

PORTRAIT OF MICHAEL CUDAHY
BY LOUIS BETTS



PORTRAIT OF ELLA FLAGG YOUNG
BY LOUIS BETTS





PORTRAIT OF CHARLOTTE ECKHART

BY LOUIS BETTS

that this would keep alive his early predilection for landscape, it may be answered for Mr. Betts that when he goes fishing he is concerned solely with that sport. In the wilds of Michigan and Wisconsin, for a choice, he practises the precept that the way to gain relaxation is to relax. There the painter is not even the institution but only "the compleat angler."

Although Mr. Betts spent most of his boyhood in Chicago and probably has painted portraits of more men and women of that city than of any other, he is more truly a cosmopolitan than is the average American portrait painter for he has followed his profession with marked success also in New York, London, Paris, Amsterdam and Madrid. In the capitals of both Holland and Spain he had singular experiences of attracting the attention of distinguished art amateurs by his skill as a copyist, in each case receiving im-

portant portrait commissions and winning the friendship of important men and women. Both these voluntary compliments came on the occasion of his first visit to Europe as the first winner of the Cresson traveling scholarship of the Pennsylvania Academy of Design. At the Academy he studied with William M. Chase, and it was under the inspiration of the latter that he went to Holland to make himself intimate with the work of Frans Hals and to Spain to devote time to that of Velasquez. The admiration expressed by a Dutch art amateur for one of Mr. Betts' copies of a Hals led him to a stay of more than a year in Holland and to the painting of a dozen portraits. When he reached Madrid, he encountered an exactly similar chain of circumstances.

The fruits of the work of these first years abroad are treasured privately in homes and palaces. To know his work, we must see it as it has been shown in American exhibitions over a period now of nearly twenty-five years, during which time there has come from his easel an unbroken succession of portraits of at least five of the seven ages of man and woman. To have seen many of

these, or to make acquaintance with some of them through their representation in these pages, is to be impressed with the fact that character glows in each of them to so great a degree that it surpasses the external attributes of form, costume, background, color. This supreme goal of every portrait painter of true ambition, the achievement

which gives rank with art's immortals to those who succeed, has been attained by Mr. Betts through sympathy, understanding and a vision kept clear of non-essentials. Except in his purely "society" type of portrait it is noticeable that he employs no accessories to heighten his effects, elaborate furniture, draperies and still life having no place in his schemes of composition. He has only one aim in the presence of his subject: that is to set down on canvas for all time what manner of man or woman or child is before him as he or she is revealed to him by the

"THE MAGIC APPLE"

BY LOUIS BETTS



spirit which gleams from the eyes, by carriage, by clothes, by traits that seem to be recognized intuitively and without conscious mental processes. There are painters who limit themselves to the figure set in such neutral backgrounds that create an effect of bleakness, but the warm, thrilling humanness of Mr. Betts' portraits lifts them above such austerity of mood. In his painter's reports of such characters as Michael Cudahy, Mrs. Ella Flagg Young and Dr. Thomas Wakefield Goodspeed, of the University of Chicago, we see how personality dominates these canvases without the aid of adventitious embellishments. It is the women and the men who have arrived at national prominence in their fields of work who stand or sit before us in canvases nobly free of trick or device of the painter's craft, glowing yet reserved in color, profoundly moving human documents. To lean on the chief attributes of a man's life is a not infrequent mannerism of the portrait painter, and often this support is of more consequence in the picture than the man himself. In the case of the weapons and Indian trophies in the vivid portrait of the late Emerson Hough, however, we see another illustration of the happy reserve with which Mr. Betts employs all things other than his subject for presentations in pigment.

Out of the hundreds of famous and well-remembered pictures of childhood it is difficult to recall one so full of the spirit of that age as is Mr. Betts' seated figure of the little boy, Scott Libbey, Jr. Wholly free of the sentimental, entirely the human, loveable, handsome lad, he sits outdoors in the golden sunshine, as perfect a representation of American childhood as "The Strawberry Girl" is of that of England. As a piece of modeling of the human figure this is nearly Mr. Betts' finest achievement. In his treatment of the two children of the late William Laimbeer may be seen how subtle the artist can be in representing sisters who are alike in form and feature and yet different in temperament, this dissimilarity being revealed in the positions of their hands and feet, the one showing an innate confidence, the other, a shyness, with nowhere a trace of affectation in this realization of the problem. This same simplicity of means is employed in the seated figure of little Charlotte Eckhart, another exquisite figure of



PORTRAIT OF MRS. HOWARD YOUNG

BY LOUIS BETTS

American childhood from the easel of a man eminent among America's portrait painters.

A type quite different from any of those with which we have been concerned thus far in our review of Mr. Betts' art is that of the purely "society" portrait, as exemplified here by the painter's full-length, standing likeness of Mrs. Howard Young. In this world, costume, accessories, jewels and coiffure have a tendency to overshadow the woman so adorned if they are carried far in their effect of luxurious splendor, yet nowhere among Mr. Betts' portraits do we find a case in which he has clung more closely to his ideal of "character above all" than in this likeness. In spite of the sartorial glories he has set down that which must endure beyond fashion's changes.

Photographs by courtesy of the Howard Young Galleries

ART BY THE WAY *Guy Pène
du BOIS*

THE following matter is composed of sentences sometimes not obviously consecutive in idea.

It is probable that a great deal of writing on art must be dealt with in this manner. This, in any case, is my personal impression. A confession of a liking for the convolutions in writing and thought of the later Henry James may have explanatory use here. His later writing was due to a meticulous conscience. He could not construct simple sentences because they could not carry the complexities of his thought. Truth was not so simple. It could not be cut out with one or two swift swipes of a woodman's ax. Truth was civilized, and in the way of the ax, of its straight cleaving, were iron nails driven by other thinkers. It is possible that simple men merely wield metaphorical axes. There are no nails in the way of these. They are forced through a non-resisting material. It seems to me that they are impelled through this material by men without education or experience or sight. Their force is in the simplicity of the stroke, for this is one that may be visualized immediately by the most indolent of onlookers. It is swift and direct.

To most persons, things in print are unquestionable. They are particularly so when they are easily grasped. Although it seems paradoxical, it is possible to make a point more easily with twelve words than with twenty-four. Advertisement writers are paid in proportion to their ability to write sentences in which even commas are unnecessary. This means that they are paid in proportion to their ability to simplify "truth." Most of us are sophisticated enough to realize the importance, in advertising, of an unfaltering statement, and to know that the whole truth is rarely demanded of the advertising writer. His ax is driven through a metaphorical wood. He is a propagandist. All propagandists are alike. It does not matter whether they are trying to sell a cake of soap that will clean the body or a religion that will purify the soul. It does matter whether they are trying to make you live in a small cottage and the clear air of Cheapdale, forty minutes from Forty-second street by ferry, train, subway and trolley, or whether they are trying to make you see that in their thesis rests the only truth. The fact is that the importance given to absolute clarity in writing is the work of men owning a great faith in their own ideas and in the laziness of readers, or it is the work of stylists who do not care what they say if the words used are nicely arranged.

The artist is a gatherer of facts. He never uses them directly, however. They are things which he juggles into a conclusion so personal that it seems to have no reference to them at all. He reads through them so clearly that they seem to own no existence. Perhaps he looks into a mirror behind them and finds himself reflected in it. Perhaps they are merely sparks from the flint of truth: a light on a more permanent material.

I do not know whether it is correct to think that only small men deal in facts. All dealers in facts are not adding machines, all dealers in facts are, probably, not barren imaginatively; but when they are not barren imaginatively they must be armed with wills of iron, be refusers of prohibited delights, or be worthless as dealers in facts.

It is too didactic to conclude here, or anywhere, that one type of cerebral and sensual activity is superior to another. This, moreover, according to Christian thought, is sinful. Men are created equal. Each man possesses some quality which is as valuable as the same amount of another quality in another man. The republican theory is just as Christian as the Montessori system. Anyway, corporate conscience in our day will not permit thought along any other line. (The things we think in secret do not count.) We must then conclude that the man of facts is as important as the interpreter of them. Doubt on this may be dissolved by any encyclopædist. Nevertheless the man of facts in art has in his literalness and literally no more importance than the camera. We may, however, take solace in that he does not and can not actually exist in art. There is a figure in art resembling the man of facts, but this figure is nothing more than the symbol of the idea. It is even possible that there is no such thing as a dry fact. In that case it would be humanly impossible that there should exist in any walk of life a man (literally) of facts. At best a dry fact is an empty bottle which we fill with our thoughts, or partly fill. It is a fact, as an example, that the independence of this country was declared on the fourth day of July in the year seventeen hundred and seventy-six. This fact can be dry only, I should think, to a savage who never had lived in England, seen America or thought of liberty. It is a fact that Mr. Jones removes his hat and wipes his boots on entering his home. But there is nothing dry in this, for, if it does not bring up a picture of the henpecked or the thoughtful Mr. Jones, it will fill one with thoughts of the brutality

of his antithesis, Mr. Brown, or of his thoughtlessness or of the poor, long-suffering Mrs. Brown. One thing is certain; there is immediately added this color to the fact: Mr. Jones is not a bachelor. Now, these conclusions may be those of the funny papers. If they are those of the funny papers, then we are brought to another conclusion, which in itself may be termed another fact: the conclusion that the funny papers are a great influence upon the thought of the nation. Now, if the funny papers are a great influence upon the thought of the nation, what is the nature of the nation; or is it true that behind humor lies a deep seriousness of intention which takes the humorous form because, having considered its antithesis, it is proved to be the more powerful influence?

But perhaps I have been unfair in my choice of facts. To say that it is a nice day is not to state a fact, for this, usually, is merely a mode of salutation, like saying that it is very hot or very cold. This is, in any case, an expression of personal opinion. It is also a matter of relation. A hot day to a New Yorker may be a very cold day to a Zulu. The driest fact that I can think of is that it is twenty minutes after noon of July eighteenth, nineteen hundred and twenty-three. But this merely is comparatively dry, for I am immediately reminded of a luncheon date, that the rent is overdue, that I am going to a party on the twentieth and that I wish that it was the eighteenth of January instead so that the summer's commuting would be done with.

The thought of the most callous of artists must run somewhat in this manner. He can not face a fact and keep it dry. Moreover, everything that he faces is a composite of facts. It is not alone a fact, if it is at all a fact, that a tree is green. Even the tree as a tree is a fact that can not stand alone, for the moment that we think of a tree, a great many things, like earth, green fields, rocks, even cows, in a special type of painters fast dying out, become involved in the thought. It is inconceivable that a tree should stand alone in the sky, although those persons who have lived in or thought of tornadoes can think of one flying through it. The matter of relationship must certainly to some extent take the tree out of tree, minimize the fact by diverting concentration upon it. To a modernist, a tree is not a tree at all; it is merely a useful form in an elaborate organization. To the literal-minded painter who sits slavishly before a tree in a determined effort to copy it, a tree is a growth made up of numberless little twigs and countless leaves. To the painter, perhaps essentially painterlike, who believes that his smallest brush must not be less than an inch in

breadth, a tree is a leafless affair which one brushes in with great swabs of paint. Van Gogh's trees were flaming things which shot up out of the earth in a fury of energy; Monet's are phantoms swayed this way and that by an exceedingly active and comparatively substantial atmosphere. I wonder what a tree meant to Absalom. To a horse thief, in the early days, it was a gallows.

Facts are nothings which we bedeck with that *personal possession* called truth.

Yet painters are constantly asked to stick to facts quite as though facts were, in themselves, truths. It is for this reason perhaps that the most successful painting done in recent years—I mean financially successful—was the work of, let us say, the French military painters. These men treated fact as only literal-minded men can treat it. This may be to say that they treated it without considering it, with patience and stupidity. Meissonier went to a great bother to make sure of his facts. He knew the proper uniforms and insignia of every regiment in the French and the German armies. He drove a cannon through his backyard so that he could paint a correct report of the ruts made by its wheels. He painted every bit of the paraphernalia of a particular war. His notebooks must have been voluminous. His paintings must be interesting to costumers and historians. But he reminds one of a famous printer who bet that he could print a book that would be absolutely without a typographical error. The amount was twenty thousand dollars. I state the amount as a proof of the printer's belief that something in the nature of a miracle could be accomplished if only the care of details was great enough. He had thirty or forty proof-readers go through the book. The man who wagered against him must have had the larger vision. He found the mistake on the title page. Meissonier may, once or twice, have given, to very imaginative persons, the sensation of a skirmish or a hint of it. With all his minute data on war, he could not build a war. His mistake also was on the title page, where the print was largest, where the evidence was most easily to be obtained.

The man of facts is so busy with the individual trees that he can not see the forest, so busy counting leaves that he can not see the tree. Yet the moment that he reaches a generalization through an accumulation of facts, we may be certain that he will over-state, under-state or not state. No man is a pure mechanism, or, at least, it is inconceivable that any man should be. In the case of the artist, it is more particularly unthinkable, for the artist, by the very nature of his profession, is especially sensitive to physical phenomena.

Whistler, of an especially aesthetic type, wrote of factories on the Thames which, at twilight, took on the beauty of castles, and, indeed, became castles to him. This conversion of a formidable fact into a romantic fancy would have been to Constantin Meunier, as an example, a silly perversion of truth. Yet Meunier, dealing with factories in the broad daylight, turned them into hells where the flame was ground out of the lives of brothers. All artists see facts armed with some part of the vision of their epochs. Degas, in a revulsion of feeling against the sentimental documents that had preceded his, made a virtue of implacability. He looked at a woman in a bath tub with an eye that was, perhaps, suspiciously cold. He dissected her with neither love nor hate. There is about his work the atmosphere of a man dealing without sentiment or prejudice in fact. But if all men saw woman as Degas did, if his drawing of her was the fact about her, then marriage would have long ago ceased to exist. The gold of the stage which he proved to be tinsel still remains gold to most of us.

It may be amusing here to think that living at the same time with Degas was Renoir, one of his friends, an artist who, treating the same subjects, these same ultra-civilized Parisian women, his friend's facts, evolved an uncorseted barbarian, as Camille Mauclair calls her, who never could have worn a tight shoe nor lived a priggish moment. Indeed, this woman of Renoir is the most innocently sensuous creature in the whole painted world.

The point of all this probably is that the modern abstractionists had a very good concept when they decided to do away entirely with all visual fact or with literal resemblances. Whether it was good enough is another question, one that must be settled by the individual. Imagination fills containers, turns factories into heavens or hells, sees a man or a woman in the inoffensive moon, a camel in a cloud, a racing horse in a mark that a leak has left on a ceiling. Even the literal picture with its definite marking and direction can not stop it altogether. The trouble may be, however, with the literal picture—that it stops it too much. We have seen Rembrandt go through at least three generations of painters and laymen and end on the top of the pile. But there are groups in which it is felt that he, too, putting up an opposite, cries a halt to a willful imagination. This group may go with him some of the way. It can go with El Greco all of the way. El Greco bends with them or, and rather, they bend with him. Another period is nascent and imagination is beginning to take on another color. The facts out

of which Rembrandt evolved his truth probably bring about a stodgier result than the new group wants. He was for the plain man and got a rhythm out of the squareness of the facts with which he liked to deal. El Greco added to Italian finesse Spanish intensities. He was against Babbitt, while Rembrandt was for him. The Dutch republican, the burgher, was an inspiration in a world of nobles when Rembrandt painted. He had the solid qualities. Perhaps we are a little tired of solid qualities and prefer the fanatical movement away from them which was made by the saints of El Greco. Anyway, they give us a more fantastic and a livelier rhythm.



For years I have thought, in a concise way, that, knowing the man, it was unnecessary to go through his work to know his capabilities. I still cling to this theory, but with, perhaps, a hint of desperation that previously was not present. The examples for and against are baffling. There is a prominent swearing painter who paints an equally prominent swearing—as a metaphor—picture. His work and he are inseparable. Another painter whose canvases, or, rather, canvas—one at the Metropolitan Museum of Art especially comes to my mind—at one time had an enviable fame.

Indeed this canvas vied in the eyes of Americans with a famous bull by Paul Potter, the darling of the pastoral style beloved of our fathers. This picture is probably still hanging in a museum in Holland. It is unessential to mention the American's name (he is still alive) to anyone who has followed art here for twenty or more years, and to others it would mean nothing at all. The point is that this painter very much resembles, or did when I last saw him, a very sophisticated dramatic critic or actor. In him is no suggestion whatever of farms or farmers, farmers even of the gentleman variety. Perhaps he is brought in here in the desperation of a desire to retain the early conviction before mentioned. On the surface, to be sure, he is no help at all. For on the surface a man who paints cows should not look like a sophisticated city man. However, many of the men who bought his pictures were sophisticated city men. There existed in his time, among collectors, a fad for cow pictures. Collectors even knew something about the anatomy of cattle, as much, anyway, as the modernist painters of today know about the anatomy of the human figure. They compared the cows of Troyon with those of Van Marcke and Jacques. Like gentlemen farmers they knew something about sheep. I have forgotten what the fetich about sheep was, but serious

minds were brought to bear on it. In any case it is perfectly in character with the work that its creator should resemble a man about town. In painting muddy cattle, or a single prize Holstein, he was carrying out in paint the same fashionable urge that designed his clothes. Thus he was not really playing two roles. Nevertheless we shall find in this something to moot over. For my part I prefer a swearing painter who paints a swearing picture. He, if vulgarly, at least conscientiously spits in the face of prevailing fashion. He is, as much as any painter may be, his own man. He leaves an imprint to which a change of fashion can

make very little difference for it has nothing whatever to do with fashion. He certainly runs a better chance of making an indelible imprint.

At the present time cows and even monks are no longer fashionable. We have moved resolutely from fashions in things to fashions in ideas. Perhaps it would be well if our younger painters cared less about being dudes and more about being men. But I am too old to advise them, and besides, fashion has decided them in the way of skepticism. They have a feeling that immortality can go hang. Perhaps they are right. It is certain that it can not consciously be taken on.

As Tiepolo Interpreted Homer



"CONSTRUCTION OF THE WOODEN HORSE OF TROY"

BY G. B. TIEPOLO

THIS painting by the Venetian master of the Eighteenth Century has been shown in the new galleries of Lennie Davies in the Place Vendome, Paris. It depicts one of the most famous events told in *The Iliad*: the construction of the wooden horse of Troy. It was previously in the collection of Comte Pignatelli, and the National Gallery possesses a beautiful sketch of it. Its interest lies not merely in its size, although this itself is remarkable, but rather in its magnificent composition and its perfect state of preservation. It was painted in the full sunlight and it has a wonderful luminosity, while its coloring is rich.

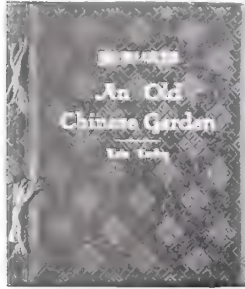
It has been said of Tiepolo that he was "the

last of the old painters and the first of the moderns" and that "nearly all the great decorators of the Nineteenth Century were inspired by him." This second opinion is one easily tested by a study of modern mural paintings, which show how closely he is related to our own day. But here the reader is looking at one of his easel pictures which has all the sumptuous color he absorbed from Paolo Veronese and all of Tiepolo's own grandeur of design and action in a more intimate phase. It is particularly such mechanical activity as this construction work, with its splendid vigor, that has helped to make Tiepolo's appeal so strong to decorators of our mechanical age.

A SHELF of NEW ART BOOKS

AN OLD CHINESE GARDEN. By Kate Kerby.
Chung Hwa Book Company, Shanghai, China;
distributor, Orientalia, 32 West Fifty-eighth Street,
New York. Price, \$17.50.

THIS BOOK bears the subtitle "A Three-fold Masterpiece of Poetry, Calligraphy and Painting," a combination of arts which is typically Chinese. With the Chinese, painting and calligraphy were closely allied, the latter being really the parent of the former, while poetry



and painting had a spiritual connection, a poem being a formless painting; a picture, a voiceless poem. The Ming landscape artist, Wên Chên-Ming, painted thirty-one pictures of a famous garden in Soochow, and these are the subject of this book. He also wrote a poem to accompany each picture. Translations of these poems, made by Mo Zung Chung, appear side by side with the paintings, and in

addition Mrs. Kerby has furnished a description and explanatory notes for each illustration. All the calligraphy accompanying the series is reproduced, that by the artist himself and the remarks of later collectors and artists who recorded their impressions of his work. The book is of generous proportions, measuring eleven by thirteen inches, which allows reproductions of a pleasing size. It is bound in dark blue silk, while the soft crinkled Chinese rice paper makes a receptive ground for the pictures, the texture of the paper bringing out the values of black and white more sympathetically than a smoother surface might have done.

The garden in Soochow which Wên Chên-Ming painted in 1533 is still in existence, although much changed. It belonged to the painter's friend, Wong Whei Yui, who styled himself an unsuccessful politician and built this garden as a place of retirement from the world. It was a resort of statesmen, scholars, poets and other intellectuals.

PAUL CÉZANNE, HIS LIFE AND ART. By Ambroise Vollard; authorized translation by Harold L. Van Doren. Nicholas L. Brown, New York. Price, \$3.

AMBROISE VOLLARD published his life of Cézanne nearly ten years ago, and since the intervening period has seen the appreciation of Cézanne grow to large proportions this excellent translation by Mr. Van Doren is more timely now than if it had followed immediately the publication of the French original. Vollard has selected for the present edition special illustrations (sixteen in number) which never have appeared before.

If anyone else were writing the life of Cézanne, it would be impossible to do so without giving a prominent place to Vollard himself, he having been staunch champion of the artist through years of abuse and misunderstanding. It was Vollard who held in Paris the first exhibition of Cézanne's collected works, at 39 Rue Laffitte in 1895. So this book, written by one who was so closely associated with the recluse of Aix, has that rare value which many

biographies lack, of giving something personal of the man, something beyond the ordinary facts that are a matter of record. The book is far more a picture of Cézanne than an analysis of his art. It is full of incident and conversation and records many of those illuminating and yet only half-articulate utterances of an artist who had to struggle to express himself in words as well as in painting. His intensity, sudden furies, distrust of the world and its ways and his violence of feeling are illustrated by actual events whose telling calls the man himself from the book.

ENGLISH CHURCH FITTINGS, FURNITURE & ACCESSORIES. By J. Charles Cox.
G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. Price, \$5.

ANY READER or student who has sought for details of interior furnishings of English churches will recall the extensive list of books on this general subject which he found, but most of which were singularly barren of the information that he desired. Now that need is filled through this volume compiled by the indefatigable Dr. Cox of England, who died just after he had completed the text and had arranged for obtaining most of the many rare illustrations of his book.

Although there are other volumes dealing with some of the topics treated here, there is no single one containing so many subjects, and this gives to this book a special value to the student and lover of medieval church architecture and all the things that one associates with such edifices. Here are described churchyards, monuments within churches, the tower and its bells, fonts and font covers, the seating of churches, pulpits and lecterns, screens and lofts, iron work, painted glass and murals, clocks and sand glasses, chained books and libraries, altars and all their various details, organs and such musical instruments as now are associated only with museums. Dr. Cox had told of these things historically as well as artistically and humanly, so that the work is of very great importance for reference as well as for the pleasure and information to be derived from reading it. The two hundred and seventy-four pictures have the same helpful qualities, and the whole thus becomes a treasure house for those interested in this subject.

ENGLISH CHURCH FITTINGS, FURNITURE & ACCESSORIES



DAS NEUE KUNSTHANDWERK IN DEUTSCHLAND UND OESTERREICH (The New Applied Art in Germany and Austria). By Alexander Koch. Verlagsantalt Alexander Koch. Darmstadt, Germany. Price, fifty-five Swiss francs.

A LARGE, well printed work is this, with eighty-four illustrations and an introduction by its publisher, Alexander Koch, who sets forth carefully the prevalent conditions of modern applied arts and crafts in Ger-

many and Austria. The book covers all phases of the art industries, including plastic, ceramic, glass, textile, furniture and interior decoration, embroidery and lace, gold and silversmith work, graphic arts, etc. This volume, designed to be an exposition of modern applied art, is not only entertaining and instructive but it also may be considered by art lovers and connoisseurs as an authoritative handbook.

LAURA KNIGHT. A BOOK OF DRAWINGS, with a foreword by Charles Marriott. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. Price, \$25.

CHARLES MARRIOTT, in his foreword to this collection of drawings, emphasizes more than seems to be necessary the fact that Laura Knight is a painter as well as a draughtsman. Certainly the drawings themselves need no extraneous comment to bolster them. In reality, with the excellence of the drawings so clearly evident, it seems unfortunate and almost unkind to call attention to her larger work. Her artistic reputation has a far more secure foundation in her sketches than in her canvases.

The collection presented in this book includes a great variety of subjects. The range is so wide and the quality so uniformly excellent that each of the twenty deserves the special mention which lack of space prevents. "Emigrants," a water-color drawing of a bright group on the deck of a steamship; "Aux Folies Bergères," a brilliant character study in pencil of the occupants of a loge; "Mother and Child," another pencil drawing that is remarkable for its solidity and economy of line; "Cuadro Flamenco," an ink and wash drawing which has caught all the vigorous rhythm of the Spanish dance—these noteworthy.

The reproductions, four of them in color, have little of the quality of the originals, and are beautifully presented. Typographically this volume, limited to an autographed edition of five hundred copies, does credit both to Laura Knight and to its publishers.

THE GEORGIAN PERIOD. By William Roton Ware. 1923 Edition. U. P. C. Book Company, New York. Price, \$60.

SINCE its publication in 1898 *The Georgian Period* has been regarded as the standard work on the American architecture of the late Seventeenth and early Eighteenth Centuries. It was first published as a series of portfolios, a fact which made comprehensive indexing impossible.

In this present revised edition the material has been completely rearranged and cross-indexed in such a way that any subject among the vast number of those treated may be easily found. It is now presented in six folios, the first devoted to text and indexes, the others containing plates made from photographs and measured drawings grouped geographically.

In recent years architects and decorators have used extensively the architectural forms of America in Colonial days. How successful this use has been may be readily seen by even a hasty survey of modern building. This use is sure to be extended, and for purely utilitarian purposes, therefore, no one interested in

either building or decoration can afford to be without these portfolios. In addition to their value as sources of reference and inspiration they are superbly illustrative of one of the finest artistic phases of America and should, therefore, be as interesting to the layman as they are useful to the architect.

JUNGE KUNST (Young Art). A series of small volumes published by Klinkhardt & Biermann, Leipzig. Price, forty cents each.

GERMANY today seems to be the country where such phases of art as Impressionism, Expressionism, Cubism and Futurism find their most ardent admirers and followers. This has caused Messrs. Klinkhardt & Biermann to issue a volume of *Junge Kunst* frequently. Each volume is prepared by some German author and critic of authority and reputation and deals with the life and achievements of one individual artist. So far thirty or more volumes have been published, these treating of César Klein, Hugo Krayn, André Derain, Heinrich Compendonck, Willy Jaeckel, Maurice de Vlaminck, Lodewijk Schelfhout, Vincent Van Gogh, Paul Cézanne and other modern painters.

The books are well printed, bound in vividly colored board and contain, besides a colored frontispiece, perhaps a score or more full-page illustrations. Several of the artists discussed are not well known to the average American reader, still their work embodies the satire, the force and the freedom of treatment prevalent in a Van Gogh or a Cézanne. All the books are printed in German.

SARDINIAN PAINTING: THE PAINTERS OF THE GOLD BACKGROUNDS. By Georgiana Goddard King. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. Price, \$2.

STUDENTS of art who are interested in the paintings produced on the island of Sardinia will find a learned and somewhat dry account of them in Miss King's little book, which is one of a series of "Notes and Monographs" published under the name of Bryn Mawr College, at which institution the author is professor of art. The text resolves itself chiefly into descriptive and critical notes of Sardinian paintings collected in the museum at Cagliari, one of the chief towns of the island. To these is prefixed a historical sketch of the country.

Since Sardinian painting is almost wholly Spanish, it properly belongs to the art of that country, the Italian influences being slight. All the paintings mentioned are religious in subject, and this leads to monotony in reading the book, a monotony that is made irritating by constant references to Spanish and Italian works from which only one deeply versed in the arts of these countries can derive satisfaction. As a critical and descriptive catalogue of the paintings of Sardinia the text is admirable, as are the many reproductions, but the book would be vastly improved by a map of the island and a glossary of the Spanish and Italian words used prolifically throughout the descriptions.



THE GEORGIAN PERIOD

Being photographs
and measured drawings of
Colonial work with text



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IT SEEMS to have become a contemporary tradition that the greatest living sculptor is Aristide Maillol. The French are pretty well agreed that he is the greatest their nation affords, and the progressive elements of English and American criticism are inclined to accept him with a wider superlative. Yet there is no example of his work in the Metropolitan Museum of Art or any other American museum, and the same probably is true of the English public galleries. This is one of the reasons why INTERNATIONAL STUDIO will in its October number devote a leading article to Maillol, embellished with about a dozen reproductions of his best sculptures. The article is by Sheldon Cheney, who frankly takes the position that Maillol not only is the world's greatest living sculptor but that his art surpasses Rodin's "for purely and typically sculptural quality" and that he "outranks that other giant of today, Bourdelle, by sheer aesthetic over-value." "Even educated people," says Mr. Cheney, "provided they have not been trained so dry that they look for illustration and illusion above all else, can enjoy his statues." INTERNATIONAL STUDIO's readers most surely will.

NEW YORK is to see in the autumn a representative exhibition of modern German art, composed of works selected by Dr. W. R. Valentiner, who combines the roles of an authority on the old masters—particularly Rembrandt—and a propagandist for the new Expressionist art of his country. A worthy setting for the collection will be provided by the Anderson Galleries. Readers of INTERNATIONAL STUDIO have become familiar with some phases of German Expressionism. Dr. Valentiner sees in it "a rebirth of the human soul." By special arrangement a typical collection of photographs will be reproduced in the October number, with text by Frank E. Washburn Freund, who has gone deeply into his subject.

THE miserable state of the French peasants during the monarchy and their improved circumstances since are among the arguments put forward in its favor by the champions of the French Revolution. But, in truth, little is known about the French peasants in those days. La Bruyère said they were unhappy, but he failed to produce evidence, and, historians being silent about such, to them, small fry, we are fortunate in having the pictures of the brothers Le Nain to give some honest information on the subject. Millet conveys hardly a more cheerful view of their manner of life although they had, by his time, enjoyed a full half century's Republican benefits. The Revolution could guillotine landlords and reform taxation, but it was powerless to change the seasons and improve the weather. So it is probable that it was the battle with Nature, quite as much as the tyranny of kings, which furrowed the faces of those peasants. Such is the view that Mme. Muriel Ciolkowska is inclined to take in her study of the three mysterious brothers, France's first realist painters, in the October issue of this magazine.

ALTHOUGH they are more than 2,000 years old, Tanagra figurines still have the power to provoke animated discussions among those who admire them and those who hold them to be the least worthy things that have come down to us from the art of Greece. Thus Greek terra-cottas, as

many prefer to style them, may justly be called "living art," for in spite of their detractors they are preserved in most great museums and treasured by amateur collectors as perpetual reminders—pictures in the round, if you will—of the customs and costumes of everyday Greeks living from the Fifth to the Third Centuries, B. C., and of their gods and heroes. An unusual and rare group of these terra-cottas, until recently one of the features of the James W. Ellsworth collection, is the background for an article by William B. McCormick on "Art in Greek Terra-Cottas" in the October issue, illustrated with some of the rarest and most exquisite examples of these ancient craftsmen,

HARRY B. WATROUS has been so active and conspicuous a figure in the art life of New York in general and in the National Academy of Design in particular for so many years that he has become an institution instead of being simply a painter. For more than forty years now he has been painting panels and canvases that have always added a filip of interest to shows in which they have been hung for the reason that he is always surprising his spectators by giving them something new to look at. Now it would be a piece of witty satire in paint, now a "problem picture" stirring emotions and possibly objections, again a landscape or a moonlight, or a wonderful piece of still life. Watrous, both institution and painter, is the subject of an article, with illustrations of some of his characteristic works, in the October number.

LÉON GASPARD, with a French name and a French art training but a native of Russia with preponderant Russian blood in his veins, is an artist whose first love is the Orient. He is now an American citizen and a member of the Taos group in New Mexico, where he went because the color there is the nearest thing in the United States to the brilliancy of the Far East. He spent many years in China, reveling in the color and the picturesqueness of costume and scene. His paintings are "interesting" as well as beautiful, and naturally the man himself—how could it be otherwise?—makes an interesting personality. Gaspard and his art are the subject of an article in October by Helen Comstock. The illustrations include a scintillating one in color.

THESE SUBJECTS do not begin to exhaust the interest in the October number. There will be articles on modern enamel by Hanna Tachau; on English silver by H. N. Veitch; on John Henry Nash, who makes an art of printing, by Phyllis Ackerman; a romantic Sheraton story by Herbert Ceszinsky; an article on Spanish American cathedrals by L. J. de Bekker; one on Bachelier, the potter, by Helen B. Camp; one on Bohemian glass by Mary Harrod Northend and another on Chinese women painters by Louise Wallace Hackney, and Louis H. Frohman will treat of Everett Shinn in the fourth of his series on famous American illustrators.

THIS month's cover, "Joan in Costume" by R. Sloan Bredin, is reproduced by courtesy of the Ferargil Galleries.

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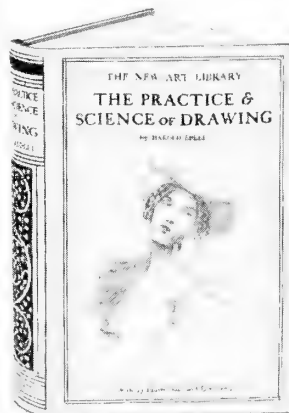
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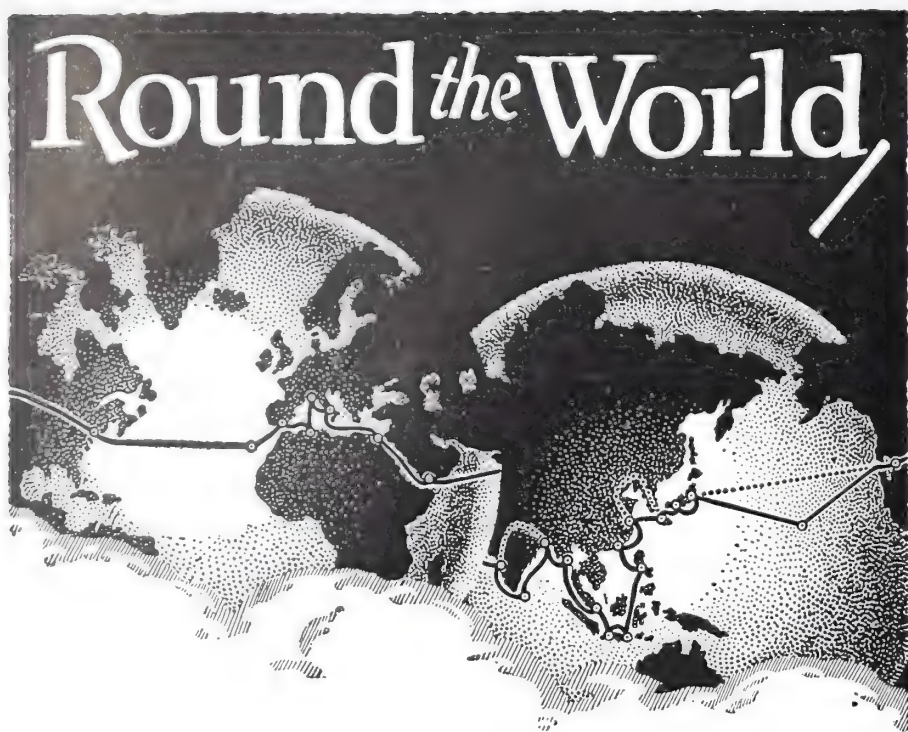
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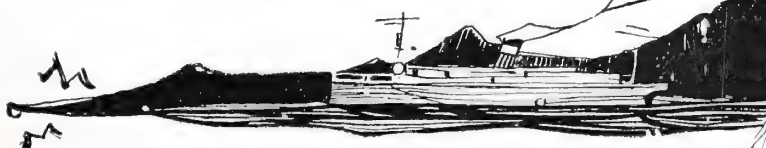
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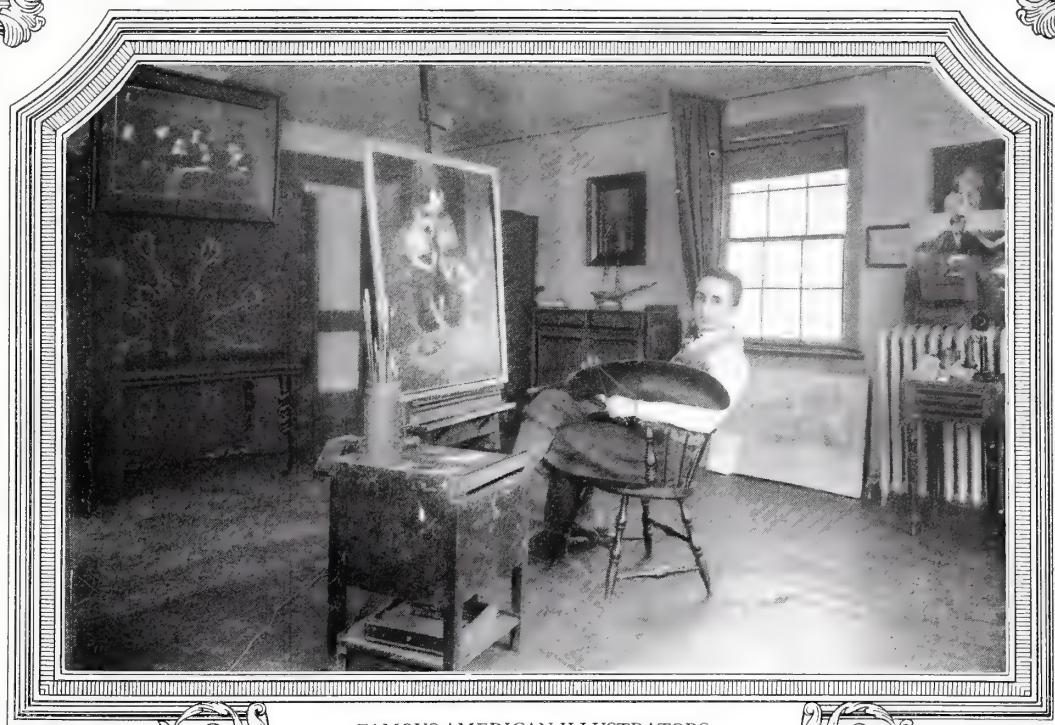
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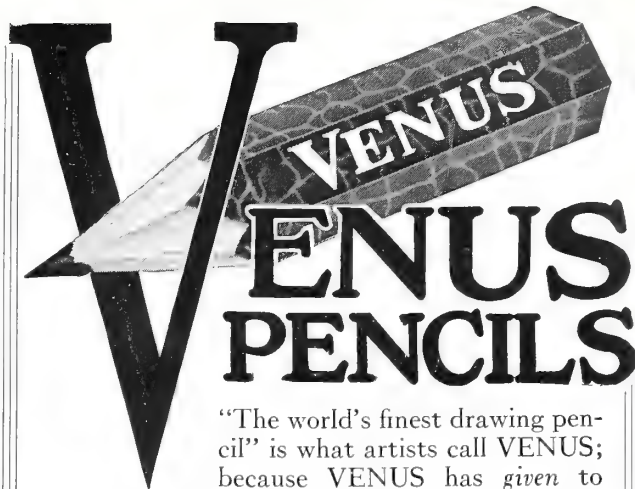
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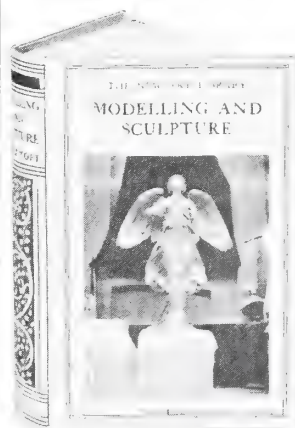
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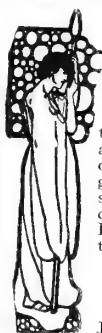
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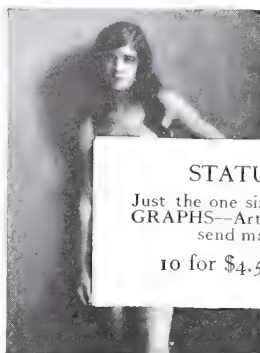
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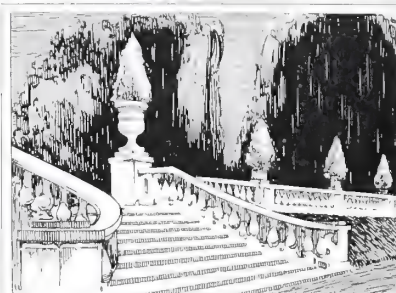
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